Collier's

TEN CENTS

MAY 9, 1942

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"WE SHALL WIN OR WE SHALL DIE"

— MAC ARTHUR

May 9 1942

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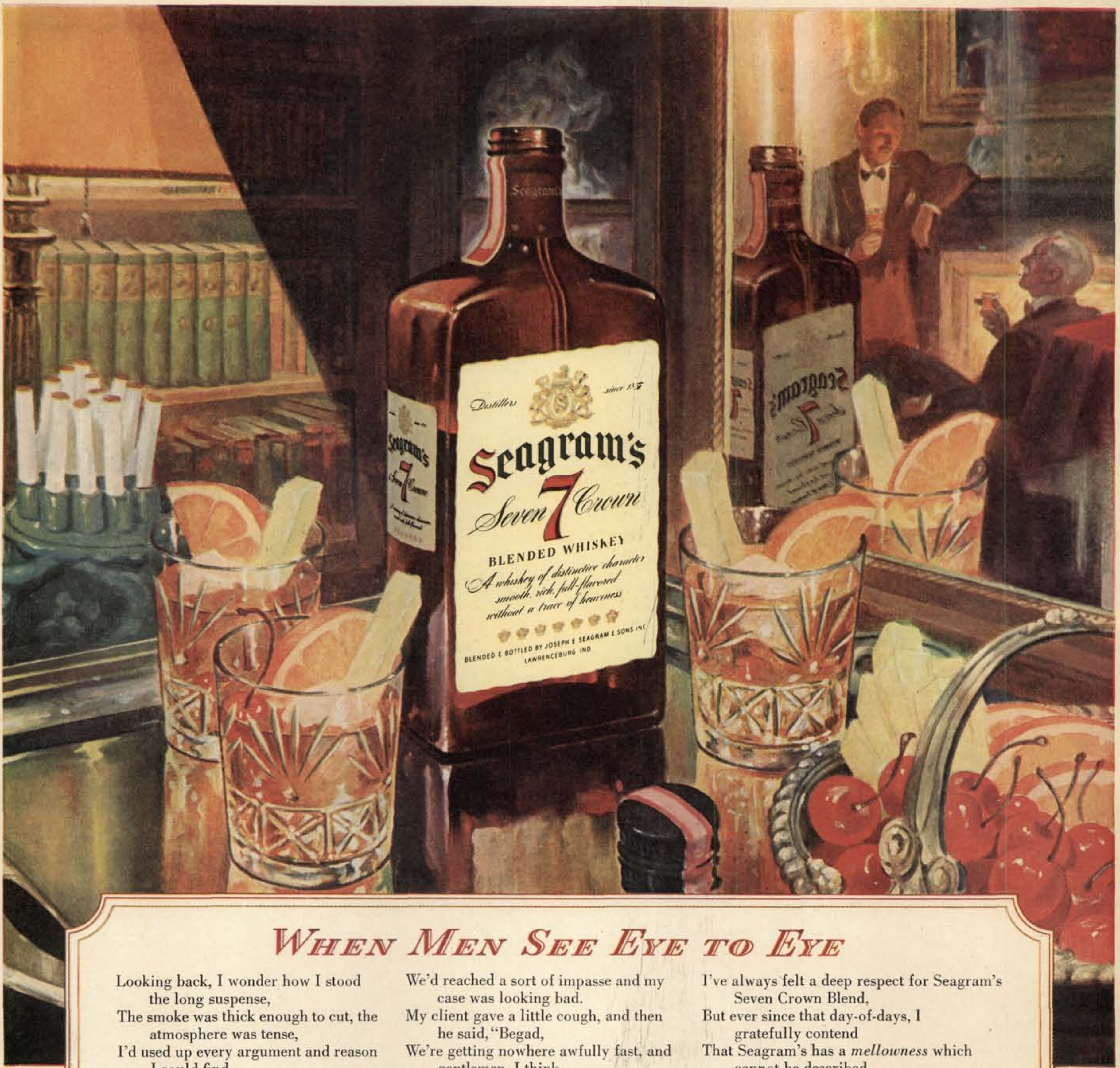


Distillers
since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG IND

WHEN MEN SEE EYE TO EYE

Looking back, I wonder how I stood the long suspense,
The smoke was thick enough to cut, the atmosphere was tense,
I'd used up every argument and reason I could find,
But there upon the table lay the contract—*still unsigned!*

We'd reached a sort of impasse and my case was looking bad.
My client gave a little cough, and then he said, "Begad,
We're getting nowhere awfully fast, and gentlemen, I think
We'd better stop and take time out—let's have a little drink."

I've always felt a deep respect for Seagram's Seven Crown Blend,
But ever since that day-of-days, I gratefully contend
That Seagram's has a *mellowness* which cannot be described,
As proof, I have a contract—with my client's name inscribed.

It is our hope that this poem, and those which will follow from time to time, may awaken pleasant recollections of memorable events from your own experience—moments when fine whiskey, moderately used, played a pleasing part in the mellowing of human relationships.

©1942, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's 7 Crown *Full-flavored and "robust"—yet without a trace of heaviness. A rare blending of irreplaceable old "heirloom" whiskies* and pedigreed neutral spirits. Enjoy this Seagram masterpiece.* **LEAST TAXING** *to the Taste*– **MOST PLEASING** *to the Palate.*

***BLENDED WHISKEY.** 86.8 PROOF. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Is INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF threatening the health of your scalp?

...start now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE!

ARE you bothered by any of these symptoms . . . itchy scalp and inflammation, telltale flakes that fall on your collar?

If so, better get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage, for you may have the infectious type of dandruff. Neglect may aggravate the condition. And don't rely on so-called "overnight" remedies—you can't expect to treat a stubborn infection with one application.

Medical Treatment for an Infection

If you have an infection in which germs are active, your common sense tells you that one of the best ways to attack it is to use an antiseptic with germ-killing action. That's why Listerine Antiseptic and massage is especially fitted to fight infectious dandruff. Listerine acts four ways to combat this condition:

1. Listerine Antiseptic gives both hair and scalp a cooling, invigorating, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, *including Pityrosporum ovale*, the queer "bottle bacillus" which many leading authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

2. Listerine loosens and removes ugly, telltale dandruff flakes and scales.

3. Listerine relieves itching and inflammation.

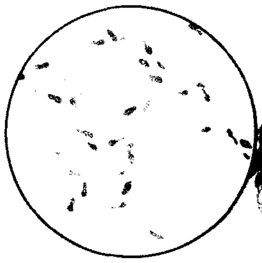
4. Listerine makes your scalp feel healthier, your hair look cleaner.

Why fool around with make-shifts . . . why dally with an infectious dandruff condition? Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage, the *tested, easy, delightful* home treatment which has done so much for so many!

76% Got Improvement in Clinical Tests

Remember that Listerine, when tested clinically, under the most exacting conditions, came through with flying colors! The cold figures? In a series of severe clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month!

And from homes all over America, enthusiastic, *unsolicited* letters have been received! Countless men and women write in, praising Listerine unreservedly for the help it gave them in their dandruff problems.



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

The LISTERINE Treatment

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

HONESTY
shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

FIGHTERS AT HOME need Radio Fun *too!*

Let's FIGHT TO WIN and *keep tuned* to World Events with a Motorola AUTO RADIO

• There are no restrictions on morale-building entertainment and education. Our government says chins up! We're *all* in the army. Lighten and brighten your work-days with the news, views and entertainment that comes to you quickest and cheapest by radio.

There is a Motorola to FIT and MATCH your Car *OLD* or *NEW*

Get a "custom-tailored" installation of a genuine Motorola right now . . . today! Buy the auto radio that plays where most others fail . . . that gets you more stations . . . that delivers voice and music with unmatched beauty. You can't buy a new car but you *can* enjoy Motorola in the car you have.

See a Motorola Dealer Today!

☆

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
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HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
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DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
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FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

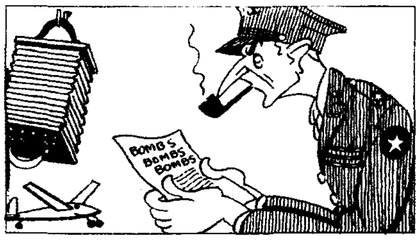
Collier's
TEN CENTS
MAY 9 1942

SYMBOL of aggressive courage is the American Bald Eagle, adopted as the national emblem of the United States by the Continental Congress in 1782. The fiery specimen on this week's cover is a captive bald eagle owned by a Floridian. For more about eagles, read Eagle Scout on page 14 of this issue.

A full-color reprint of this cover will be sent you on receipt of ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Collier's Cover Editor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

A DARK future for Japs is forecast by a friend of ours who has just come back from witnessing a demonstration of a few new arms that the Army has tested and found perfect at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. We gather that it was a tank demonstration—tanks with new, larger and better guns. "And noise?" went on our spy. "You ask about the noise? It was just like interviewing that superior, patriotic gentleman, Mr. Thurman Arnold."

THE fiction editor of this magazine, Kenneth Proctor Littauer, has gone to Washington, a major in the Army Air Force. Neither we nor he nor the Air Force has yet decided what his duties are to be. We know what they should be—but we have not been consulted. Moreover, we are content to let the Army decide. Major Littauer, heavy with honors perilously won as a flier in the first World War—the first flier among American airmen to strafe enemy trenches with machine-gun fire from hedge-hopping altitude—can be of inestimable value to the Army. The Navy could use his advice too. What the War and the Navy departments have needed for a long time is a good fiction editor, and the major's talents in literature are as shining as was his genius as a combat flier. We got to thinking of this the other night when, our good ear plastered against our radio, we heard a milky voice read what it described as an Army communiqué: "The Japs have again raided Port Moresby, New Guinea, dropping twenty-six bombs on an airdrome, but no damage was inflicted and there were only slight casualties." As a fiction editor and experienced airman, Major Littauer could have edited that right cross to the public's intelligence with excellent results. Either Port Moresby has discovered something new in airdromes or the communiqué is somewhat rose-colored. Even if those twenty-six bombs were all duds, that airdrome must have been more than somewhat ruined. If any one of them exploded, havoc on a thoroughgoing scale must have ensued. We have a nice loud picture of the major sitting at his desk in these offices reading a piece of fiction in which the author dropped twenty-six bombs on an airdrome without damage to the latter. We can almost quote the major's comment but we shan't do it here because it does a magazine no good to be barred from the mails. However, as we've said, they can use a superior fiction editor to good advantage in Washington, and Major Littauer is their chance.



WE'RE informed too by a young lady that the day-nursery activities in her town have hit a snag or two. With the best of intentions she and her friends have set up a day nursery for infants left with them by mothers working in munition and other war-production factories. That part is turning out nicely, but some of the ladies decided that the physical well-being of the mothers was important too and formed a committee to do something about it. The results were not encouraging. The committee had decided that the mothers, stopping in to retrieve their young ones, should be given fifteen minutes of relaxing and compensating exercises—calisthenics which would tone up muscles not used in the factories. These the committee referred to as Stretching and Bending Routines. To the surprise of the committee, the working mothers declined—not politely—to co-operate. "What did these women say?" demanded the clinic's head woman. "Must we go into that?"

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COVER SANDY GAND

"Ask me about tires made with synthetic rubber...

I've had 'em on my car for months!"

"SURE," continued the fire chief. "It was 'way last year when I first heard about tires made with Ameripol. The B. F. Goodrich Company wanted to find out how they would stand up in actual use, so I put a set on the car."

"So what happened?" asked the car owner.

"That's the point! Nothing happened," answered the fire chief. "Near as I can tell, they're no different than any other good tires!"

The next time the conversation turns toward synthetic rubber, you can tell folks that it's far beyond the laboratory stage. For 15 years we have invested our time and money perfecting Ameripol.

Nearly two years ago we sold the first tires containing synthetic rubber ever sold in this country. More than half the rubber was synthetic.

Thousands of these tires were bought and road-tested by patriotic corporations and car owners who wanted to help B. F. Goodrich get America's synthetic rubber program started. Their performance was successfully proved.

If America has to declare its temporary independence of foreign rubber sources, you can probably look forward to riding on tires made with Ameripol some day.

Not next month. Very likely not next year. But some day. For many military purposes Ameripol is better than natural rubber. And military needs must come first, of course.

Remember, Silvertowns have always been high quality tires. And they always will be, whether they're made with synthetic rubber or natural rubber!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store is Tire Information Headquarters for your neighborhood. Here you can get the answers to your questions about tires, or the tire situation. Even more important, you can get the advice and help of tire experts on how to get more miles from your tires. Your "B. F. Goodrich Man" is also qualified to make expert repairs, if needed.

BFG

How to make your tires last longer!

1. Maintain recommended or rated air pressure at all times.
2. Shift your tires from wheel to wheel every 5000 miles to insure uniform wear on all tires, including spare.
3. Don't take corners at high speed; that wears tires faster than anything else.
4. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.
7. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.

WRITE B. F. GOODRICH, AKRON, O., FOR FREE 48-PAGE BOOKLET
"Will America Have to Jack Up Its 29,000,000 Automobiles?"

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

1892 The FLORSHEIM Shoe 1942

Fiftieth Year

FLORSHEIM

Brown and Whites

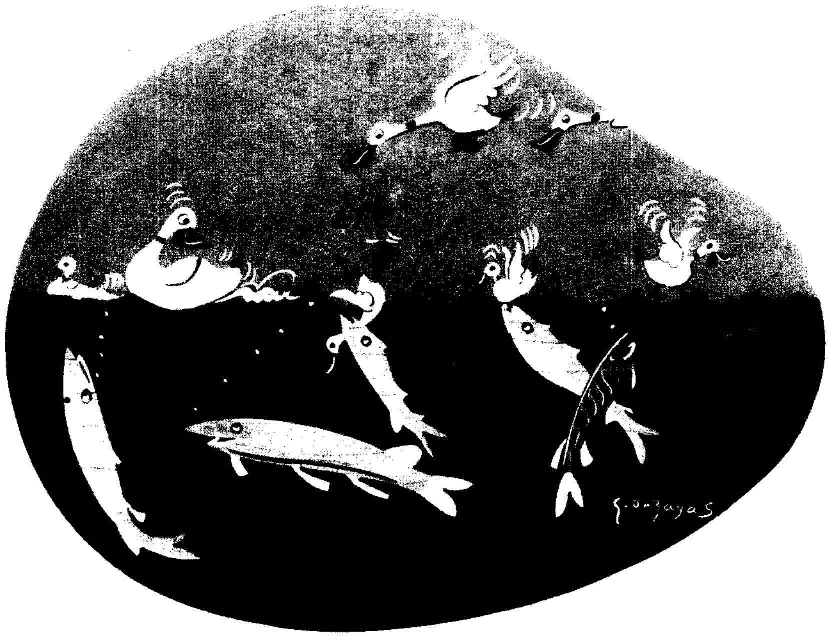
LESS WHITE . . . EASIER TO CLEAN

"Less White"—the newest thing in style—the most practical thing for day-long summer wear! Wear them (and don't spare them) for office days, social nights, and vacation hours from June to September . . . you'll find that in service as well as in crisp smartness they're Florsheim quality every inch! Left, THE CRUSADER, $11; right, THE COASTER, $11.

Summer Styles $10 and up Regular Styles $1050 and up

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In recent years, jackfish, a species of pike found in the lakes and rivers of the northeastern part of North America, have eaten annually about nine million baby ducks, or approximately eight per cent of the total potential duck crop.—*By Richard Richards, Lorain, Ohio.*

The last man in the United States to be branded with a red-hot iron for a crime was Jonathan Walker, who had the initials S. S. (slave stealer) burned into the palm of his right hand at Pensacola, Territory of Florida, in 1844, for having helped seven slaves in an attempt to escape to the Bahamas. Incidentally, this episode inspired Whittier's poem The Man with the Branded Hand.—*By Connie Green, Burlington, Kansas.*

In larval form, a certain variety of filaria, a small, eel-like worm found in warm countries and which frequently causes elephantiasis in human beings, swarms in the victim's blood during the night and completely disappears during the day.—*By Meredith Dallas, Newark, New Jersey.*

According to a recent survey, nearly one half of all the 1,857 daily newspapers published in this country today sell for at least five cents a copy.—*By L. M. Green, New York, New York.*

Many high wire fences enclosing our war-production plants are now equipped with an electric "robot sentry," which enables one man at a loud-speaker in a central office to hear and locate noises taking place near the fence, even when it is twenty miles long. The device is particularly useful during blackouts and on dark nights when guards would have to stand almost shoulder to shoulder to protect the property adequately.

The lowest notes on the pipe organs in many European cathedrals are rarely played because it is feared that the intense vibrations might shatter the stained-glass windows.—*By Mrs. M. Salvatore, Bennington, Vermont.*

America's only deaf, dumb and blind amateur radio operator is 22-year-old Leo Sadowsky, who owned and operated Station W2OFU in Brooklyn, New York. Although he had to "hear" his radio-telegraph signals through vibrations produced by special devices, he passed both the written and practical tests in 1941 and was licensed by the Federal Communications Commission.—*By James O. Wood, East Weymouth, Massachusetts.*

During bad storms around the United States lighthouse on Tillamook Rock, a mile off the Oregon coast, the waves are so tremendous that they sometimes break over and damage the lantern, which is 150 feet above the surface of the sea.

Not so long ago in Japan, many theaters would present five plays in one day for the price of one admission. Because it was more convenient for the actors and of little consequence to the audience, all five first acts were presented in succession, then all second and third acts followed in similar sequences.

Until the war put a premium on automobiles, thousands of them, either in a wrecked or dilapidated condition, were abandoned annually by their owners on the streets of American cities. For example, in one recent year in New York, a total of 10,251 cars, or an average of twenty-nine a day, had to be hauled to junk yards by the Department of Sanitation.—*By Pandia Ralli, New York, New York.*

The growing of tobacco is prohibited in Egypt, the publishing of suicide news is prohibited in Turkey, and the exhibiting of human freaks is prohibited in Soviet Russia.—*By Thomas Stevenson, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

KEEP 'EM ROLL
QUIET!
LOOSE TALK
CAN COST LIVES!
11 12

"I JUST HEARD SOMETHING WE CAN TALK ABOUT!"

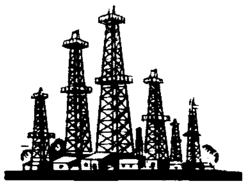
★

It's no secret that, plane for plane, American warplanes can outfly and outfight the Nazis and the Japs. That's because the engines of all American warplanes are designed for high-octane gasoline.

Everybody also knows, or should know, that only the United States has plenty of all the *three* things needed to produce large quantities of high-octane gasoline: 1. Vast resources of fine crude oils. 2. Superior refining processes, developed by the American petroleum industry. 3. Adequate production of anti-knock fluid to increase octane ratings of military gasolines.

The makers of Ethyl brand of anti-knock fluid have geared their plants, laboratories and technical staffs to meet the oil industry's war need for anti-knock fluid. Our Army, Navy and Allies will have plenty of Ethyl for fighting fuels. And that's no secret!

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID IS MADE BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION



AMERICA'S VAST RESOURCES OF HIGH QUALITY CRUDE OIL

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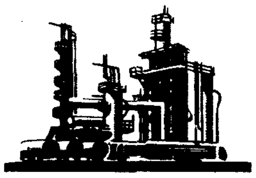


SUPERIOR REFINING PROCESSES DEVELOPED BY OUR PETROLEUM INDUSTRY

+

ADEQUATE PRODUCTION OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID *(containing tetraethyl lead)*

=

Superior Fighting Fuels

LOOK, MOM! I CAN CUT THESE WIENERS WITH MY FORK!
OF COURSE! THEY HAVE NO SKINS!
YOUR FAVORITE Skinless
Skinless

EASY TO FIX
Nourishing SKINLESS wieners, asparagus, stuffed prunes

Reliable manufacturers are proud of the quality of their products and glad to identify them! *Look for and buy*

Skinless

Wieners and Frankfurters that are

BANDED • BOXED • BRANDED

A BONUS OF VITAMINS

that children and adults need for health. SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners are an excellent source of Vitamin B_1, B_2 and the anti-Pelagra vitamin. Also, a natural source of the 10 complete proteins everyone needs for daily energy and strength.

DEMAND YOUR FAVORITE BRAND

MADE THE Skinless WAY

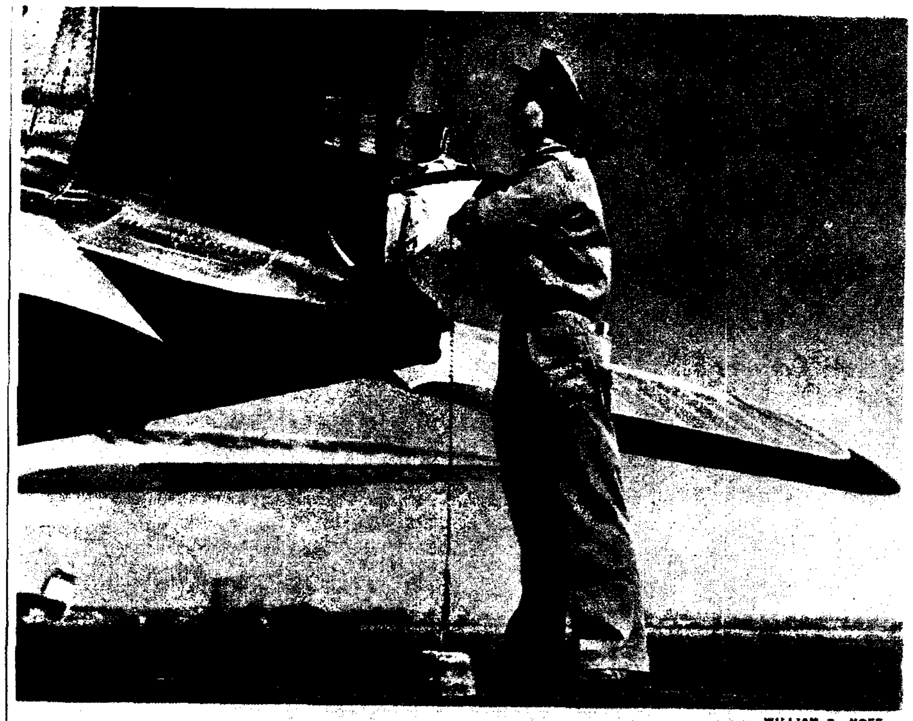
TRADE MARK

"First, I'm given a sparkling 'VISKING' casing for a coat."

"After I'm smoked my 'VISKING' coat is removed, like this."

"Here I am, with a tender, digestible surface I made myself."

BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS



WILLIAM T. HOFF

Canadian Colonial's Thomas Allegretti, crew chief, insures removal of control locks with an automatic cable-and-chain device

PARK an airplane on the airport on a windy day and the ailerons, elevators and rudder will be banged up and down, right and left, doing them no good. A simple device known as a control bracket has been developed to lock these control surfaces in a neutral position. It is just two joined pieces of wood that slip onto the control surface, one on the movable part and the other on the fixed structure of the plane. Testing of the controls before departure is the pilot's responsibility and that is why you see all the movable parts waving goodby before the ship taxies out for the take-off.

Of course, there's always the possibility, however remote, that the pilot may forget to check his controls and rise into the air with one or more surfaces locked. It has happened on at least one occasion that a control bracket was left on an aileron with the result that the plane fell off and crashed.

Best idea yet to guarantee removal of control locks if the ground crew forgets is to attach a cable or strong cord to the bracket at one end, and a heavy weight at the other. Then if the pilot, too, should forget to check his controls, the locks are automatically pulled off by the weight on the ground as the plane begins to move.

GO TO the airport and see how a cold airplane engine is warmed up. You will get a few pointers from the airplane people that will add to the life of your automobile motor. At least you'll receive an unprecedented demonstration of patience on the one hand and reverence for the power plant on the other.

The engine is turned over by the starter and bursts into a roar. Immediately it is throttled back. Depending upon the size of the engine and the degree of cold, it is allowed to idle for several minutes. Meanwhile, the pilot's eyes glance at the oil pressure, oil temperature, cylinder-head temperature or coolant temperature instruments. There are minimums which the needles must reach before the pilot would think of taking off.

And so the prop whirls on and the engine purrs for what seems an interminable period. Then comes a change in the noise level. The throttle is being opened slowly. Finally comes the all out, and the plane throbs from nose to tail, straining at the chocks.

Slowly the throttle is retarded, back to idling speed. The man in the cockpit is satisfied. The first possibility of engine failure on the take-off—a cold engine—is eliminated.

Once we saw a green mechanic warming up the engine of a Navy fighter. He went at it like a careless motorist, racing the engine and pumping the throttle. The pilot flew into a rage, dashed to the cockpit and pulled the mechanic out by the back of his neck. That pilot reacted to the abuse of his engine as he would to the abuse of his pet. He had been flying for a quarter of a century and his engines always were good to him because he was good to them.

TO THE three-score patriotic people from all parts of the country who wrote in with suggestions on how to fuel an airplane from underneath the wing, we extend acknowledgment. We asked the question and the Collier's audience responded promptly and efficiently. We regret we are not charged with authority to make a decision as to which suggestion is most likely to succeed, so we placed the entire matter in the lap of a government organization which is concerned with this development.

AIRLINE traffic men report the public is taking the seat priorities matter in a very commendable spirit, particularly when they have to give way before military and naval men or a load of important-looking packages.

Can't say the following is typical of the public attitude, but it represents a tolerant state of mind as against the past performance of a passenger storming at the poor clerks behind the ticket counter and threatening dire consequences if he didn't get a seat on the very next plane. It was wired us under the title, Waiting for a No-Show:

Here I am in Pittsburgh
A lovely place you say
But now I think it's Sittsburg
Because I'm here to stay.

He got a seat though, because a passenger who had a reservation failed to show up. And didn't even bother to call up and cancel.

F. R. N.

Wake up Sleepy Motors

with

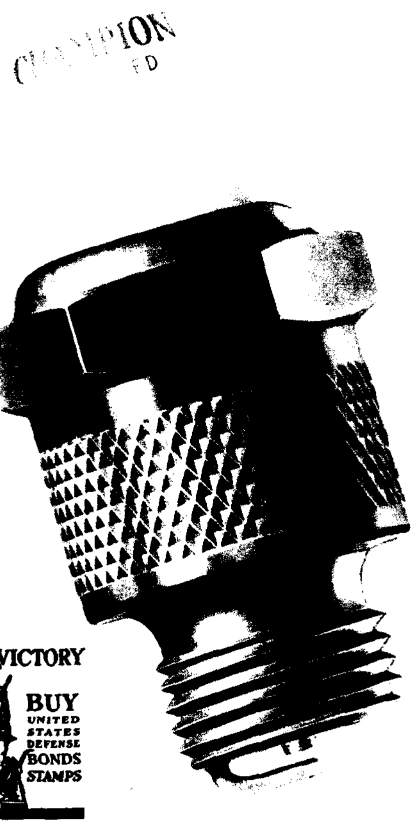
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

A sluggish, sleepy motor is wasteful and inefficient, and any car with one has no rightful place in our wartime economy.

Wake up your sleepy motor—step-up gasoline mileage to the maximum by having your spark plugs tested, cleaned, and re-gapped at regular intervals.

When should spark plugs be changed? That varies, as most any spark plug will continue *to function in a hit or miss, wasteful and in*efficient manner almost indefinitely. But why continue wasting gas with old, worn-out, carbon encrusted spark plugs, and why put up with sluggish, inefficient performance when new Champions will rectify these troubles—which usually occur after 10,000 miles of service?

Have your spark plugs checked today. If you need new ones insist on dependable Champions, the only spark plugs with the Sillment seal which prevents harmful gas leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leakage in spark plugs causes overheating, pre-ignition and rough, wasteful engine operation, it's decidedly to your advantage to insist on Champion Spark Plugs for champion performance.



FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS STAMPS

TO SAVE GASOLINE •

HERE'S THE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG FOR YOUR CAR

MODEL	YEAR '38	'39	'40	'41	'42
AUSTIN A. BANT.	J8	H10	H10	H10	
BUICK	J5	J5	J5	J5	J5
			10mm Y4A		
CADILLAC	8 cyl. J8 Others 7	Y4A	Y4A	Y4A	Y4A
CHEVROLET	J8	J8	J8	Y5	Y5
CHRYSLER	Reg. Hds. J8		J9	J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
DESOTO	Reg. Hds. J8		J9	J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
DODGE	Reg. Hds. J8		J9	J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
FORD	Models A, B, '32-V8, C4				
85 hp 18mm	7				
85 hp 14mm	H10	H10	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com
60 hp	H10	H10	H10		
6 cyl.				H9 Com	H9 Com
GRAHAM	H10 Superchgd & 95 Ser. H10	H10	J10 Com	J10 Com	
HUDSON	All Reg. Hds. J9				
	All Hi. Hds. H10				
LA SALLE	J8	Y4A	Y4A		
LINCOLN	7	7	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com
MERCURY		H10	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com
NASH	To '36 L-Hd. C7—Over Hd. 15, 14mm J5				
	J8	J8	J9	J9	J9
OLDSMOBILE	J8	J8	J9	J9	J9
PACKARD	Y4 or Y4A		Y4A	Y4A	Y4A
PLYMOUTH	Reg. Hds. J8		J9	J9	J9
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10				
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J9	J9	J9
STUDEBAKER				Cham. J8	J9
	All Models 8 or 6 Com.-62				
WILLYS-4, 6 & 8	C7	C7	Hi. Hds. H10		J9
			J9	J9	
ZEPHYR	H10	H10	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com

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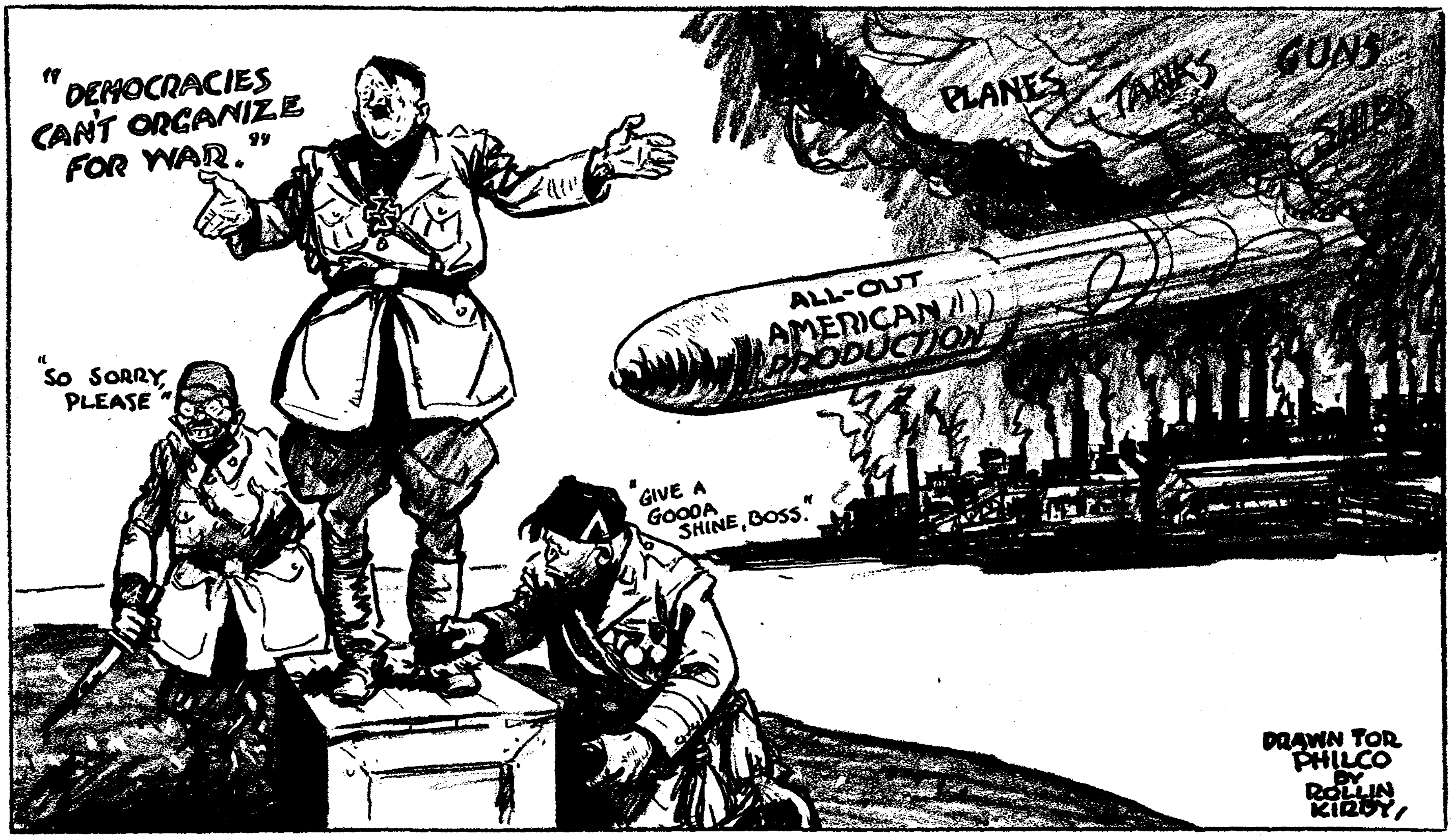
"Don't look now boys, but..."


"DEMOCRACIES CAN'T ORGANIZE FOR WAR."
"SO SORRY, PLEASE"
"GIVE A GOODA SHINE, BOSS."
PLANES
TANKS
GUNS
SHIPS
ALL-OUT AMERICAN PRODUCTION
DRAWN FOR PHILCO BY ROLLIN KIRBY,

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THIS impression by Rollin Kirby is the first of a series that is being posted before the workers of the Philco factories who are helping to produce the weapons of victory . . . a reminder of the glorious purpose of their labors . . . an expression of the spirit that spurs them on. *"More . . . Better . . . Sooner"* is their goal!

* * *

Today, Philco's soldiers of industry are devoted to the production of communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, artillery fuzes and shells for the service of our armed forces . . . doing their part to give our men at the front not only the vast superiority in equipment that America's mass production experts can produce, but also *new* weapons of victory, yet unknown to the world, that America's industrial scientists can devise.

Out of this inspired and unrelenting effort comes an abiding faith in victory and the survival of the American way of life. And with it . . . *new hope for the future!* For some good comes out of all this excess of human effort devoted to the evil ways of war. Scientific progress moves on at breakneck speed. Some of our greatest scientific achievements for the enjoyment of peace . . . radio as we know it today, the modern airplane . . . have emerged from the stress of war.

Today, in the closely guarded walls of the Philco laboratories, engineers have already worked out problems of tremendous importance to the ways of peace. Others are in the making that will cause the evil of these stormy days to live only in the history books of future generations and the good survive in the abundant joys of their daily lives.

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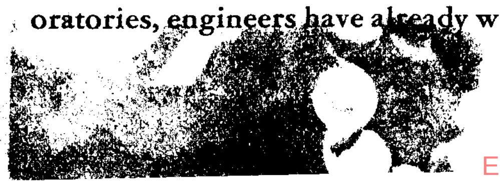


Collier's The National Weekly for May 9, 1942

Doctor's Orders

By J. P. Marquand

Torn by two allegiances, he betrayed both of them—each for the other. He died with his honor intact

THERE was often an interval after dinner in Honolulu when guests began to tell amusing stories about their servants. You waited of course until Pedro and Taki had left the Scotch-and-soda and were presumably well out of ear-shot, and then you told of the time when Pedro thought a hot-water bottle was used for drinking purposes, or when Taki was sent downtown to the store to get biscuits and came back with a truck load of bricks—that was years ago and of course Taki's language was much better now.

At such times when Frank Joselyn looked across the water at the Hawaiians with their torches and their fish spears wading on the coral reef, it was easy to believe that you were in the Orient, where one called the servants "boys."

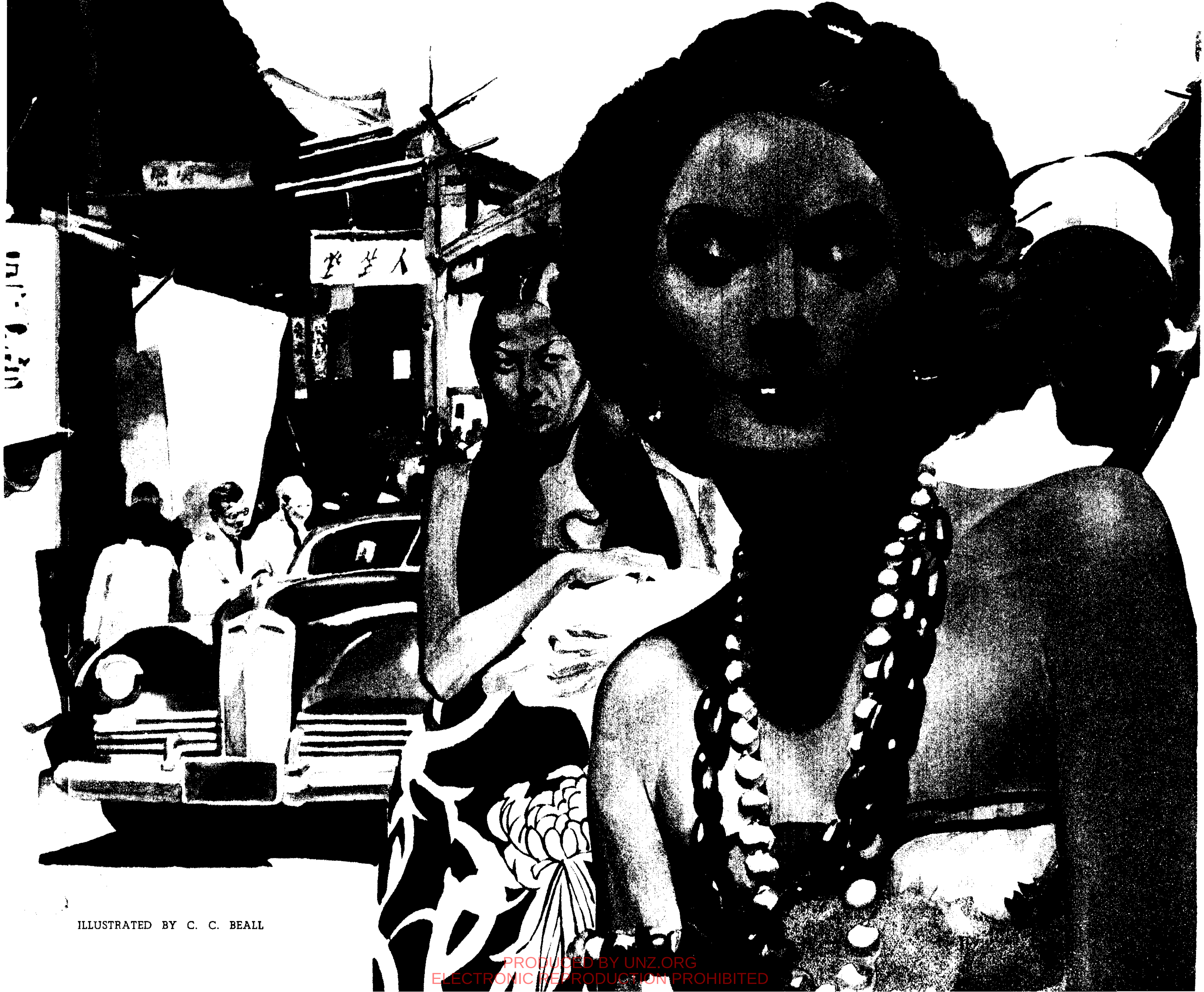
In Honolulu, one also referred occasionally to the housemen as "boys." Joselyn, for instance, had what was termed a "fine boy," although Awaki's stiff black hair was already touched with gray. Awaki's face, round and without many lines, was extraordinarily benign for a Japanese, and his hair gave him a venerable look when he stood before one with hands carefully clasped together.

Joselyn pushed his chair away from the breakfast table. The breeze from the veranda rustled the pages of the newspaper and blew a letter to the floor. Awaki bent forward quickly and retrieved the letter.

"Awaki," Frank Joselyn said, and took a cigarette from the box near his elbow. Awaki moved forward with a shadowlike swiftness, pulling matches from his pocket and striking one as he moved.

"Soor," Awaki said, "too much cigarette no good. Doctor, he say . . ."

But Joselyn's mind was on something



The sidewalks were crowded with the divergent features of the Orient. A spicy smell of food came from the open-sided shops

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

else. "A friend of mine is coming to dinner tonight, a great friend."

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "Lady, please?"

"No," Joselyn said, "no, no, an army officer. Captain Marsh."

"Oh," Awaki said, "from mainland yestiddy. Oh, yiss."

"An old friend," Frank Joselyn said. "We went to the military school together—West Point."

"Yiss," Awaki bobbed his head. "West Point. Oh, yiss. Captain, he stop all night? He long time stop?"

"No," Frank shook his head. "He has his own quarters."

"Up at new flying field," Awaki said, "yiss?"

Joselyn pushed himself up straighter in his wicker chair. "What the devil do you know about a new flying field?" he asked.

"So sorry," Awaki said. "All the time talk. Too much soldier. Too much war."

Awaki gave a short apologetic laugh and trotted toward the kitchen. He was back in a moment with a pill and a glass of water.

"Medicine, please," he said, "must not forget." And he waited while Joselyn swallowed it. It seemed to Joselyn that Awaki's dark brown eyes were less impersonal as he stood there.

"So sorry sick," Awaki said. "So glad not have to go to war."

It surprised Joselyn at the time, and it still surprised him when he thought it over later.

"We'll have Martinis," he told Awaki. "Captain Marsh likes them dry."

"Yiss," Awaki answered. "Not too many, please. Doctor, he say . . ."

IT DID not matter particularly what the doctor said. Joselyn was glad that an old friend was coming to the Islands; not that he was lonely, but Joe Marsh was a very old friend. He wanted Joe to see his place. He wanted Joe to like it.

Joe Marsh said he liked it that evening. He looked hard and competent as he stood in the doorway of the long living room where the windows opened on the lawn beside the beach. When Joselyn saw Joe Marsh's face he was aware of how much his own had changed. The active lines, the clear-cut molding were leaving it. He felt more than usual the need of a Martini while he watched the captain glance at the comfortable chairs and the magazines and the red lacquer tables in the living room. He had been pleased with his decorative results, and with the way he had combined home with the Orient and Polynesia, until his old classmate spoke.

"I like it here," Joe Marsh said. "There's only one thing that's the matter. It's soft, Frank, too damn' soft."

The trade wind was blowing, the waves were pounding on the reef with an undertone of sound that was more reassuring than ominous. Far down the beach someone was singing the song of the Islands, and the sea breeze had the sweetish salt smell of the tropics.

"It's too easy," Captain Marsh said again.

"Yes," Joselyn answered, "very easy." There was something level and inquiring in Joe Marsh's eyes that made him feel soft himself. "But it's a fine place for a bad heart."

He saw Joe Marsh's expression change. He would have given nearly everything he owned not to have received his sympathy.

"I didn't mean for you," Joe Marsh said. "You're looking better than you ever did. You're doing fine."

Joselyn knew exactly how fine he was doing, because the doctor had told him.

Then Awaki came in with his silver tray and the cocktails. He crossed the room in a straight line, halted before Captain Marsh, extended his tray in front of him, and bowed his head with a gentle intake of breath.

Marsh looked at his cocktail for a while before he drank it. "Frank," he asked, "how long have you had that boy?"

Joselyn told him that he had had Awaki ever since he had been there, and that was five years now.

"Awaki's very good," he said. "He's one of the old-time Japanese. They're hard to get, you know. The island-born are pretty terrible."

"Where did he come from, did he ever say?" the captain asked.

"Outside of Tokyo," Joselyn answered. "He came with his father and mother when he was a little kid and was brought up on a plantation in Maui. He's worked for all the best people. You know, I think he rather likes me."

Joe Marsh's mouth looked hard, even when he smiled. "Don't be an egotist," he said. "Any good servant makes you think he likes you."

"No," Joselyn answered. "Awaki's quite a friend of mine. He's been offered more money, but he says he likes to stop along with me."

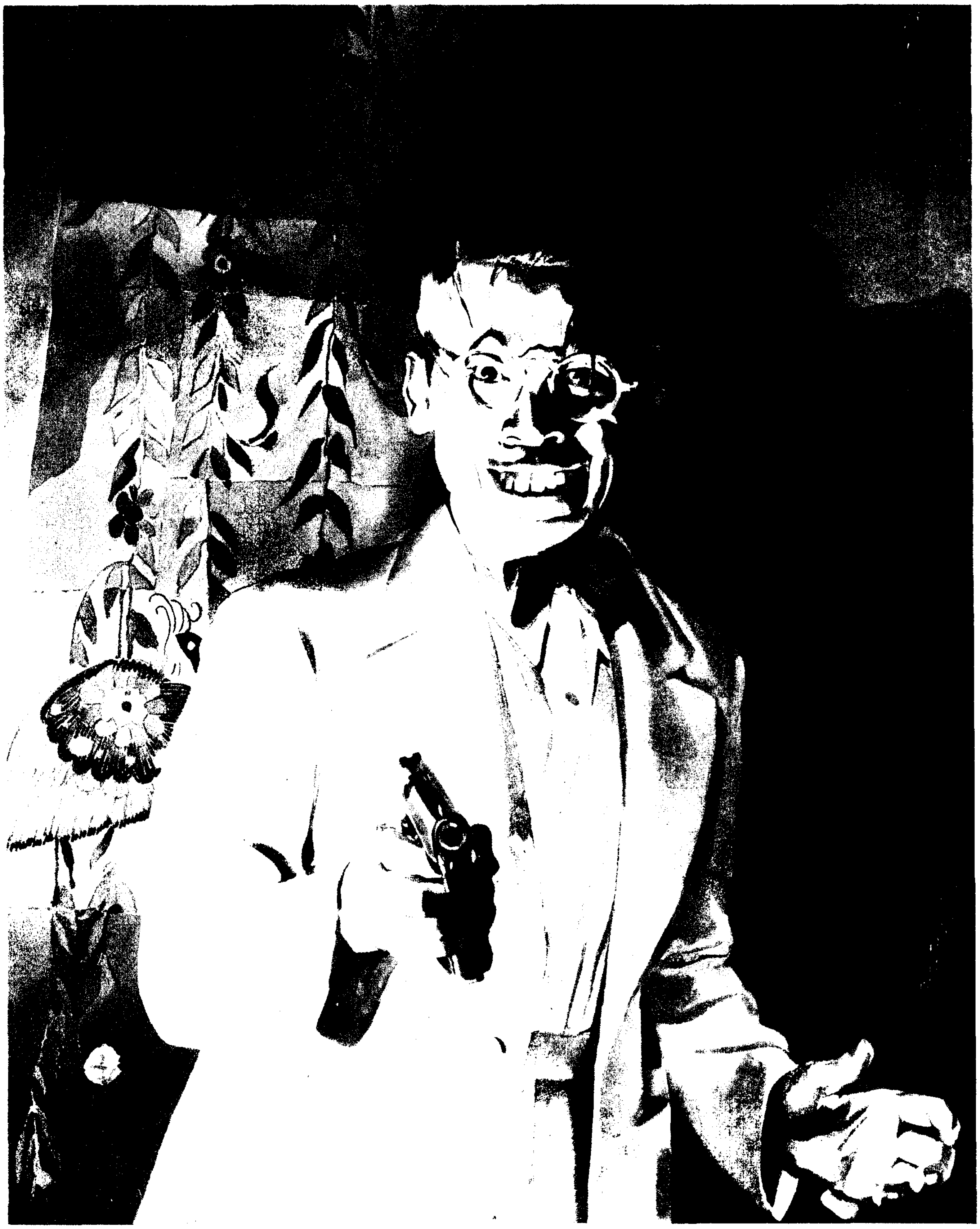
LATER in the evening, they sat on the lanai looking at the sea. There was no place like the Islands, never too hot, never too cold. It was like a perfectly air-conditioned room out of doors that night. The breeze slatted through the coconut palm outside on the lawn, and high up in the tree there was a squeaking sound.

"Rats," Frank said, when he saw the captain look up. "You know the story, don't you?" It occurred to him that he was beginning to be garrulous and over-informative, like an old-timer on the Islands. The name for it was Kaamiina. He was a Kaamiina and Captain Marsh of the Intelligence was a newcomer—a Malahini. If Joselyn had one more drink he believed that he might explain this difference to the captain.

"You see, about the rats," he said, "the story is that they used to be very bad—rat holes everywhere. So someone imported the Indian mongoose. Well, they drove the rats into the trees, and now we have them both, mongoose and rats."

"Yes," the captain's voice came to him through the darkness. "You get an Indian animal in to kill your rats, and the rats go into the trees. You get Chinese to work on the plantations because the Hawaiians didn't want to. And then you educate the Chinese and then they don't want to do field work, so you bring in Japanese. And you educate the little Japs, and they don't want to. Well, the Japs, they've got quite a fishing fleet here, haven't they?"

(Continued on page 28)



Then Joselyn saw that Awaki was holding the automatic. "Soor," Awaki said, "stay quiet, please. Doctor, he say . . ."

FLYING HELL

By Jim Marshall

Those famed Stukas turn out to be pretty mild when compared with America's latest dive bomber—the new Vultee Vengeance

WALL-KERLEE

America's answer to the Axis: the Vultee Vengeance. This dive bomber carries bigger bomb loads farther and faster than any other ship in the world, including, by actual test, Germany's much-vaunted Stuka

IF YOU'VE been wondering about the prowess of the much-advertised German Stukas and worrying if we've been doing anything about them, stop right now. We are turning out something much better than any Stuka ever hatched—and much, much better than any dive bombers the Japs may have around inside their kimonos. Just how much better our death-sower is than its enemy we can't tell you. But you'd be surprised if you knew.

We can tell you this much, though, about the new Vultee Vengeance that is rolling from production lines. It flies higher and faster, carries more bombs greater distances and can defend itself more effectively than any similar ship our enemies have—or even have planned, as far as our intelligence services know.

After a while we're going to put you into the forward cockpit of a new Vengeance and let you bomb any enemy ship—Jap or German, as you prefer, but first you have to understand a few things, and get a lot of movie-implanted ideas out of your head.

Our new sky terror isn't an "answer" to the Stuka, because it is not the mission of one bomber to battle another. A bomber is a hit-and-run diver. Its job is to get to its target, do its work and get back to its base. Fleets of bombers don't fight one another, at least in theory; that's up to the fighter squadrons accompanying them.

But our new ship, as you'll discover when you fit yourself down into its narrow seat, can fight if necessary—and can outstrip most enemy fighters that might chase it.

As you know, dive bombing is an American idea, but unfortunately it was not until the Germans and then the British demonstrated what could be done by making a plane into a sort of flying howitzer that we started to see what we could do about it. It didn't take us long to come out atop the heap. . . .

But now, since you're itching to dive down on that Jap cruiser and let go your bombs, we'll go out and find Frank Davis. Frank is test pilot for the experimental section of Vultee Aircraft. He's a Caltech boy, an ex-Marine dive bomber pilot and what he doesn't know about the Vengeance is practically nothing. The ship is out on the concrete apron, in drab working paint, not yet camouflaged. You notice that its wings seem to be bent midway between the body and their outer tips.

If you want to see how the bomb-release gadgets work, crawl under the lean belly with Frank. In the cockpit a mechanic presses a button and the long folding doors of the bomb bay swing open. Up above you are the wicked-looking bombs—but don't worry; they're not "armed." You could drop them on the concrete and they wouldn't go off. Well, probably not. On each bomb you see a little windmill. When you "arm" the bomb, you release this windmill by twiddling another gadget in the cockpit. As the bomb drops, the mill spins. After so many revolutions the bomb becomes live. When its nose hits anything—*zowie!*

But until the spinner has run up its destined number of revolutions nothing can happen. The ship can land fully loaded in safety. If it doesn't find its target it doesn't have to waste its bombs.

You can climb in now. Let yourself down gently on the folded chute that pads the metal seat. In front and on each side of you are levers and knobs and buttons and indicators and dials. As pilot, you will have to watch all the dials, run the ship, spot the target, operate some of the guns and finally dive down and release the bombs at the right moment. Frank—he's your gunner on this trip—is back in the rear cockpit. He handles the radiophone by which you talk to other bombers and your base. He does the navigation, telling you where you are and what course you're on, through the interphone. Also, he handles the after guns and spits hell at the target and its defenders after you've let go your bombs and pulled out of the dive.

Now the Cyclone is roaring out on the nose and into the air. Frank chats through the interphone as the country slides by underneath. You zip over the beach and head out to sea, looking for that Jap cruiser.

You see (says Frank) a bomber is a sort of flying cannon and you have to aim it not only to make your bombs hit but to make your fixed guns, in the forward edge of the wing, effective. At some of these movie speeds you hear about, if the pilot took a deep breath he'd miss every time.

There are brakes on the wings to slow down the ship in a dive, which often is slower than level flight. Of course, it can't be too slow, or your enemy's gunners would get you. It has to be a compromise—like everything else about a plane: slowness for accuracy, speed for safety.

No crash helmet. No dive belt. No death-defying dips at ten miles a minute. But just as things seem humdrum, you look down in the angle between your wing and the body of the plane—and far below is the tiny outline of a ship, hardly visible against the gray sea. Now, if you'll imagine that's a Jap cruiser and you're an American bomber pilot on a Vengeance, here's what you do:

First, you maneuver your plane to get the sun behind you, so the Japs below will have to look into the light-blaze to see you. Then, if you can, you get into position over the target the long way—that is, you try to get either ahead or astern of the ship. When you're set, you open the bomb doors. As these open you see between your feet a little window. In front of you, attached to the windshield, is a small square of heavy glass. As you maneuver the plane, you see the target in a reflection on this glass. You keep the target in the sight, if you can.

Then you figure out what sort and how many bombs you'll use. If it's a battleship you let everything go. This time you figure two big high-explosive babies may be sufficient. So you press two small "selectors." Then you "arm" the bombs, by another button. Now you're all set.

You get over the target, shove the plane's nose down and watch the sight. You put on the brakes to steady the ship and head almost straight down for the

(Continued on page 65)

EAGLE SCOUT

By Dudley Haddock

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDY GANDY

This is an adult American Bald Eagle—a living, angry killer of the skies; the National Emblem of the United States

Charles Broley's hobby—capturing and banding bald eagles—has him scarred from head to foot. It's a worthwhile hobby, however, for now we are learning plenty about Uncle Sam's trade mark

BECAUSE he tackles buzz saws with his bare hands as a hobby, Charles L. Broley, a 63-year-old retired Canadian banker, has supplied Uncle Sam with more information about his trade mark during the last four years than had been learned since its adoption by the Continental Congress in 1782. In lieu of golf and fishing he bands bald eagles during his winter visits to Florida.

Until Broley became interested, in 1938, only 58 of the birds had been banded in North America. Knowledge of its habits was limited. It was believed, for one thing, the Florida species was non-migratory. Now it is known to be a long-distance traveler, for two with Broley bands have been found in Canada, one on Prince Edward Island, 1,650 miles north of the nest it left only three weeks previously. Of the dozen Broley birds reported thus far, all were at points along the Atlantic Coast, indicating they remain near salt water while on tour in order to catch fish, their principal food.

It also has been learned they possess almost human intelligence—the crow, Broley asserts, is an ignoramus by comparison. As an example of eagle smartness: This winter a protracted cold blast from the north swept Florida. After several days of it the apparently disgusted birds got busy and built windbreaks of Spanish moss upon the north side of their nests.

Until recently much of the life story of the species was a closed book. Observation of the nests and banding of the eaglets is so strenuous and hazardous few attempt it. One must be an engineer, acrobat and strong man to do so, for these nests are in the tops of the tallest pines and cypresses. Open a great umbrella, turn it upside down and attempt to climb into it from the tip, without wings, and it may be realized what one is up against in gaining the top of a nest, even after the tree has been scaled.

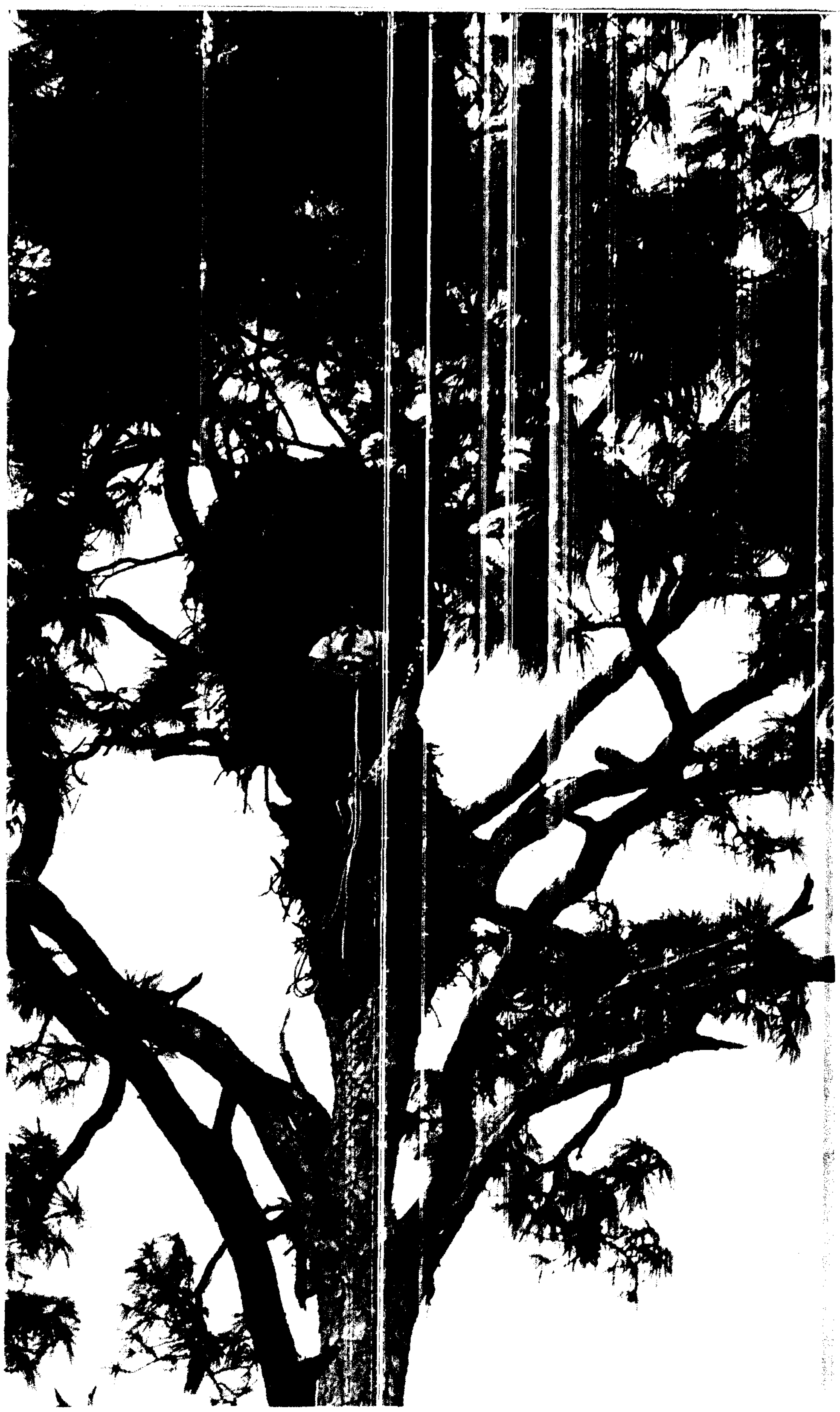
The first branch of the nesting tree usually is forty or fifty feet above the ground. Broley's device for raising his rope ladder is a broomstick with a tablespoon fastened at one end. An old lacrosse player, he places in the spoon a six-ounce lead weight attached to a stout fishing line, hurls it over a limb and, by using successively heavier lines, raises the ladder against the trunk. He finally reaches the nest by means of a rope, cast from branch to branch, which he climbs hand over hand.

The job has just begun when the nest is attained because it is like sharing the top of a small table with a pair of bobcats. An eaglet five or six weeks old, the best banding age, has a wingspread of more than six feet and is nearly as heavy and powerful as an adult bird. Broley is scarred from head to foot as the result of many battles. On occasion he has had to resort to a pair of pliers to pry out talons driven deeply into his arms and hands. Arguments always are with the youngsters; the old birds circle at a distance or perch in a near-by tree and express their indignation by loud screams.

The Canadian devised his own method of banding eaglets. The nests are flat across the top, hence there is a level area upon which to work. He grasps the tip of the left wing with the left hand, and the fighting bird, seeking to escape, backs away. Pulling the tip downward and forward to extend the wing as a shield against the razor-sharp beak, he slips his right hand under it and grasps the left leg. Then, placing his knee upon the wing tip in order to keep it extended and to free the left hand, the band is applied.

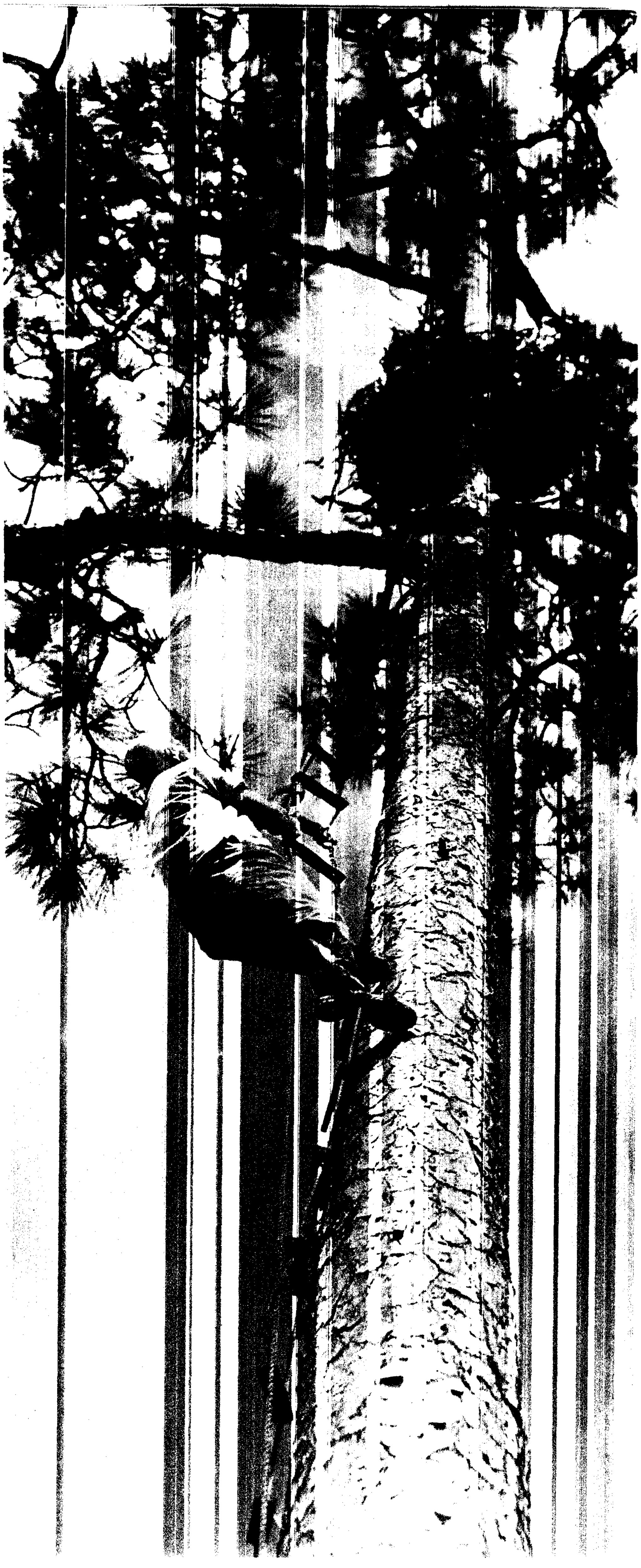
The female eaglet, a pound heavier and far stronger than the male, is a perfect hellion. A bunch of TNT, and temperamental as an opera singer, she is so vicious she not infrequently kills and eats her brother when food becomes scarce or when they struggle over a fish or other tidbit. Of more than 300 birds handled during the last four nesting seasons, Broley has never banded one of the feminine gender without a knockdown, drag-out fight.

(Continued on page 36)



Largest eagle's nest in North America is this one in a big pine in a St. Petersburg, Florida, residential district. It's 22 feet high, 12 feet wide, and is the only nest in which Mr. Broley (in tree) has ever found three eaglets. This great nest has been used by many generations of eagles

Sixty-three-year-old Charles L. Broley is an ex-banker whose hazardous hobby is finding and banding eaglets to aid U. S. Wild Life Service study of birds. Eaglet in his arms came from tree he is ascending at right



With weights and rope, Mr. Broley slings a rope ladder over the lowest limb for first stage of climb to the nest above. Rest of trip is hand-over-hand on ropes. Job is doubly dangerous because eaglets are hellcats

The Long Stretch

By George Creel

Because Uncle Sam's rubber reserves must supply all the non-Axis world, you'll get even less rubber from now on. In fact, you'll be lucky to keep what little you've got now. Here's what you can expect

JUST what *is* the outlook for the country's rubber users? Meaning almost the whole 130,000,000 of us, for nipples and perambulator wheels bring babies into the count. When tires wear thin, what will be the chances for retreading and recapping? More important, what are the prospects for new tires? And how about tires for your bicycle, assuming that you have one or are eligible to get one under the new rules? How about taxis? Will they be forced off the streets? What about rubber heels, overshoes, boots, coats, hats, bath mats, gloves for dishwashing, garden hose, golf balls, tennis balls and the thousand and one other things that are as much a part of everyday life as the kitchen stove? Also rubber for medical and surgical use? And for the farm? Coming right down to it, is there a real rubber shortage, or is it some more of the hysteria that has gripped Washington ever since Pearl Harbor?

Not one of these questions can be answered snappily or even cheerfully. No doubt a certain amount of hysteria does exaggerate and complicate the rubber situation. Nevertheless, there *is* a shortage. What's worse, not even the most farseeing expert can tell exactly how much of one or how long it will last. Everything depends upon a lot of things that are still up in the air: America's own essential needs, for example, and the essential needs of some thirty other anti-Axis nations; the amount of natural rubber we can get from sources still available; the progress of our synthetic rubber program, and the extent to which we can cut out rubber waste.

After going over every fact and figure in the case, the guess can be hazarded that rubber users will get an "all-clear" signal in 1944. There is better than an even chance that drastic restrictions will be materially relaxed in 1943, but for the next twelve months, at least, the great majority of people must get ready to grin and bear it. And grinning, it may be added, can be made a whole lot easier if all of us get rid of the angers and irritations bred by wild rumors and a good many downright lies.

First and foremost, the job of building up a rubber stock pile for the United States, one large enough for any emergency, was neither botched nor boobed—unless, of course, you want to join the army of hindsighters and claim that Pearl Harbor, Singapore and Java should have been foreseen. Fortunately, the records show that no warning voice was lifted prior to the fateful day of December 7th.

When Congress, in 1939, gave Henry Morgenthau some $70,000,000 for the purchase of "critical and strategic materials," rubber received no mention, and the money was spent for quinine, tin, mica, chrome, tungsten, etc. Why not? Even the Army and the Navy held firmly to the conviction that the Far East could always be depended upon for a cheap and inexhaustible rubber supply. The possibility that Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies could be occupied by an invading force was too farfetched for serious consideration.

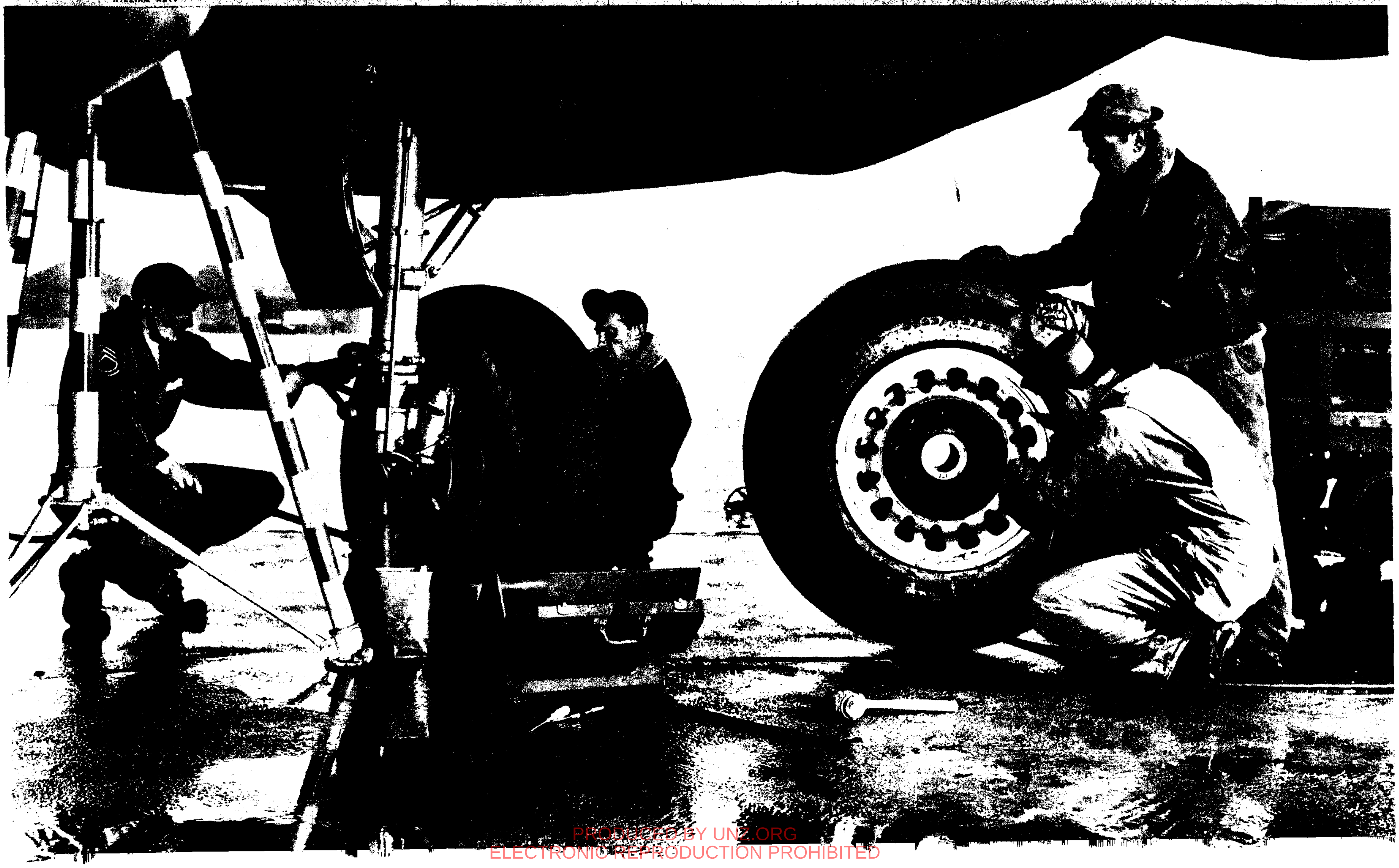
Rubber did not come into the picture until after May 28, 1940, when President Roosevelt declared that the United States must and would be the "great Arsenal of Democracy." On June 25th, an aroused Congress authorized Jesse Jones, head of the Federal Loan Agency, to accumulate stock piles of "critical and strategic materials," and on June 28th, the President put rubber on the list. Within an hour a rubber reserve company was in operation, and within a day Mr. Jones was sitting across the table from representatives of the International Rubber Regulation Committee, the British-Dutch combination controling 97 per cent of the world's rubber supply.

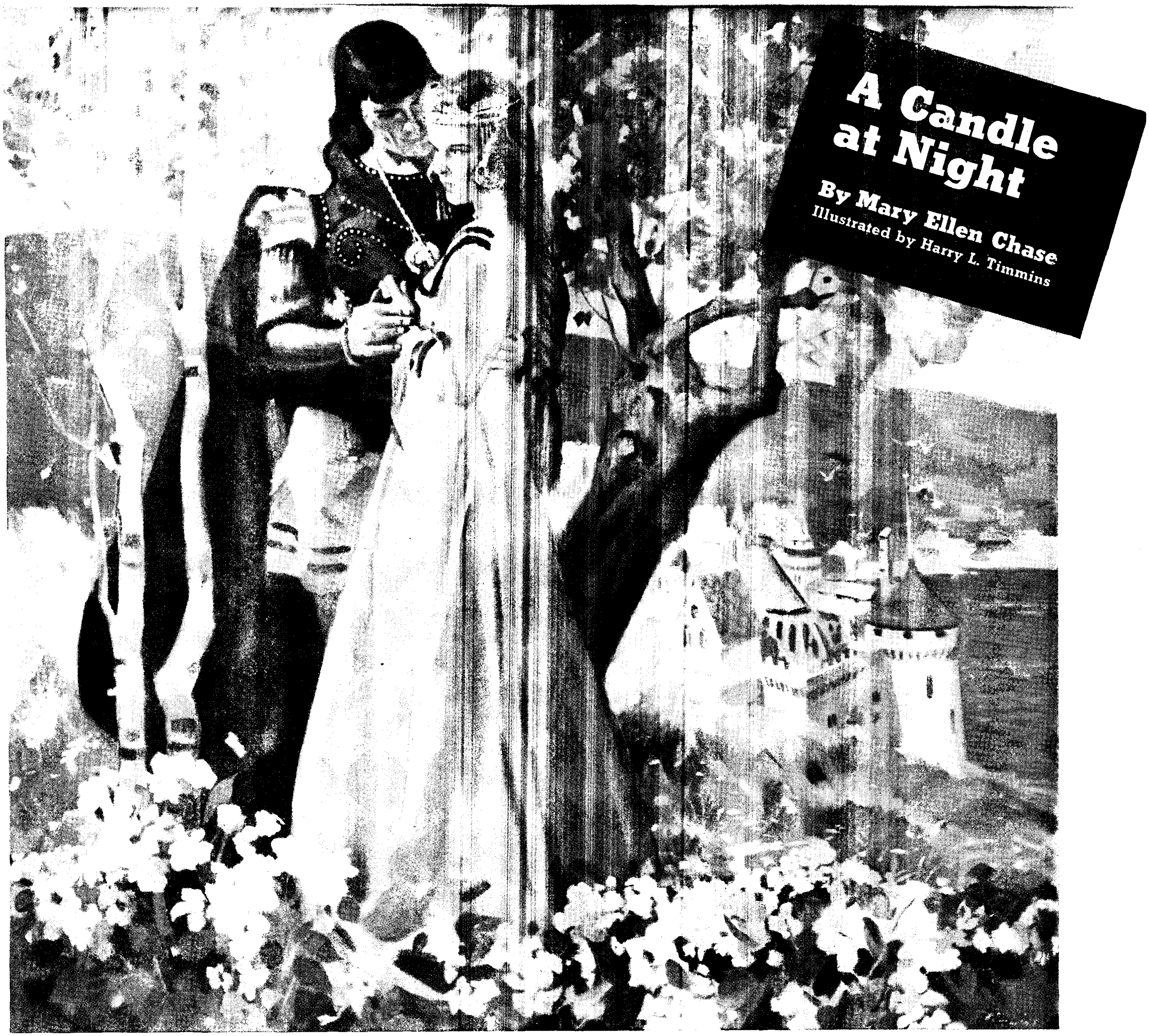
There is a fairly general belief, carefully fostered in certain Washington circles, that the ice-eyed Texan, jealous of his reputation as shrewd bargainer, delayed negotiations by haggling and "horse trading." On the contrary, the record shows that Jones acted with a speed that must have jarred his cautious soul to the depths. His offer, right off the bat, was for the purchase of every pound of rubber above trade requirements and at the market price. All he could get at the time was 150,000 tons, due to the fact that the committee was operating at only 59 per cent of capacity. Learning this—again a matter of record—Mr. Jones turned on the heat. Under his steady pressure, production upped to 85 per cent, and by the end of the year he had bought a total of 430,000 tons at a cost of $193,000,000. More than that, our rubber industry had increased its purchases some 54,000 tons over 1939. A continued drive by Mr. Jones lifted the committee's production to 100 per cent in 1941, and as

(Continued on page 45)

A ground crew putting new tires on one of the U. S. Army's B-25 bombers. One of the principal reasons that civilians will have to go short on rubber is to supply tires for this plane and thousands like it

WILLIAM HOFF





Dreaming, Mary could live in another age. She saw Jared and Susan there, embracing in the wide spring fields of Camelot

A Candle at Night

By Mary Ellen Chase

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

A loss that brought peace, and a betrayal that sealed an everlasting friendship

TEN minutes after Mary Penrose had received Susan Glover's postcard with its sad and surprising news, she was counting out her money in her tiny locked bedroom on the top floor of the great Castle Hotel. Having drawn the white envelope from within the lining of her one coat, she arranged her total assets in neat piles on her bureau. First, the six green-backed pound notes, none too clean; next, the eight ten-shilling ones, dog-eared and brown; then the two half crowns, the four two-shilling pieces, the five bob, the seven sixpences, the eight pennies, the two farthings. In all, eleven pounds, two shillings, twopence-halfpenny.

This represented her savings from wages and fees from Easter to Lammas Day—not so bad when one considered that she had spent four and nine for a summer hat, had sent six shillings every week to her mother in St. Ives, and had paid a shoe shop one shilling to take the squeak from her shoes, since the manageress had said it lowered the tone of the hotel.

Still, she must not be rash. There were but five more months to Christmas, when, the season slackening, she was sure to be laid off; and in those five months she could hardly hope to do better than in the same number preceding. There were, unfortunately, clothes to be bought, a new coat and dress, shoes guaranteed to be squeakless. Moreover, now that Susan's postcard had so summarily changed the face of things, she must make allowance for the three winter months during which she must keep herself.

She drew the card from her apron pocket with her right hand while with the fingers of her left she encircled first the shillings and then the half crowns.

"Dear Mary:

"I write to say that Jared was drowned today. The burying is Friday. If you could come for it, it would be good. SUSAN"

To go to the village just north of Land's End, in which Jared had lived, and in the racing waters beyond which, so the postcard said, he had died, would cost no less than two pounds even though she could share Susan's bed at the Red Lion and pay nothing for her food. She could doubtless travel by charabanc. Now that tourists clamored to see the Cornish coast as quickly and as easily as possible, such great cars ran daily from Tintagel to the extreme southwestern point.

EXPENSIVE as was the journey and out of the question as it would be under any other circumstances, it was every moment borne in upon Mary that she must make it. Susan Glover was her best friend. Not only had they been girls together in St. Ives, but for six years they had served in neighboring public houses in the Land's End village. And as for Jared Treknow, Mary Penrose had promised to marry him at the beginning of the new year.

Once she had decided to attend the burying, she went to obtain permission from the manageress. It was granted not too grudgingly and yet, on principle, not too willingly. Mary was a steady and a courteous waitress, and one did not run the risk of spoiling her by favors.

"I suppose as a matter of fact it's not what one would call a pleasure trip," said the manageress. She was a large, florid woman with small, ill-adjusted steel spectacles over nearsighted eyes.

"No, miss."

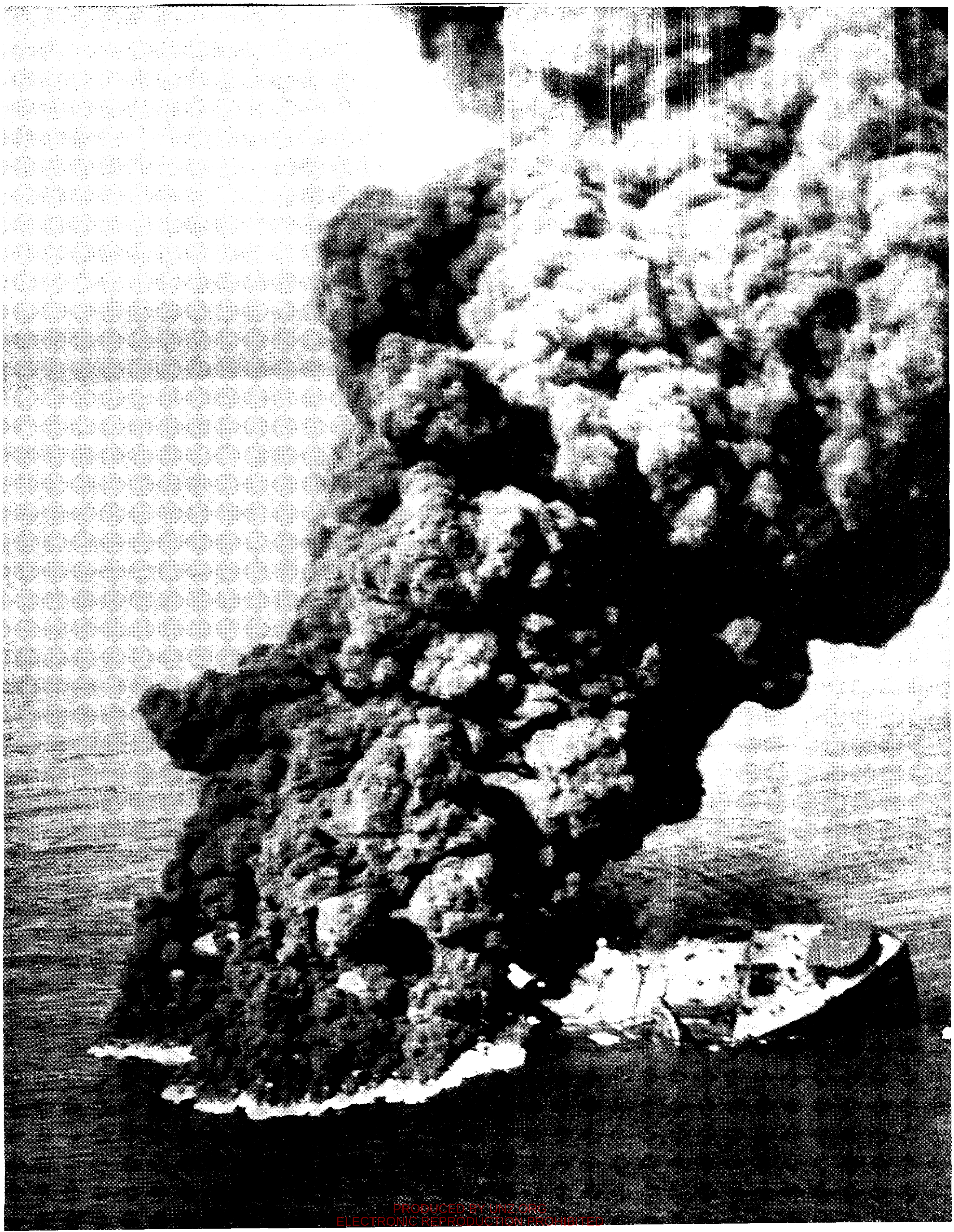
"You say a relative has died?" the manageress asked.

"Yes, miss."

"Near of kin? I mean to say, what kind of relative?"

Mary winced a bit under the blinking stare of the manageress. She had not meant to give even the least particular of Susan's scanty information. But there was no help for it. "One, miss, that I

(Continued on page 74)



Bombs Away!

By Lynn Farnol

MAJOR, U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

Deep into the Atlantic Ocean wastes the Bomber Command probes with deadly fingers, bringing sudden and violent death to Germany's submarines and new life and hope to America's ships and seamen

"THAT'S it!"

A final roar of the motors, a sputter and then silence.

One by one, we scamper down out of the ship, blear-eyed from watching too long, stiff from tense, huddled positions, with the funny feeling of letting go of a lot of excitement a little too quickly.

The ground crew takes over. Trucks and trailers appear out of the darkness. Through the biting winter wind, we find our way to the "Recon" car that takes us to the orderly room of the hangar.

Six of us with our land legs back strut into the club room of the squadron. Everyone stops, looks up from what he's doing. A friendly welcome, unspoken. The squadron leader waits and then asks, "How many?"

The pilot smiles. He's allowed to do the talking. He's the boss. He holds up four fingers and says "Salvo!"

And so ends a routine patrol mission of the Army Air Forces out over the Atlantic sea wastes, searching for the Nazi undersea wolves, a search in which life hangs in the balance for the hunter and the hunted both.

Four and a half hours earlier, pilot, copilot, navigator and bombardier and squadron commander and the intelligence officer of the First Air Force had stood around a folded hydrographic map. This was a "brief." Fingers traced lines out to the Atlantic and back—not aimless lines, but magic routes to strange rendezvous. Understanding, men tugged and pulled at the winter flying togs into which they were stuffed like sausages. Out to the waiting ship, its idling motors stirring up swirls of sandy snow. From the other side, the Atlantic sent a frosty blast as we waited for "Buzz," the bombardier, to get his head down out of the bomb bay, loaded with death. Buzz wouldn't be hurried, though. His upraised hand, a casual kind of a salute, was the signal. The eggs were in their nest, ready to hatch.

Lieutenants "Mac" and "Bob," his copilot and understudy, were going through their check-off. The list of things that had to be done before the plane took off was in Bob's hands. Trim tabs, "set for take-off." Battery switches, "on." Propellers, "full low pitch." Their eyes looked to their dials, to the landing gear, to the wings, a hand went up to touch a lever, or point loosely to a dial, as each item on the list was indicated. They have no need of talk. Eyes and instinct. The hands of one obey the glance and impulse of the other.

Curious the relationship of a pilot and copilot; teacher and pupil. The kid, just up from Kelly. Mac, who never says much. All the things they don't teach you in school. War. The realization that their destinies are pretty well tied up, only they don't talk about it.

Then, at the head of the long runways, the motors give an angry murmur, and off we go, down the runway, up, imperceptibly, inching our way over the church steeples and the tree tops.

There's something different about a bomber. By comparison, a commercial airliner is like taking an elevator. Just that impersonal. With a bomber, you don't fly airtracks. Flying isn't just buttons and levers. There is a tangible response to pressure, not like a bicycle, maybe, but you know that if you do this, something quick, direct and immediate happens. It's trigger-quick. Especially over water, with that horizon that you see now, and now don't.

Here we come to the jagged line of surf. We've settled down now. The smooth breathing of the motors, the transparent silver glints in the propellers' swirls. Each man in his place. Gunners trying out their safety catches, just to make sure. "Deke," the navigator, reaching out for his computer and his maps. Buzz, the bombardier, is already at his vigil, like a terrier, pointing. Six pair of eyes, watching, as we head out to sea.

Ocean, Ocean, Everywhere

We pass over a rusty old boiler, half protruding from the choppy water. The tail gunner sights, presses the trigger and drops twenty rounds dead in the center, just for luck.

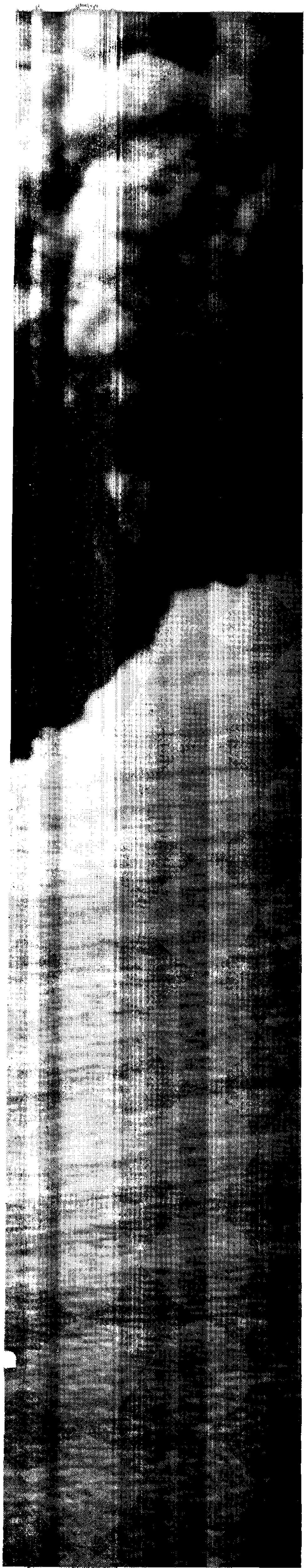
Wondering, as we shoot out over the water, quickly out of sight. You wonder. Some of these trips are eleven hours or more. No landmarks. Just the pattern of the waves.

Wondering about the Bomber Command that now seems so important. Three jobs we have: to fly the ship, to get there and to hit something. The boys were pretty good at bombing in the World War. At flying, we've been pretty good. Navigation has sort of pulled the whole thing together. Colonel Williams telling us about the old days when they were first teaching air navigation at Rockwell Field, near San Diego, in 1933, with Martin B-10's. The old days when the late Major General (then Major) Herbert Dargue was flying out from his 2d Wing Headquarters at Langley Field to demonstrate some bomb sharpshooting on craft out over the Atlantic. The new Bombardment Command? Hell, they were "running sweeps"—flying offshore patrols—ten years ago, and doing it well.

Wondering about the English Coastal Command. Last August, they caught a German submarine and took it captive to land. The odds are against us, of finding or hitting a submarine—looking for a needle in a haystack—but what sport when you find one! The boys say that the English never really got very many by air.

The subs hate the air patrols, though. It is a form of attack against which they

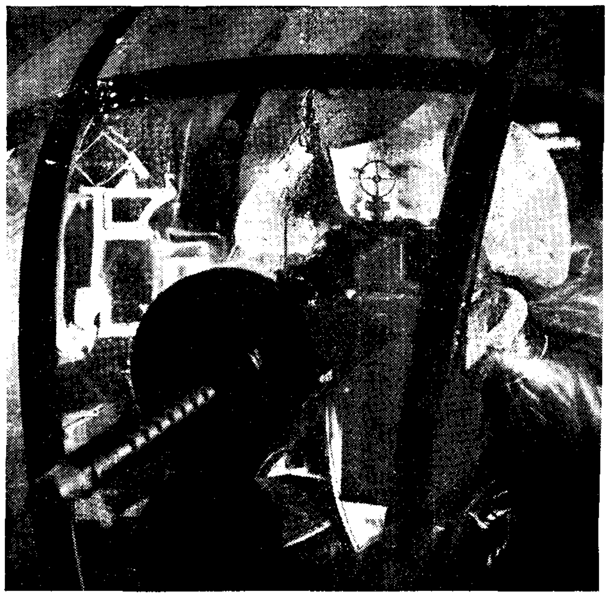
(Continued on page 64)



A torpedoed tanker goes down beneath a spectacular pillar of flame and smoke. Preventing such disasters as this is the task of the U. S. Army Bomber Command

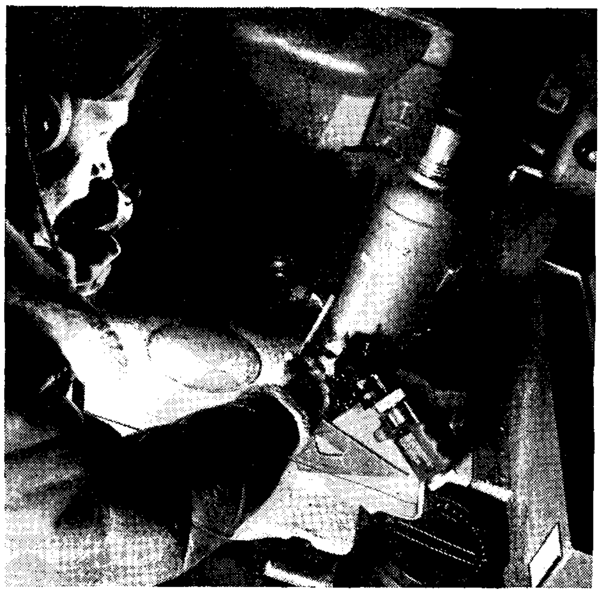
LYNES

Aboard a patrol bomber, the radio operator keeps close contact with other crew members and listens for signals from ships or shore



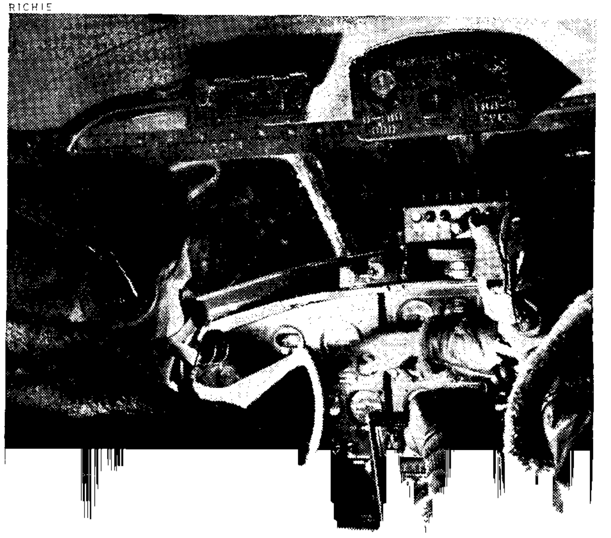
MURAY

Bombardier's station is in the plane's plastic nose. Here he indulges in a few practice bursts on his .30-cal. machine gun—just in case



LYNES

The navigator's job is computing position and reporting to the pilot as the bomber makes its charted series of great overwater sweeps



RICHIE

Pilot and copilot are the nerve center of a bomber on patrol. Close personal relationship makes bomber crews a cohesive unit with high degree of co-operation

There's Someone for You

By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Two ugly ducklings magically turn into swans before each other's astonished eyes

TULSA sat there stiffly because she had to reserve the table until the Danielses came back from the shoe store down the street. Tables were precious at the Green Spot on Saturday night.

Tulsa spread her library book flat open in front of her, to show she had something to do, and one thin hand clung to the glass of beer that proved she was a customer when she knew in her heart she was an outsider from gaiety. And yet, all the time, she was waiting to see if Everett Smith—it was a revelation of character that even the Army hadn't given Everett a nickname—would turn up at the Green Spot before the evening went by.

"He's so different, maybe not," Tulsa thought. Then she thought, a little sadly, "But even though he is so well-informed, he probably wants a good time like everybody else. A fellow like Everett would naturally have a date."

For on Saturday nights there was not a sun-dried old grandmother who did not have a friend she was eager to talk the week over with, there was no girl without a dance partner now there was a near-by rifle range. Even a girl like Eileen Fornoy could have a half dozen soldiers.

Eileen looked young from a distance, but close to, she was as old as remorse, with a hard little face under the fat baby curls and the bright red beanie. She had on a lot of make-up but it couldn't hide the calculating look in her eyes or the mean set to her own mouth under the lipsticked one. Tulsa could remember that mouth laughing on a night when she, Tulsa, had stood on a rooming-house porch, crying tears that felt like hot pitch on her hands that clung to the railing.

TULSA looked away and watched Saturday night. Victory was the only town for thirty miles of Mojave Desert in every direction and its Green Spot was the very heart of society. On Saturday nights everybody was there—ranchers and their families, workers from the cement plant and the railroad yards, cowhands, soldiers, the sheriff and dude ranchers like the young couple dancing together in a dream.

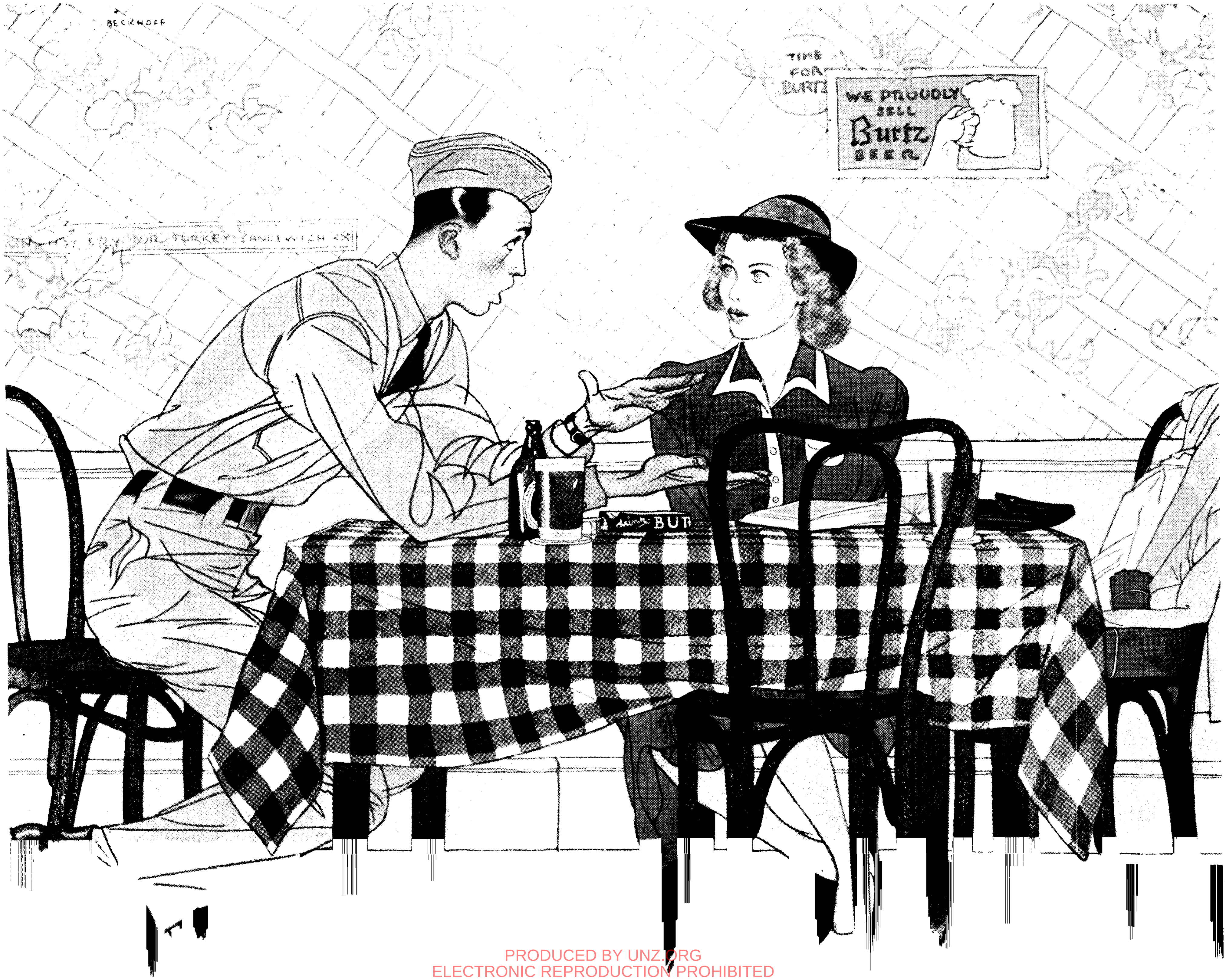
"She's beautiful," Tulsa told herself. "That's why he loves her. And she needn't be ashamed to love him back." There was a stretched, empty place in her thoughts, and at the other side of it she said, "Even if Everett does come, he won't care that you're here. That was Tuesday afternoon at the post office, with nobody around."

There she was, sending off packages for the Danielses with the three children waiting out in the truck. The hot sun beat down on the little wooden post office building, and outside it the perpetual dust rose thickly. The postmistress was slow and while she waited, Tulsa read a book.

Everett Smith reddened, coughed,

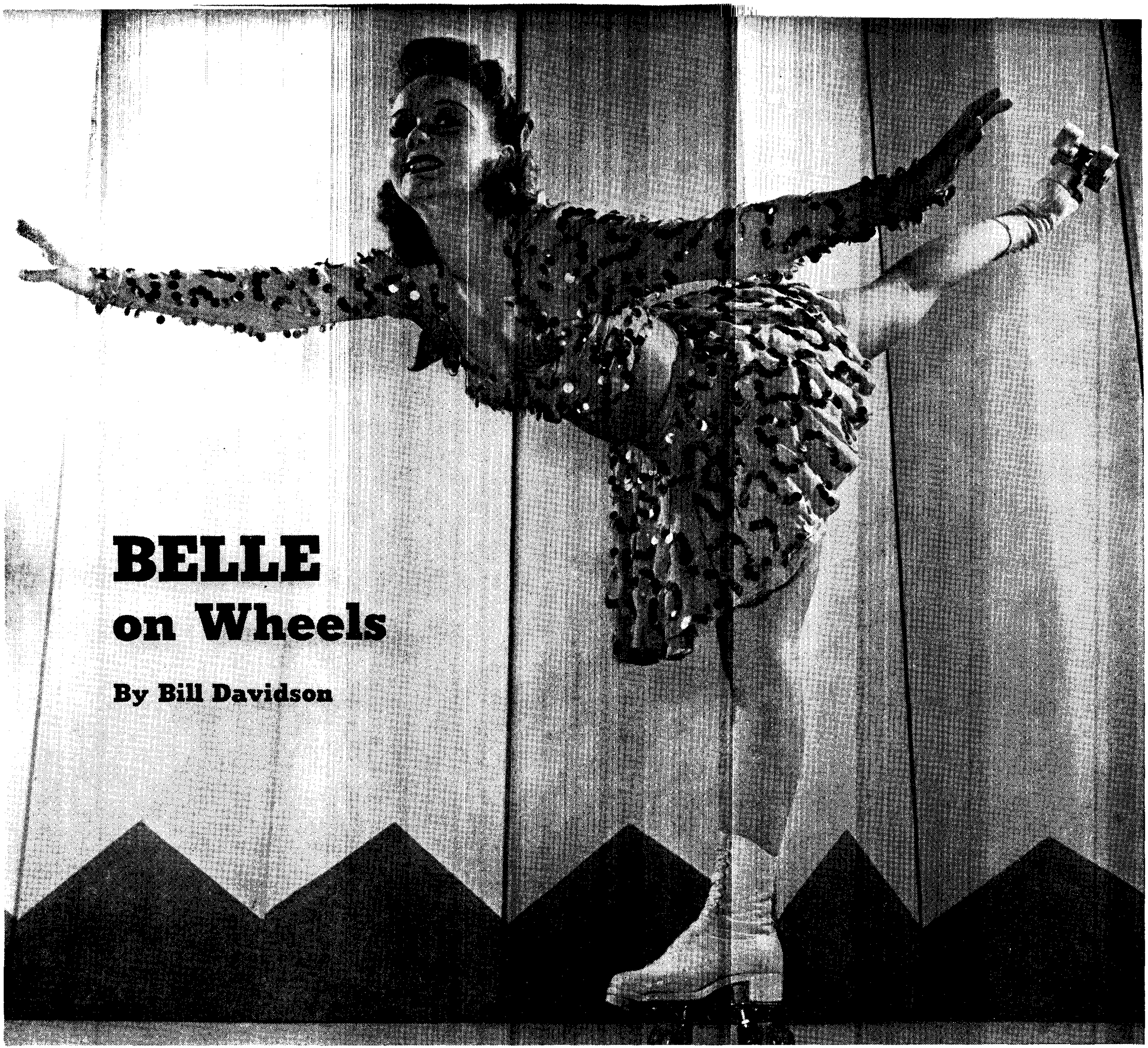
(Continued on page 71)

"You own a ranch?" Tulsa asked. "Why, yes," Everett said. "You know how many trees I have on it?"



BELLE on Wheels

By Bill Davidson



LEAVITT

The grace of the ballet, combined with the speed of wheeled motion, is embodied in the skating of Gloria Nord, pictured here in one of her roller routines

Nineteen-year-old Gloria Nord was catapulted to roller-skating fame by Mickey Rooney. He knocked her down in a rink, took one look at her beautiful gams, and what happened after is history

THERE are two ways of determining when a new sport should be rated on the big time. These are, (1) when it begins to have trouble with the Amateur Athletic Union, and (2) when it blossoms forth with a beautiful female star, pictures of whom regularly adorn rotogravure sections, magazine covers and girdle ads.

Of late, roller skating has been doing both. With some 4,000 roller-skating rinks dotting our landscape; with 50 per cent of our population indulging in this form of mechanized mayhem; with the rink owners and the A.A.U. screaming blue murder at each other over who controls whom; with a $100,000 roller-skating production touring the country in triumph; and with the newspapers raising a hue and cry about the amateur roller-skating bum (a cousin of the amateur tennis bum)—the game has definitely arrived.

But that's not all.

There is Gloria Nord.

Miss Nord is a fetching blond creature who is the star of the above-mentioned roller-skating show. She is, as Samuel J. Friedman, publicist, puts it, Sonja Henie without ice. She is, as Mr. Friedman further puts it, a belle on wheels.

Recently, when the skating show opened in Baltimore, nineteen-year-old Gloria turned in a nervous performance. Jim Morton, roller-skating expert of the New York Journal-American, watched, and the experience was admittedly harrowing. He sat next to a large stranger, tentatively identified as a Mr. Moriarty. Gloria made her spotlighted entrance before the hushed audience, looking delectable in a cute Little Bo Peep costume. Behind her trailed an oversized toy sheep, mounted on roller skates. Mr. Morton tch-tched at this violation of the pure skating art. Mr. Moriarty rubbed his hands together and chortled.

Gloria swirled and danced through the opening chorus of her number. Then she made a misstep and tripped over the sheep. Down she went on her gingham-bedecked *derrière.*

Mr. Morton winced. "No éclat," said Mr. Morton.

Mr. Moriarty grinned. "What a pair of gams!" said Mr. Moriarty.

A few minutes later Gloria attempted a difficult Mohawk turn and lost her balance—regaining it only after much unscheduled writhing of the torso.

Mr. Morton covered his eyes with his hands. "What horrible concentricity!" said Mr. Morton.

Mr. Moriarty moistened his lips with his tongue. "What a hunk of woman!" said Mr. Moriarty.

In the next act Gloria did a Cinderella number with Ted Sokol. At the stroke of midnight Sokol was supposed to remove one of Cinderella's skates. The skate stuck.

Mr. Morton buried his head in his arms. "Lordy, lordy, lordy!" said Mr. Morton.

Mr. Moriarty leaned forward on the edge of his seat. "Hot stuff," said Mr. Moriarty.

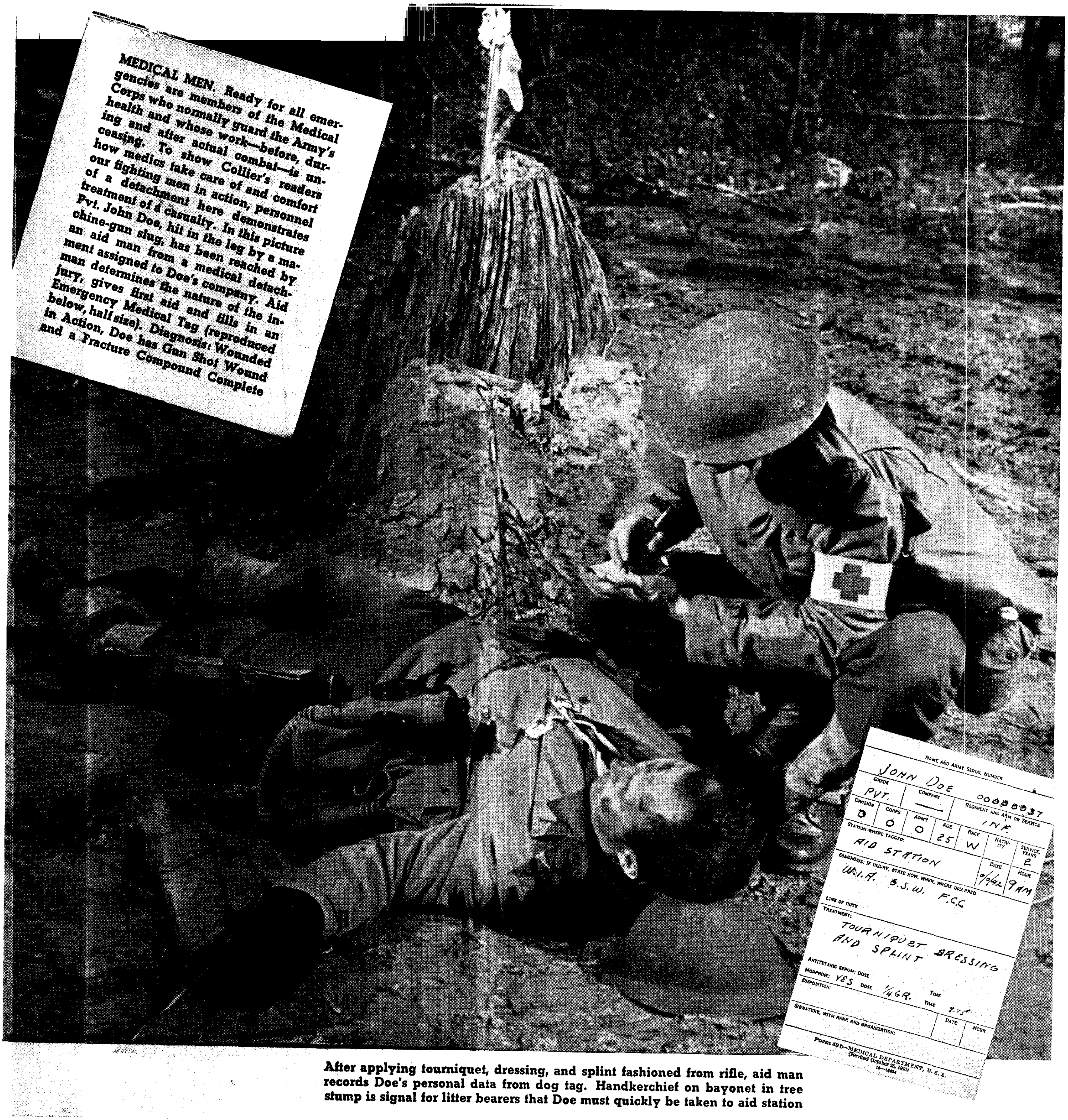
When the act was over, Mr. Morton, his critical mind made up, rose to go. Tremendous applause thundered through the arena. Mr. Morton looked around at the cheering audience uncomprehendingly. Then slowly, reluctantly, he sat down and his eyes wandered back to the floor where Gloria was beginning an encore. A long, low whistle escaped from Mr. Morton's lips. He turned to Mr. Moriarty for the first time.

"What a pair of gams!" said Mr. Morton.

The Baltimore episode is not typical of a Nord performance. Actually, Gloria is one of the finest figure skaters on wheels. This is a fact worthy of note because, comparatively speaking, she is little more than a novice. In the same show with Gloria are performers who were once numbered among roller skating's more renowned "bums." At the slightest provocation, each of them will open a trunk and show you hundreds of medals, ranging from national championships down. In Gloria's trophy case there is but one solitary insignificant medal. She was whisked into the ranks of the professionals after winning just *one* title as an amateur—the 1941 Southern California Waltz Championship. This is a feat comparable to Bing

(Continued on page 52)

MEDICAL MEN. Ready for all emergencies are members of the Medical Corps who normally guard the Army's health and whose work—before, during and after actual combat—is unceasing. To show Collier's readers how medics take care of and comfort our fighting men in action, personnel of a detachment here demonstrates treatment of a casualty. In this picture Pvt. John Doe, hit in the leg by a machine-gun slug, has been reached by an aid man from a medical detachment assigned to Doe's company. Aid man determines the nature of the injury, gives first aid and fills in an Emergency Medical Tag (reproduced below, half size). Diagnosis: Wounded in Action, Doe has Gun Shot Wound and a Fracture Compound Complete



NAME AND ARMY SERIAL NUMBER: JOHN DOE 00080037
GRADE: PVT.
COMPANY: ——
REGIMENT AND ARM OR SERVICE: INF.
DIVISION: 0
CORPS: 0
ARMY: 0
AGE: 25
RACE: W
NATIVITY:
SERVICE, YEARS: 2
STATION WHERE TAGGED: AID STATION
DATE: 0/0/42
HOUR: 9 AM
DIAGNOSIS: IF INJURY, STATE HOW, WHEN, WHERE INCURRED: W.I.A. G.S.W. F.C.C
LINE OF DUTY
TREATMENT: TOURNIQUET DRESSING AND SPLINT
ANTITETANIC SERUM: DOSE
TIME
MORPHINE: YES DOSE 1/4 GR. TIME 9.15
DISPOSITION:
SIGNATURE, WITH RANK AND ORGANIZATION:
DATE
HOUR

Form 52 b—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, U. S. A.
(Revised October 26, 1940)
16—15434

After applying tourniquet, dressing, and splint fashioned from rifle, aid man records Doe's personal data from dog tag. Handkerchief on bayonet in tree stump is signal for litter bearers that Doe must quickly be taken to aid station

Our Fighting Men

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY W. EUGENE SMITH

45TH DIV.

CAMP BARKELEY, Abilene, Texas. Trainees at the Medical Replacement Training Center are learning how medical units function, with the aid of a miniature battleground recently knocked together in the camp's woodworking shop. The battle site shows the medical setup from the front lines all the way back (a theoretical six miles) through the clearing station, and takes in a small town spotted three miles from the front. The whole thing is built to scale, with an 18-inch church steeple as one of the yardsticks. Tents have been made from salvaged canvas, more than a hundred small trees dot the landscape and the layout is complete right down to telephone poles.

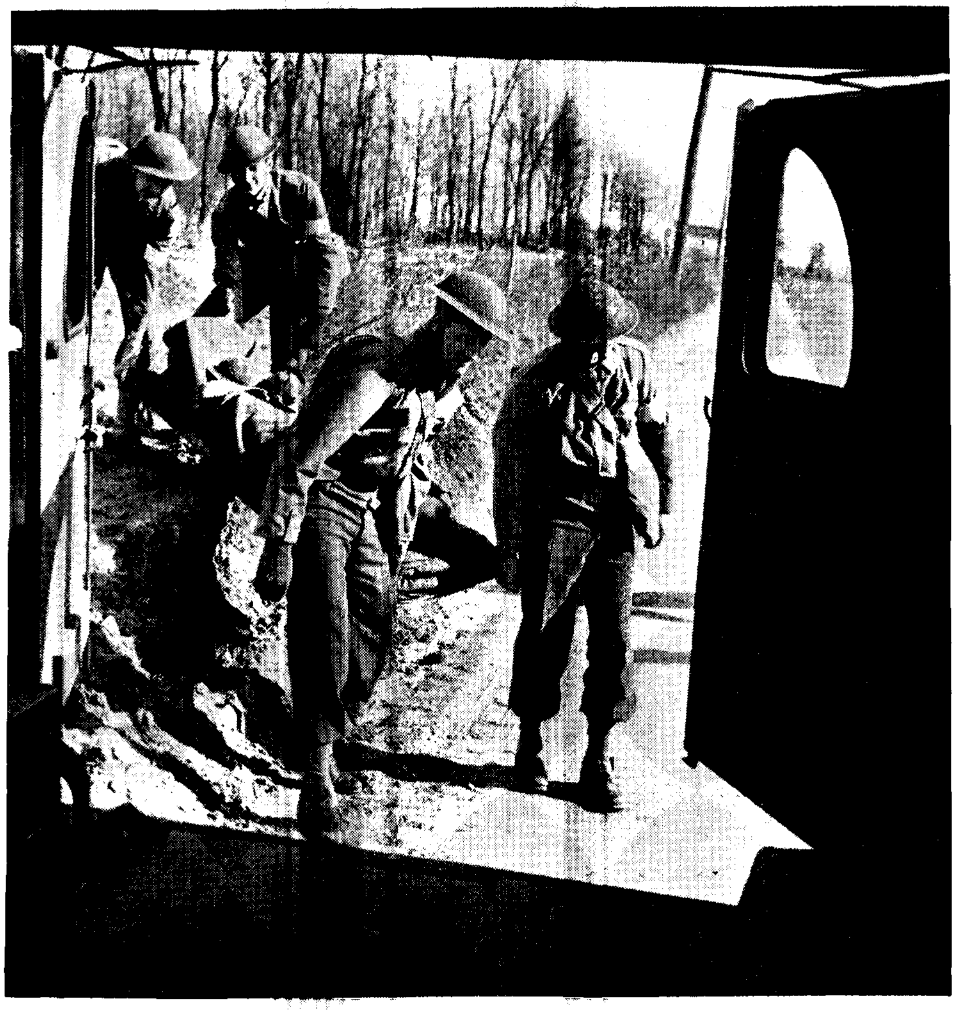
The miniature battleground is expected by the 53d Medical Training Battalion's adjutant, Lt. F. W. Park, to put the lesson across with more of a wallop than would maps, drawings, or lectures; with it the trainee can get a mental snapshot of what his outfit will be doing when the fireworks get going, and can see how his work fits into the general picture. Principal menace to the miniature town is Old Bill, the MRTC's goat, which has tried to nibble a few trees off the mountains and was last reported to be hungrily eying the village's Heflebower's Rooming House, christened in honor of Brig. Gen. Roy C. Heflebower.

AIR CORPS COMBAT COMMAND

NAPIER FIELD, Dothan, Ala. Specialists—that's what this Army has. A Napier Field private, driving a recon car around ditches and puddles with remarkable skill, was quizzed by an officer about his unusual behind-the-wheel aptitude. "You must have done a lot of civilian driving to be that good," said he. "Before I enlisted," revealed the private, "I *had* to be a good driver. I hauled moonshine."

Suffering from shock due to loss of blood, but with his pain eased by one quarter grain of morphine, Pvt. Doe is borne by litter bearers to battalion aid station. Four bearers are used for longer carries (1,000 yards)

At aid station, where casualties are recorded and sorted, Doe is transferred to a dress litter and treated for shock. The emergency splint is replaced by a half-ring steel splint. Aid stations are protected from direct enemy fire



A few minutes later, Pvt. Doe is carried to an ambulance and removed to a clearing station for continuance of emergency treatment. Other soldiers, fit for duty, are sent back to their posts directly from the aid station

Under adverse conditions clearing stations function with simplest effective equipment. Here Pvt. Doe gets blood transfusion. Note trouser-belt tourniquet. After this Doe goes to hospital, where elaborate care assures recovery

MIAMI BEACH, Fla. With snazzy hotels for barracks and a golf clubhouse for an administration building, the only training school for Air Corps administrative officers is operating full blast at this resort. Where classes are held out under the palm trees and a golf course serves as a drill field, 500 Air Corps privates and noncoms are learning to be mess, supply, transportation and personnel officers and will eventually be assigned to serve the ground requirements of the flying command wherever Air Corps wings may be.

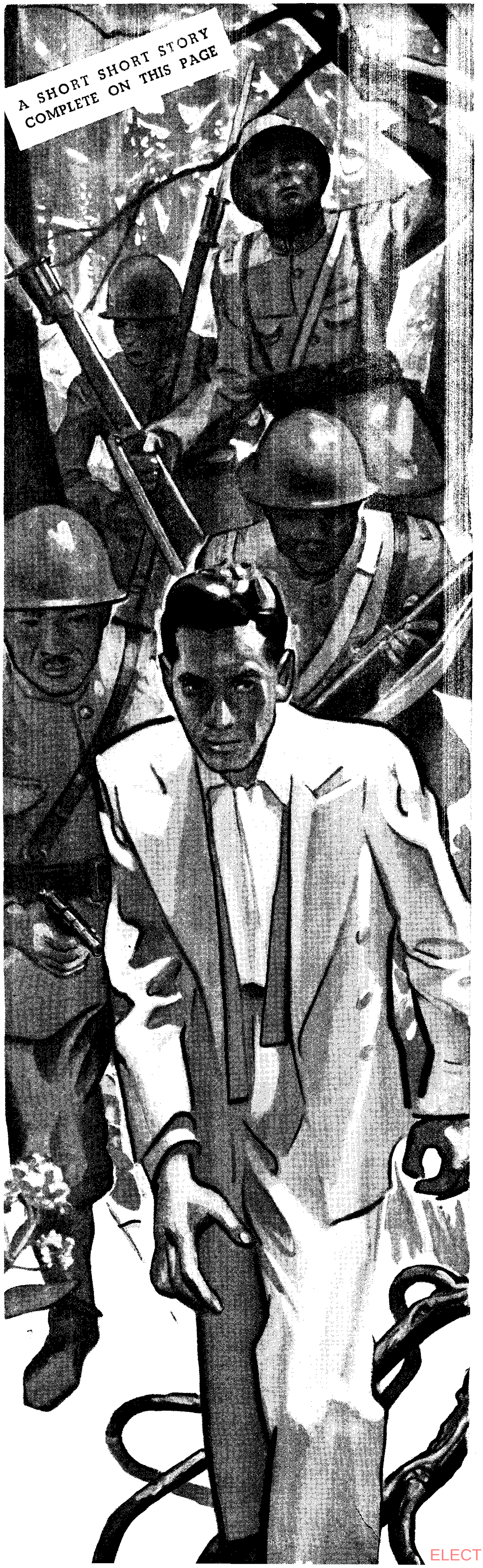
You could have knocked over the residents and winter visitors with the prop wash of a model plane when, ten weeks ago, Commandant Lt. Col. James S. Stowell announced to the press that six hotels and apartment houses had been leased for the duration and that classes would begin within four days. Hotel guests were given just 12 hours notice to check out, and Miami Beach's largest restaurant became the mess hall almost before the bus boys could clear the tables.

The Officer Candidate School will have a revolving membership of some 4,000 with an administrative force of 500 officers and men. Candidates come from all over the country. In fact, men who, for one reason or another, fail to qualify as flying officers, have suddenly made Miami Beach a military mecca. Wouldn't you?

CAMP BLANDING, Starke, Fla. Pvt. John O. Harrop, of the Evacuation Hospital, will probably hesitate before he again identifies himself as a hospital attaché while off duty. Seems he set sail for a heavy date in Jacksonville the other night and happened upon an auto accident in which a couple of soldiers had been hurt. An officer asked if there was a doctor in the crowd and Harrop, with a lot of first-aid experience in his dome, stepped forward. Next thing he knew he was larruping back to the Blanding hospital with the victims. Hours later he finally reached Jacksonville to find his gal had given up and gone out with another guy.

AND Pvt. Carl Hutchins likewise suffered from innocent-bystander trouble. Some time ago some pixie in his outfit wrote an Indianapolis paper to the effect that Hutchins was lonesome and would appreciate a letter or two. First return mail yielded 432 letters, three boxes of candy, a raft of cookies

(Continued on page 62)



Whatcha Know, Joe?

By Trevor Bardette

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

ME, I like do som'theeng for the *General,*" insisted Joe impassively.

"Joe" is short with us for Filipino, and this one didn't appear much different from the thousands of others on the Peninsula, except for the suit of begrimed, mud-spattered store "whites" that were wrinkled and not quite dry after his twenty-two-mile row across Manila Bay to Balanga in a stolen dinghy.

"But," said the major, giving me the office with a level look over Joe's head—we'd been through this routine with Infiltrations before—"how do we know you're not a spy?"

"Yes, Joe," I butted in, scenting a good feature story for my next turn over the short-wave, "how do we know you're not working for Homma, Aguinaldo or The Vibora?"

Joe just turned his head for a minute and looked at me. Then he started peeling off his coat. Not belligerently, but carefully . . . shrugging out of it. Not a muscle of his stolid face moved, but it didn't need to. I had an idea what was coming. His shirt was harder to get out of . . . even with our help. It stuck in a dozen places front and back. I whistled softly. We could hear the big rifles at Ft. Mills blasting away at the enemy concentrations near Cavite.

The major got up from his banyan-root seat behind the little deal table. "Come on, Joe!" It was a respectful order. "The hospital tent is over here."

We threaded our way through the screen of banyan roots that camouflaged the H.Q. from dive bombers. Joe followed the major. I followed Joe. We passed a foxhole. Even by walking carefully we still kicked up a lot of dust.

"What did they want to know, Joe?" asked the major suddenly, looking up as we heard the familiar roar of a cruising reconnaissance plane. I followed his eyes. It wasn't our P-40.

"They like to know where gold is," said Joe.

The roar above dived into a low scream.

"When they open bank vault . . ."

The major took one arm; I grabbed the other. We literally lifted Joe off his feet as we leaped into a foxhole dug beneath a rocky outcropping. We unscrambled ourselves on the bedding of leaves as Joe went on: "They do not find gold, bank notes, not even bonds, but . . ."

His voice was drowned in the crackle of the machine gun and the roar of the plane. The sharp voices of our antiaircraft guns started talking.

". . . they find me. They know I am bank teller. 'I do not know where is gold,' I say. They do not believe me. Officer lieutenant arrive then. He say, 'Dear Filipino brother, you not in bank now, you in nice Nippon headquarters. But it is very, very hot. Please to take off pants and make body comfortable?' Little soldiers help me take off pants.

"I do not feel funny, but they laugh very much. Officer lieutenant say to soldiers, 'It is not nice to laugh at good Filipino brother without honorable pants. So please will Filipino brother take off coat and shirt, so not be funny.' Little soldiers help me take off coat and shirt quick."

We were climbing out of the foxhole now. We didn't offer to help Joe. We knew by this time that he could help himself.

"Officer say tell us where is gold," Joe went on. "He say Nippon need gold to buy nice things for dear good Filipino brothers. He do not say Nippon need gold to buy more nice airplanes to bomb General MacArthur and dear good Filipino soldiers.

"I say, 'Do not know where is gold.'

> **"Officer lieutenant along with little blood-brother soldiers and me. We pass along very narrow twisting path. The ground is not solid in many places. The officer lieutenant walk beside me when he can, but most of the time he make me walk in front**

"Finally he say, 'I go now. I leave you with nice Nippon brothers. You think very hard. Maybe you remember.'

"When he is gone, little soldier come up to me. In his hand is twenty-five-caliber popgun with bayonet. He holds bayonet close under my chin as he whisper in my ear, 'We nice brown brothers now. You tell me where is gold, yes?'

"I say, 'I do not know where is gold.' It seems a long time I hear my heart beat. He is very careless soldier. When he step back, he stumble and I am glad the bayonet is sharp. It go through the flesh of my arm and do not hurt much.

" 'So sorry, excuse please!' he say very quick. Then he put finger in blood from wound and touch it to his forehead, leaving small dark spot. 'See,' he whisper, 'we blood brothers now. Maybe you tell me where is gold, yes?'

" 'I do not know where is gold,' I say.

"Then other little soldiers like to be blood brothers too. They draw strange signs with bayonets on my back and chest and legs and daub their foreheads with the blood. I do not feel very good. But the officer lieutenant returns before I disgrace myself.

"He shout, 'What is such foolishness?'

" 'Please, Officer Lieutenant,' I interrupt him, 'I am blood brother now. But even blood brother must make living too. For ten thousand dollars gold, I take you where is bury ten million dollars gold, paper and bonds.'

"They say—oh, yes, they make me present of ten thousand dollars gold and also make me president of bank. They are very happy. They call me 'Dear good Filipino brother.' Now, they say, 'Nippon buy many nice things for dear good Filipinos.' They still do not say, 'Nippon buy more nice airplanes.' They give me back my clothes."

The major pushed aside the tent flap and saluted as Joe appeared in the opening. "This man needs attention, sir."

THE colonel, Medical Corps, was in his shirt sleeves, filling small vials from storage containers. His piercing blue eyes became kindly as he walked slowly around Joe. He spoke quietly: "I see Homma has held another session of Information Please."

"With your permission, sir," said the major, turning to Joe as the colonel began sterilizing his hands. "Joe, they gave you back your clothes."

"The gold," continued Joe, "is bury in very nice place. We do not go to that place. Where we go is very long way. It is place that I remember well because I almost die there once. It is swamp where I hunt when I am boy. There are seven of us who go. The officer lieutenant . . . ugh! . . ."

The colonel had bent over him with forceps, a swab and a colorless solution. "Lean against the table, Joe," said the colonel, "and get a good firm grip on it."

"Officer lieutenant along with little blood-brother soldiers and me," Joe resumed. "We pass along very narrow twisting path. The ground is not solid in many places. The . . . ugh! . . . officer lieutenant walk beside me when he can, but most of the time he make me walk in front. That is good because, when we reach the place where once I almost die, I do not make the turn but walk straight on as if the path is solid ground . . . ugh! . . . If, of a sudden, they would throw away their heavy weapons and equipment they might still save themselves. But without weapons they are afraid. Then it is too late. Quicksand is so very obstinate. The more they struggle the more it pull them down . . . ugh!

"I do not struggle. I lie quiet and I think. The swamp was kind to me before. It let me go. Maybe it will be kind to me again. There are mangrove roots not far away . . . ugh!"

"This is going to hurt, Joe," said the colonel; "but pretty soon you'll be a new man. Now that you're here, what do you want to do?"

Joe said, "Me . . . ugghhh! . . . Me, I like do som'theeng for the *General!*"

May we act as your guide... for a minute or two?

US: If you don't mind, sir, we'd like to make a suggestion . . .

MAN: About a pool where there's another 16-inch rainbow hiding?

US: No—though our suggestion will certainly add to the enjoyment of your fishing trip. But first we'd like to ask: Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: Why, no. That's something I've intended to do, but haven't, yet.

US: Then we wish you'd come over to our camp and join us in a Four Roses Old-Fashioned. Because, unless you've tasted today's Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this glorious whiskey! Here, in our humble opinion, is the greatest whiskey we, or anyone else, ever bottled!

MAN: Hmm! You wouldn't be just the least bit prejudiced, would you?

US: Oh yes, we *admit* we're prejudiced . . . in favor of Four Roses. What's more, we'll bet our bottom dollar that *you* will be, too—once you savor the mellow-rich magnificence of today's Four Roses. Just you wait till you taste it!

MAN: All I can say is that if today's Four Roses lives up to your promise, it will be *my* whiskey from now on, wherever I happen to be!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

A "stick" of tobacco ready for the market. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by James Chapin

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That's why the makers of Luckies pay the price to get the milder, better-tasting leaf, all over the tobacco country.

Just as an example:—At the tobacco auctions in Lake City, S. C., this season, we paid 40% above the average market price. Yes, 40% more, so you could enjoy milder, better-tasting leaf in your Lucky Strike.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 markets last season. And the *best* we buy goes into Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these men who know tobacco best—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Remember that . . . and next time you buy —act on it . . . ask for Luckies!

Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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LUCKY STRIKE

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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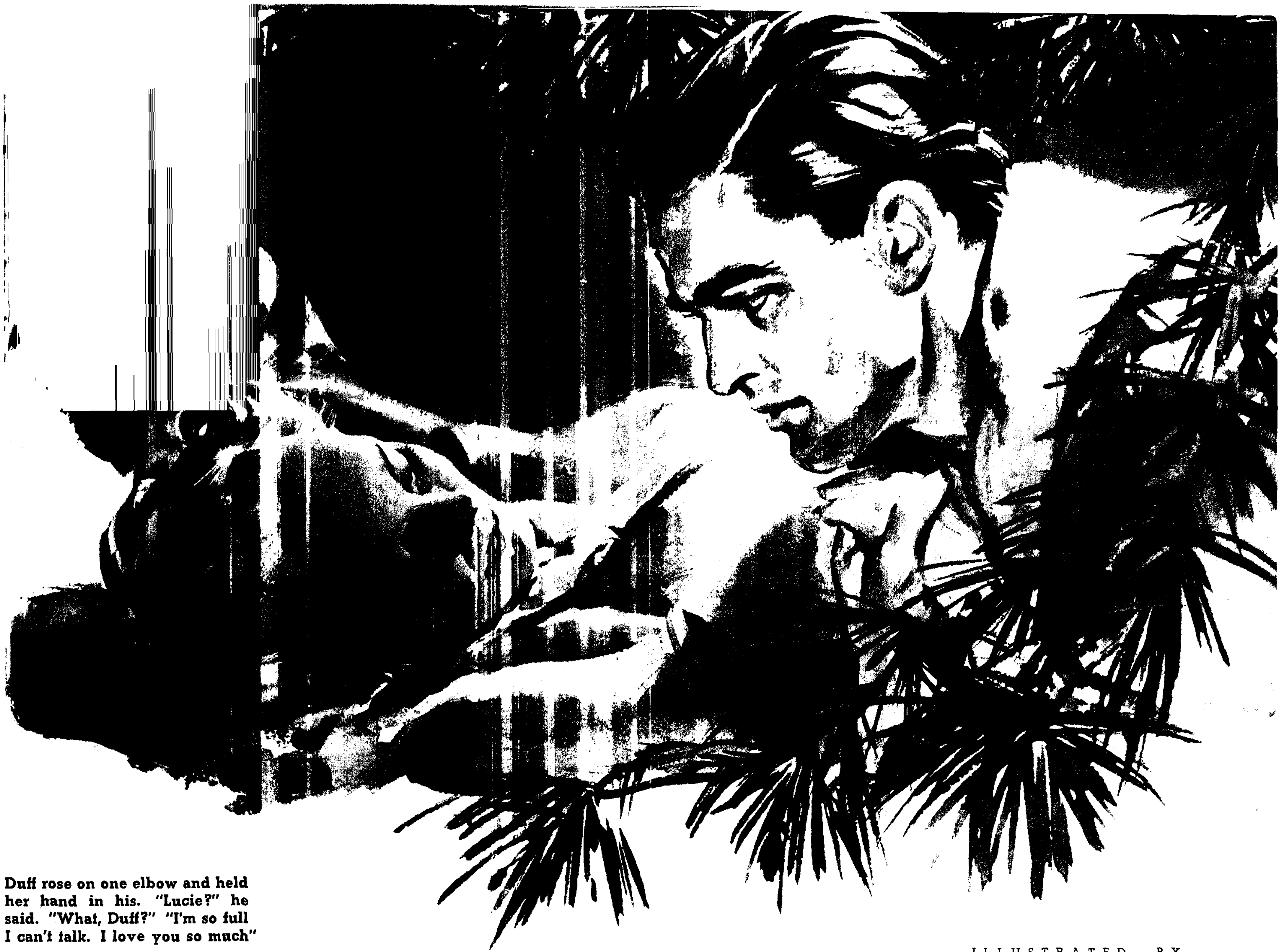

Duff rose on one elbow and held her hand in his. "Lucie?" he said. "What, Duff?" "I'm so full I can't talk. I love you so much"

Trial by Marriage

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

By Vereen Bell

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his mother shoots herself, young Duff Webster—who knows that his father, once a successful dog trainer and field-trial man, has become a shiftless ne'er-do-well—decides to leave his home in the deep South.

So he takes to the road; and—although he manages to keep himself alive for a time—in the end, he finds himself on the brink of starvation. Then, to his delight, he finds a dog that is evidently lost. The dog is wearing a collar with an engraving: "REWARD: Amos *Hawthorne,* Tafton, *Alabama.*"

The dog, a savage brute, will have nothing to do with the boy. Nevertheless, Duff—who understands dogs—succeeds in capturing the animal, which he takes to Tafton, where he finds Amos Hawthorne.

Hawthorne is an old man. He lives in a little home in Tafton with his granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan. When Duff Webster arrives, he gives the boy a frosty reception—tells him the truth: that the dog (Judas) is an unruly beast, and that he does not want him and will pay no reward.

Lucie happens to be present during the interview. Feeling sorry for the boy, she pays him five dollars; after which, she gives him a job, at her grandfather's kennels (some four miles out of Tafton).

Desperately ill, for a time, of septicemia (blood poisoning), Duff is treated, and cured, by Doctor Phillips, whose daughter, Delia, is the most attractive girl for miles about. Once recovered, he goes to work. But, whenever he has a chance, he puts on a tough sheepskin coat and goes into the pen in which Judas is imprisoned. The dog, an outlaw, attacks him, tries to kill him, whenever he makes an advance. Nevertheless, Duff—certain that Judas has in him the makings of a great champion hunting dog—perseveres. . . .

Amos Hawthorne dislikes Duff. Fully cognizant of this, Lucie—who is strongly drawn to the boy—goes out of her way to be with him when she can be. Realizing that the girl is being kind to him, Duff—unable to control himself at the kennels, one day—thanks her. And presently he finds himself kissing her, although he is well aware that he should take no liberties with Amos Hawthorne's granddaughter. Then, when the girl makes it plain that she does not object to being kissed *by Duff,* he climbs into her car, and, with her, starts for Tafton.

III

AHEAD, a rabbit ran out of the brush along the ditch and into the glare of the headlights, then bounced down the road and crossed over. Lucie and Duff approached Bill's Tavern, Tafton's lone jook, a cheap frame structure with a bright blue neon border around the eaves, and a red sign EAT: a place of many humors where sometimes several couples from town would come and play noisily; where an old man with a wet, slack mouth watched the whirling cherries and lemons and plums as his nickels clinked into the slot machine; where once in a while late some Saturday night there would be trouble, with an ice pick or a bottle or even a gun coming into view; where girls hopped cars or served tables or danced with whoever asked them, simple girls with a matter-of-fact worldly wisdom brought on perhaps by an unfortunate early marriage and a child farmed out with a relative.

Bill's Tavern was like a business, or a government, or a legislature, or a world—whether it was good or bad depended on who dominated it at the time.

"How about a beer?" Duff said, finally.

She turned the car in and blew the horn. "Let's don't be too long. Teague McGinnis is coming over tonight."

"Maybe we better go, then."

"Oh, no," she said, pinching his leg.

He said, fascinated, "You're a sort of fresh girl."

"Refreshing, you mean."

The waitress came out, an almost pretty girl in cheap slacks. Inside, the jook organ began playing and the notes of Tuxedo Junction emanated from the loud-speaker under the neon eaves and spread over the calm Alabama countryside.

"Some day," Lucie said thoughtfully, when the girl had gone, "I'm going to find out what's behind that mask you use for a face."

"You won't find much, I'm afraid," he said.

She smiled at him in that sudden honest way of hers, and said, "Maybe I will."

The girl brought the beer and hooked the tray on the car, and left doing a little sliding dance step, snapping her fingers to the music. Bill's Tavern was almost deserted at this early hour.

"What I like about you," Lucie said, "is your superior brand of conversation. Duff, listen. Are you coming to see me or anything?"

"I don't guess I ought to."

"Sure you ought to. I'll have to think of something, because the squire would bust a gusset if you came to the house. He's not crazy about you."

"I don't want to cause trouble."

"Duff," she said seriously, "I want to see you. Honest. I'll fix it. You wait and see."

LUCIE proved to be expert at duplicity. She told Amos that she was going to a show, or to play bridge. Sometimes Duff simply came to the house after nine, which was Amos' invariable going-to-bed time. This night they drove to the bluff that overlooked the amber river. The night belonged more to May than January; across the river a light showed dimly in a farmer's house, and she speculated that they must have a sick baby, because no farmer would be up at that hour of his own volition. Her forehead was against the side of his neck, and her hand was under his coat against his shoulder in her friendly intimacy that he found so fascinating.

"We could go down to the bank. There's pine straw to sit on, and it's not cold," Duff said.

(Continued on page 37)

"Going to Town! A Winner!"

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Product of Bristol-Myers

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Doctor's Orders

Continued from page 12

His voice trailed off until it was lost in the sound of the waves on the coral reef.

"That's why you're here, I suppose?" Frank asked.

"Yes." Now the captain's voice was thoughtful. It was clear that he was deciding just how much he ought to say. "You know I did pretty well at language school."

Joselyn placed the tips of his fingers carefully together. It was so dark that he did not need to conceal the pain his thoughts gave him.

"You think it's coming, Joe?" he asked. There was a second's silence.

"Never mind," Joselyn said hastily. "I shouldn't have asked. It's funny to think that I'll be out of the show."

The kitchen door closed noisily and they heard Awaki's steps padding across the matting of the living room.

"Soor," Awaki said, "too long sit up. Too late, so sorry. Doctor, he say . . ."

"Now you see," Frank said as they walked across the lawn. A military car with a chauffeur was standing in the driveway. "There isn't any need for him to take care of me like that." He did not mean to be egotistical or complacent; he knew Awaki liked him.

"IT'S too soft," Joe Marsh had said. Captain Joselyn, Field Artillery, United States Army, retired, had felt exactly that way before he thoroughly understood that his heart would never permit him to be wholly active again. When he was sent to the Islands to recover from pneumonia and had first rented the bungalow at Kahala, he had an army man's impatience of many of the Island dwellers' easy ways. He had been very careful not to use the word "pau" or "haole." He had the intolerance of a practical man toward legends of the vanishing Hawaiian race.

At first he had tried to appear unconcerned when people asked after his health. He explained that it would only be a few months at most before he recovered from over-strain, but of course his condition had been always on his mind. There was always that fear of permanent disability, although he would have been ashamed to have admitted it aloud. It was a sort of fear that turned his thoughts inward, so that he was oblivious to most details around him.

Awaki had come with the bungalow, but because of Joselyn's concentration on himself, it had been a long while before he had ever thought of Awaki as a person.

One morning some months after he was established there Joselyn noticed that the Japanese houseman was standing beside the breakfast table longer than was necessary.

"Excuse, soor," Awaki said, "very much need to go away this afternoon, please. Not Sunday, please."

The loud toneless quality of Awaki's voice made his meaning difficult to follow.

"What?" Joselyn asked. "What's that?"

Awaki rubbed his hands together, and burst into a titter of cheerful laughter.

"Must go today," he said. "My wife—I think she die tonight."

Joselyn had never heard death mentioned before on the heels of laughter. It was the first piece of ugliness he had experienced on the Islands.

"What's that?" he asked. "What's that you said?"

Awaki burst out again into that vicarious mirth.

"My wife," he repeated. "I think she die tonight." And he stood there, politely grinning, waiting for Joselyn's answer.

It always pleased Joselyn that he understood the meaning of Awaki's mirth. Joselyn could never tell what prompted him, for he was never an observant person, but suddenly he saw that Awaki behaved according to a strict code of manners. He understood that it would have been an impertinence for Awaki to have shown grief, and that the depth of his woe should be measured in inverse ratio to his laughter.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Oh, no," Awaki's teeth flashed in a yellowish happy grin. "Oh, please, not sorry."

It had never occurred to him that Awaki might have a wife of his own. As far as he had known, Awaki's only home had been his small quarters behind the bungalow.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Please," Awaki said, "live? Not understand."

Joselyn spoke more slowly. "When not here," he asked, "where stop?"

"Ewa side Nuaanu," Awaki said, "along by Vineyard Street, please, soor."

"You get the car," Joselyn said. "I'll take you there right now."

There were queer wrinkles on Awaki's forehead. "Soor," he said, "not understand."

"You heard me," Joselyn said. "I'll drive you there. If she's sick you ought to go right now."

"Soor," Awaki said, "not proper."

It gave Joselyn a feeling that he had crudely overstepped some barrier, and thereby had destroyed some sort of proportionate value.

"Not proper?" he said. "Don't be a fool. Go out and get the car."

He drove the car himself, the sports roadster he had brought with him from the mainland, past Black Point, and past the irregular crater of Diamond Head. The trade wind was blowing, and the day was very clear. They passed the neat bungalows, which reminded him of the California coast except for the coconut palms, and for the cloudy darkness of the mountains inland.

IT WAS only after they were beyond the palace of the old Hawaiian royalty and had turned from King to Beretania Street that Honolulu began to lose its self-conscious neatness. Nuaanu Stream flowed between stone walls with tall rickety houses on either side, and the sidewalks were crowded with the divergent features of the Orient. A spicy smell of strange foods came from the open-sided shops.

"Not proper," Awaki had said.

Joselyn understood him better then, for Joselyn had also grown actuely conscious of his own race and position and yet he was happier than he had been for a long while. Awaki's family lived in one of those wooden tenements with balconies and outside staircases where the wash hung on lines above potted plants and where the voices of children rose above the scamper of their brown bare feet.

"Many people here," Awaki said, "along of each other, everybody stop."

He could never explain the difference in Awaki's manner after that day. It was respectful, but somehow it was different. If he had not taken Awaki home, if he had not asked Awaki about his family, he was sure that Awaki would never have brought his sister Taka to help when he had guests to dinner. Taka was a rather old lady, a little stoutish with black irregular teeth who wore the kimono and the obi and pattered through the house on wooden getas. He was quite certain that Taka would not have brought him a present of rice wine if he had not taken Awaki home, and he was quite sure that Awaki would never have questioned him a month later, after the doctor had come to call.

When the doctor had left, the importance of his news kept growing. Joselyn had thought at first it was something he could control, but its implications kept spreading through his thoughts like a drop of dye in water. It left him a mediocre sort of person, almost entirely without resources which might offer compensation. The first thing he did was to pour himself three fingers of whisky and drink it straight. He had never touched whisky in the morning before, and now instead of dulling, it only intensified his despair. Though there was nothing whatever to be ashamed of, he felt ashamed.

"Doctor say you better, soor?"

AWAKI'S voice was startling, for it was the first indication which Joselyn had that he was not alone.

"The doctor says I'll stop here a long time," Joselyn said.

"Oh," Awaki said, "so sorry."

"Nothing to do now but sit here all the time," Joselyn said. "I sit, you work. . . . Hand me the whisky."

"Not too much, soor," Awaki said. "Doctor, he say . . ."

"Wait a minute. How do you know what the doctor said?" Joselyn asked.

Sometimes he wondered why Awaki had told the truth. It may have been because it had been impossible to think of a lie, but often Joselyn thought that Awaki told the truth because Awaki trusted him.

"Because I listened, please," Awaki said, "at crack in kitchen door."

It was not so bad as it might have been. Every year as Joselyn became accustomed to being a semi-invalid, life got a little easier. In the morning he could sit for a while in the sand, and next there was his nap after lunch, then tea, and dinner in the evening at home or out with friends. He was still in the Army crowd. In spite of physical infirmity, he was still treated as part of the Army. He began to feel permanent and withdrawn as he saw the officers he had come to know leave when their tour of duty was over.

In time he began to see that the attitude of all these strangers was growing appreciably different from his own. When it came to a man like Joe Marsh, fresh from the War College and fresh from all the gossip in Washington, there was no use talking about the ancient fish ponds or the trees or the feather cloaks in the Bishop Museum, because Joe Marsh brushed all this impatiently aside. Joe said that he didn't give a damn about local color on the Islands, that they were a strategic base, and he didn't care whether people ate with chopsticks or flew kites on Boy Day.

"And I don't care if they put lanterns on their sampans and have a day devoted to giving dolls to little girls," Joe Marsh said. "Frank, have you got a gun in the house?"

It was a beautiful afternoon. Clouds had gathered over the sharp edges of the mountains and a light rain was falling in the vicinity of Nuaanu Valley, but down by the sea it was clear sunlight. The swell of the Pacific was heavier that day and the big breakers thundered on the coral and made a fine display of foam, but it was calm enough inside the reef. A Japanese yard boy, a friend of Awaki's, in knee-length trousers, his brown legs bare, was turning on the hose.

Out on the horizon he could see the smoke of a cruiser patrol, and in the air above them was the familiar hum of combat planes. It was getting on toward time to buy presents to put on the Christmas boat for home and soon there would be Christmas trees on the Honolulu streets. Yet in spite of the Christmas season, it was like an afternoon in June, as he remembered June at home. There he was, dressed in whites and Joe Marsh was in the khaki of the tropics. There he was, sitting outdoors on his veranda, offering Joe Marsh a Scotch and soda.

"What's that you asked me?" Joselyn said.

Joe Marsh linked his fingers together around his knee. "I asked you if you had a gun," he answered.

"Yes," Joselyn said, "an automatic in my upper bureau drawer."

He did not mean to sound supercilious; after all, it was the Army's business always to be expecting trouble that never came.

"That's good," Joe said. "Maybe you'll need it before you're through."

Neither of them spoke for a while, and Joe Marsh stood up and began walking slowly up and down the veranda.

"I suppose you know something I don't," Joselyn said, "something you can't tell me."

"You all just sit here," Joe Marsh answered. "I don't like the way things look. Let's let it go at that." He picked up his hat saying, "I've got to be going now. What are you doing on Saturday night?"

Joselyn thought for a moment. He was doing something on Saturday night.

"There's a poker game at my quarters," Joe Marsh said. "You'd better come along."

Joselyn thought again. Sometimes it was strange to think that he must always consider his health.

"You'll sit up too late," he said, "and it's a long ride back."

"Then spend the night," Joe Marsh told him. "I've got a bungalow of my own."

Even if it had gone on longer it would have been one of those conversations which did not mean much at the time.

IN a way his life was narrow but in another way he had never been so completely master of his own life and of the time which moved by him with the trade wind and the sun. When he thought of going to play poker with Joe Marsh he could remember how the idea would have struck him years ago. Now he was as removed from times like those as though he were a disembodied spirit.

He thought of it as he was getting into a fresh white suit. He could see his face in the mirror above his bureau, placid and contented with no new lines on it. It was only a matter, the doctor said, of no undue strain, and he would live as long as anybody . . . no strain, no worry, no sudden emotional excitement. Two cigarettes a day and perhaps one drink, no more. It was odd how completely he had become used to it. As he stood there arranging his necktie, another thought struck him, but again it was purely academic curiosity like observing the sea bottom through glass. He reached behind his handkerchiefs and some packs of old letters to the farther right-hand corner of his upper bureau drawer and pulled out the sidearm which he had worn in the service. He did not do so with the slightest intention of being dramatic, but simply because he remembered his friend's question. The pistol was the conventional forty-five automatic, well balanced, but rather heavy.

He had not handled the thing in years but it fitted easily into his hand and the magazine was filled. He could not re-

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member why he had ever left it loaded. All that was necessary was to throw a cartridge into the chamber.

His hand looked flabby when he held it and when he leveled the weapon at the wall, he saw that his arm had lost its steadiness and he no longer had that co-ordination of hand and eye that makes an expert marksman; and he had been a good shot once. He put the automatic carefully back and closed the drawer, as he might have done with something which did not belong to him.

HE PUT on his white linen coat and put his wallet into his inside pocket. Then he walked into the living room. From the kitchen he could hear the clatter of the dishes.

"Awaki," he called. The noise of the dishes stopped and the kitchen door swung open. Awaki was in his white apron with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his squat brown arms.

"Awaki," he said, "no dinner. I'm going out tonight."

"Yiss," Awaki said, "no dinner. Where you go please, soor, so I tell if someone calls?"

It was a question which Awaki always asked when Joselyn went out to dinner.

"Captain Marsh's quarters," Joselyn said.

Awaki rubbed the palms of his hands upon his apron and folded them together.

"Oh," he said, "oh, yiss. You want I drive. I wait. No too long time stop, soor, doctor, he say."

"That's all right," he said, "you go get the car. Then I want you to pack my little bag, Awaki—pajamas, clean shirt, razor."

Awaki's hands were still folded but that conventional smile of his was gone. As he stood there Joselyn had the idea that Awaki was puzzled. He thought perhaps he had spoken too fast and he was about to repeat his directions again more slowly when Awaki spoke.

"Please, soor," Awaki asked and his voice sounded a little thinner, "what for you need the bag?"

Though there was nothing wrong about the question, it disconcerted Joselyn slightly because it was contrary to routine and convention.

"The captain asked me to spend the night," he said. "No breakfast here in the morning. It's a long way for me to drive back at night, Awaki."

Awaki bobbed his head and his lips creased again into his broadest smile. "Oh, yiss," he said; "doctor he say too long to drive. Soor, please, I drive you back tonight. So very glad."

"Thanks," Joselyn said; "you don't have to. Captain Marsh expects me."

There was another of those silences that were too long. Awaki was frowning almost stupidly.

"I said," Joselyn told him patiently, "I'm staying there at the flying field tonight."

Awaki did not move, but all the wrinkles in his face deepened.

"More better you stay here, soor," he said. "Too much out too late this week. I get nice dinner. You go sleep early. Too much out too late this week. Doctor, he say . . ."

"All right," Joselyn said. That stupidity of Awaki's was exasperating. "Never mind what the doctor says, I can't stand here talking. Go out and get the car."

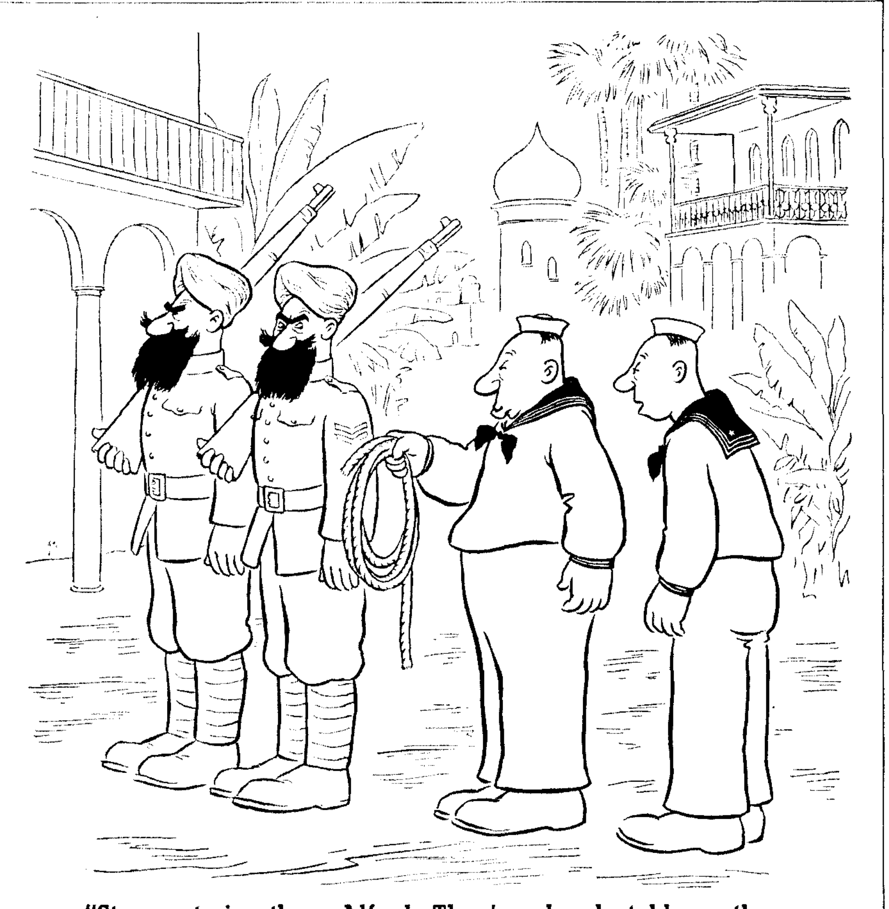
"Soor." Awaki's voice was thin and almost pleading, "please more better you stay here tonight."

Joselyn was puzzled. The situation was entirely new.

"Look here," he said, "what's the matter with you, Awaki? I've stopped out there before."

Awaki drew a deep breath through his teeth. "Please," he said and there was a strange sibilant hiss in his voice, "please, you so good to me, soor, so very kind. Along with you a long time I stop; please soor, more better that you stay here . So long drive, soor, and doctor he say . . ." Awaki cleared his throat in a noisy vulgar manner. "More better that you stay."

There was something different in the room. There was something very curious and tense in Awaki's speech. It gave Joselyn's voice an edge of authority which he had almost forgotten.



"Stop pestering them, Alfred. They've already told you they don't know how to go up a rope and disappear in the air"

"That will do, Awaki," he said. "Go out and get the car!"

"Yiss," Awaki said. "Yiss, soor!" And then the kitchen door closed carefully behind him.

Joselyn sat down heavily on one of the wicker chairs. "Now what the devil was all that about?" he said.

There was no answer except the gentle rumbling of the surf outside and the dry rustling of the palm fronds by the window. He wondered if there was anything in his appearance that made Awaki think that he was looking drawn and tired. Sometimes Awaki was very quick that way.

It was growing darker every minute, so dark it was nearly time to turn on the lights. He kept waiting for the sound of the car outside but there was no sound.

Then he heard the kitchen door open. It was Awaki still in his apron.

"Soor," Awaki said, "so sorry."

Joselyn pushed himself out of his chair so quickly that it hurt him and he caught his breath.

"What the devil are you so sorry about, and where is the car?"

"So sorry, soor," Awaki said, "two tires flat! No can fix. So sorry."

"Two tires?" Joselyn repeated. He sank back in his chair. After all it did not matter—it was easier not to face the complication. He could call the garage in the morning. It did not matter whether he went out that night or not.

"Well," he said, "never mind it then. Get dinner. I'll stay here."

It was dusk by then so he could not see Awaki's face but he heard the polite hiss of Awaki's indrawn breath.

"Better you stay here," Awaki said. "You stop in chair. I telephone so sorry. I get you one nice drink and one nice dinner and then more better you go to bed. Doctor, he say . . ."

JOSELYN had grown to love the mornings on the Islands. The compensation for being an invalid was the interest you took in all that you did not notice when you were well. The curtain of the night lifted so suddenly on the Islands. The light increased in a way that was almost theatrical. First Koko Head was a gigantic sleeping shadow. Then the sky around it took on the softest pastel hues of pink and blue and streams of soft color swept over the ocean. All sorts of rainbow tints which you only saw at dawn grew brighter and then slowly faded with the rising sun.

It was Sunday morning and Sunday was a happy time. Friends he knew who worked in the city would be with their children on the beach in the morning. And the beach boys would be out at the farthest line of breakers at Waikiki. He opened his eyes with the first light and lay there as he often did thinking of the picture of the sunrise and watching the light change on the hibiscus bush outside his window. The sounds outside were all familiar: the call of a bird, the droning of a plane.

As the light grew brighter, he heard the door open in the little house where Awaki had his quarters. Joselyn did not look at the time, because the closing of the door outside told him that the hour was exactly quarter after seven. Next he heard the outside door to the kitchen open. In a minute Awaki would be putting the kettle on the stove.

Joselyn raised himself slightly in bed, arranged his pillow more comfortably and leaned back. A shaft of sunlight was already coming through the window, falling on his Nanking silk dressing gown, which Awaki had folded on the chair by the bureau. He leaned back and closed his eyes, still listening for Awaki.

At exactly a quarter before eight Awaki would open the bedroom door. Joselyn had slept very well, and he felt

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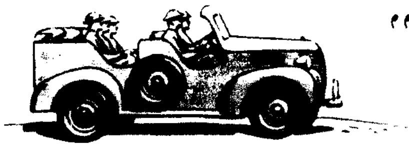

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much better. When the door opened he looked, as he always did, at his traveling clock on his bedside table. It was exactly a quarter before eight. Awaki was in his white coat holding the tray with the coffee cup and the glass of water.

"Good morning, soor," Awaki said. "You sleep well. You look much better," and he handed Joselyn his medicine.

"I get you a nice breakfast," Awaki said, "very nice." Awaki fixed the pillows behind Joselyn's head.

"Thanks," Joselyn said, and handed him the empty coffee cup. "I'll get up. I'll have it in the living room."

THEN Awaki's dullness reminded him of the night before. Awaki stood staring beyond him out of the window, his face a little strained and intent. He did not seem to have heard. He seemed to be listening for something.

"I said I'll have breakfast in the living room," Joselyn repeated.

His voice made Awaki start and smile.

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "I get you nice breakfast."

Then he stepped backward with the tray the way he always did and closed the door.

It could not have been more than a few minutes later when Joselyn heard the sound of firing. At the first report he remembered it was Sunday and there should be no military exercises on Sunday. Then the firing was louder. It rose to a quick crescendo from the direction of Pearl Harbor and Fort Shafter. He knew the sound, though he had never heard it in such intensity. The antiaircraft guns were opening up.

He was out of bed in a moment. He had not moved so fast in a long time. He was in his dressing gown running to his bedroom window. His room faced toward Ewa, as they said in the Islands, in the direction of Pearl Harbor and the military post. As he stood there, though trees and roofs and Diamond Head cut off his view, he could see black smoke in the direction of the naval base. Then he heard the sound of planes. The air was full of planes. He stood for an instant in blank incredulity, before he knew there was no make-believe about it. He had read of such things. He had considered them in military problems. It was an air attack.

"So," he said, "the Japs!"

He had been a soldier, so he knew exactly what was happening. They were knocking out the flying fields. They were over the Naval Base. Then he thought of something else. He would have been out there—in the middle of it if his car had been in shape. Then he remembered Awaki's words. He had heard them last night and they rang through his mind with the slap of gunfire and the distant thud of the bombing.

"More better you not go."

There had been a time when Joselyn could think and act quickly; and now with the firing it all came back. He opened his bureau drawer. His hand was perfectly steady. He threw a shell into the chamber of his automatic and holding it at his side he stepped out of his bedroom down the little hallway to the living room. He could still recall Awaki's voice:

"More better you not go."

His heart was beating so fast that he was shaken with his own heartbeats. His body felt clammy with perspiration but his mind was perfectly clear.

"Awaki," he called. "Awaki!"

The kitchen door opened. He saw Awaki in his white coat. When he leveled his automatic at him he saw Awaki's expression change. The man looked old with his graying hair. But he did not look startled. Instead, he looked a little sad. It seemed almost unnecessary to say anything because he knew that Awaki understood.

"Awaki," he said again, and he felt dizzy. He sat down in one of the wicker chairs.

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said.

"So that's why you didn't want me out there?" Joselyn said. "You knew it was coming, did you?"

He did not speak angrily. Black specks kept drifting in front of his eyes. He felt dizzy and shook his head to clear it. It was true what people said. You never knew anything about the Japanese.

"Yiss, soor," Awaki answered him steadily. "I tell you, more better you stay here."

"It was kind of you, Awaki," Joselyn said. "I'm sorry."

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "So sorry."

"Sit down in that chair," Joselyn said; "sit down!"

Awaki did not move. "What you do?" he asked.

"Sit down!" Joselyn said again. "It seems a little mean, Awaki. When this is over, we go to the police and tell them how you knew."

Awaki sat down carefully on the edge of a straight-backed chair. Joselyn began to speak again and there was a roaring in his ears that had nothing to do with the noise outside. The room was growing blurred and he felt ashamed of himself and angry. He was going to be ill.

"Soor—" Awaki began, and Joselyn heard his own voice, but it did not sound like his voice.

"Awaki," he said, "sit still or I'll kill you!"

Joselyn had been taken that way twice before. It was over in a minute if you had the right medicine.

WHEN he opened his eyes he was still in the chair and Awaki was bending over him.

"Soor," Awaki said. "Take this, please. Doctor, he say . . ."

Joselyn took the glass out of Awaki's hand and swallowed quickly and then sat still for a while without speaking. His sight was better. Everything in the room was coming back. Awaki rubbed a handkerchief across his forehead.

"You better now?" Awaki asked. "More better now?"

Joselyn pulled himself up straight.

"Yes," he said, "more better now," and then he saw that Awaki was holding the automatic.

"Here," Joselyn began, and tried to stand up, but Awaki did not move.

"Soor," Awaki said, "stay quiet, please. Doctor, he say . . ."

Awaki's voice broke shrilly. He must have been aware of it because he stopped and cleared his throat.

"You good to me, soor," Awaki said. "So sorry. No need you take gun. No need call police. What I do for you last night. Now my people laugh at me. No more face now. So much ashame. . . . You feel better now? More medicine?"

Joselyn pushed himself forward in his chair and placed his feet under him. "I'm better," he began. But Awaki saw what he was going to do and he stepped out of Joselyn's reach.

"Please," he said, "more better you stay still. No need for the police. You see now," he looked at the pistol he was holding and then he laughed as though he had thought of something very funny, "you see now more better I shoot myself, more better in kitchen. I say goodby." And he stepped backward as he always did and swung open the kitchen door.

"Awaki," Joselyn called, but he had no time to tell Awaki not to do it. He heard the shot before he could call again.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

pleaded the committee. So they've abandoned stretching and bending for the mothers and have, cleverly we think, decided to do stretching and bending themselves while administering to the babies, who think it is about the funniest thing they ever saw.

WE'D like to mention a young Navy Reserve officer, who was seen working on his nice new uniform with a rag and a bucket of brine. Later, our scout questioned a chief petty officer. "Oh," he replied, "he's trying to give his fresh braid a salt-water tarnish like the admiral's."

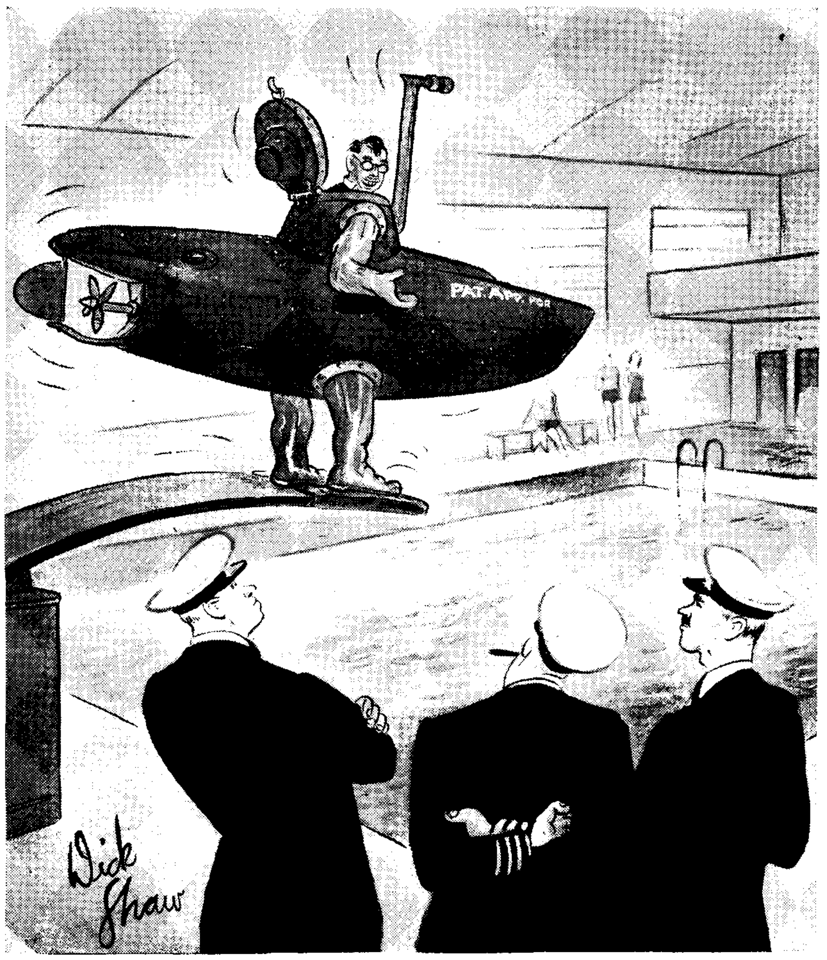
NO MATTER where we go we seem always to wind up in Washington. We've just managed to get out of that rodeo intact although it was a close shave. Somehow we managed to wander into the now closed thoroughfare between the White House and the Treasury. How we did it mystifies us, as we understand that anyone trying to do it might conceivably be shot by any or all of the numerous soldiers patrolling the place. Why the thoroughfare is sealed and what the government is doing there, we don't know. Anyway, we were quickly apprehended by a lieutenant who put us through a pretty thorough examination. Satisfied at last that we were merely pretty dumb and not intent upon mischief, he escorted us into Pennsylvania Avenue through a heavy gate and past several guards. After telling us for the sixth or seventh time that we might have been shot, the lieutenant asked us whether we had a family. We told him that we had. "Well," sighed he, "then somebody would have missed you."

WE ARE gratified, too, by news from Pelham, New York. The proper spirit has captured that lovely town. Not long ago the Defense Council broadcast a request for volunteers to do a spot of pick-and-shovel work—unromantic toil undramatically described. Only three men volunteered and, for the moment, the council was understandably downcast. But a bright mind came to the rescue. He changed the words of the call slightly, requesting volunteers for "demolition crews." Almost instantly eighty brawny Pelhamites (and not all men either) responded, prepared to demolish things—any things—including Pelham if necessary.

SIMILARLY we've just received a report from a young Army major whose job it is to help defend a most important sector of our Pacific Coast. For weeks after being thus assigned, he and his men referred to their unit as the So-and-So Ghost Artillery, the easily understood reason being that they had no guns, or none worth mentioning, let alone firing. But presently they got the guns and very potent guns they seem to be, too. But the name survives, the reason now being that the new guns are so mobile and their haulage so swift that—oh, well, you finish it!

PERHAPS it's only natural that a disregard for human life should be noticeable in civilians these days. A lady advises us that her child—a daughter, aged eight—became messed up in a gory fight with a neighbor's daughter, aged six. "She's a selfish little devil," our informant's child explained with righteous bitterness. "She wants to kill the emperor of Japan although I have already let her cut Hitler's throat."

BLESS their hearts. . . . W. D.



"Now if one of you gentlemen will toss a coin to the bottom, I will demonstrate its maneuverability" DICK SHAW

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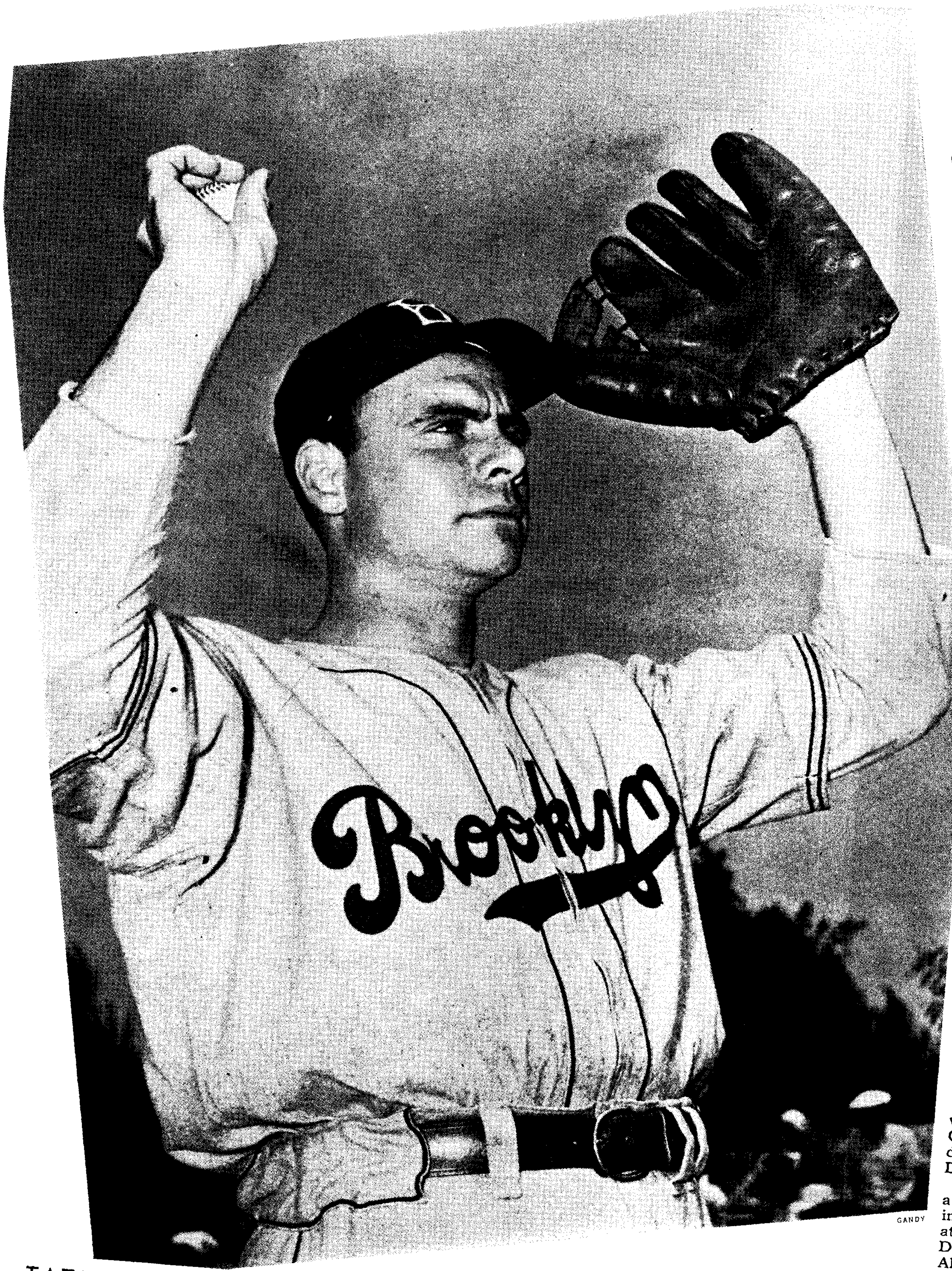
Side-Winder

By Stanley Frank

"It ain't the arm that goes. It's the shoulder. Me, I use a sidearm, three-quarter motion." Thus Kirby Higbe, Dodger work horse, explains why he hasn't thrown his right arm into a pitcher's graveyard



Walter Kirby Higbe, tireless work horse of the Brooklyn club, has appeared in more ball games in the past two seasons than any other pitcher in America

GANDY

WALTER KIRBY HIGBE is crazy. He is crazy to pitch and crazy because he wants to pitch every day in flagrant violation of the union rules which admonish the brothers against abusing the meal ticket—or arm—more than twice a week. The Philadelphia and Brooklyn managements have co-operated so enthusiastically in satisfying his wacky whim for work that Higbe has appeared in more ball games in the last two seasons than any other pitcher in America.

Not since Dizzy Dean began to flout all natural laws governing wear and tear on the human arm ten years ago has there been a pitcher with Higbe's ardent yen for throwing baseballs. When the fellow isn't demanding to start games, he is relieving faltering colleagues and feeling pretty morose because he didn't start in the first place. In helping the amazing Brooklyn Bums to win the pennant last year Higbe participated in more games than any other major-league pitcher (48), topped the National League in victories (22) and, of course, led in bases on balls. He always does; his control has been the most spectacularly erratic in the league since he entered it in 1939. He is wild about pitching—and even wilder when he does pitch.

Old guys' tales warning brash youth of the disaster which will overtake silly citizens who lay down their arms and careers for the soulless baseball corporations fall on tin ears when addressed to Higbe. In the last decade, virtually every work horse has lost his effectiveness temporarily—or his job permanently—as a result of punching his meal ticket full of holes prematurely. Those who have been befouled by the sore-arm epizootic include such eminent craftsmen as the Dean boys, Hubbell, Grove, Ruffing, Gomez, Lyons, Mungo, Rowe, Schumacher and Vander Meer. But Higbe feels he can outlast the sun, the moon, the stars and the earth, and he may be right at that.

"Ain't never had a sore arm and ain't never felt tired in my life," he says negligently. "The only bad thing that's happened to me while pitchin' is that I've had my brains knocked out and I got a catch in my back at Moline five years ago. That warn't much, though.

"It ain't the arm that goes, anyway. It's the shoulder. Most of these sore-arm fellas are overhand pitchers; they get a lot of shoulder into it. Me, I use a sidearm, three-quarter motion that hardly puts any strain on my shoulder. Another thing: Most fellas weaken their arms with too much rubbin'. I never let a trainer touch my arm before or after I pitch. She always comes back strong."

Pitchers are a funny race. As soon as they gain the esteem of the constituents and a balance in the bank, they suddenly regard their arms as precious properties which must be conserved, but not our man Higbe, the iconoclast. He turned up at the Dodger training camp this spring just as eager as ever to pitch—if not more so. Although he reported a week after his colleagues assembled he was the first Brooklyn hurler to go nine full innings in an exhibition game.

He's Got Dizzy's Ways

Leo Durocher, Brooklyn manager who was one of the sweaty slaves on the Cardinals during Dizzy Dean's salad days, says his man Higbe is a pup of Dizzy's for spirit and stamina.

"When the jam is on and you need a pitcher to stop a rally, Higbe is looking up at you instead of looking down at his shoes, like too many pitchers," Durocher reveals. "Dizzy was that way. Always restless on the bench, always going to the bull pen to warm up five minutes before he was asked to get ready."

Like Dizzy, Higbe has sublime confidence in himself. When he joined the Dodgers at training camp in 1941 he blandly announced he would win twenty games. He continued to assure one and all that he was a cinch for twenty, while the team was wandering over the face of the country on its exhibition tour. The season opened, and Higbe immediately lost his first two starts, both to the Giants by scores of 3-1—although he gave no earned runs—and 7-5. The anvil chorus began to give him the business. Higbe went into conference with himself and came out of it, reckoning as how he knew what the trouble was. He always had worn number thirteen on his shirt, he explained gravely, and the Dodgers had broken his luck by making

(Continued on page 48)

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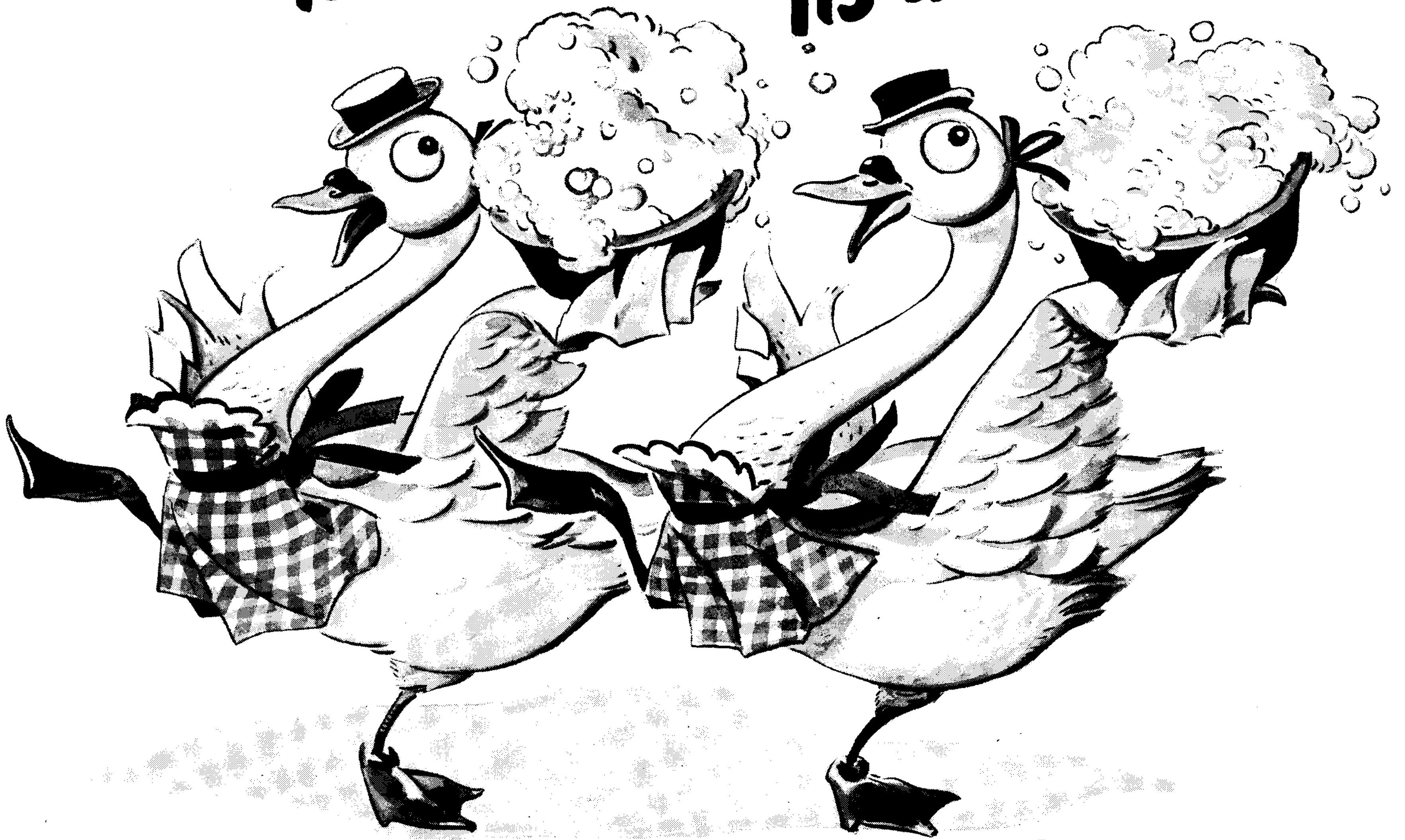

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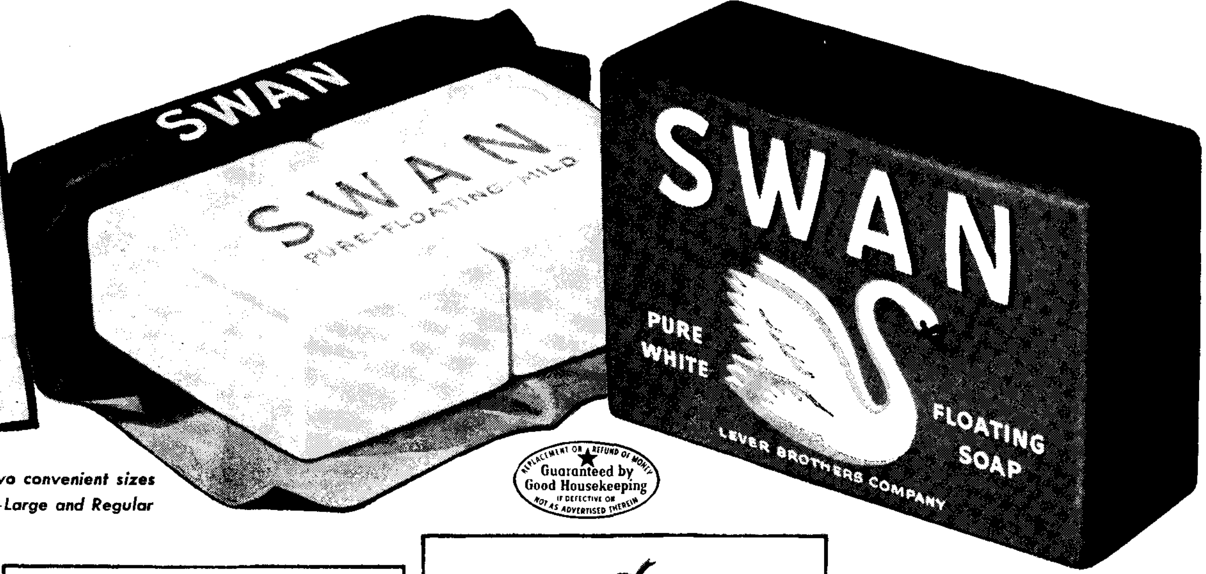
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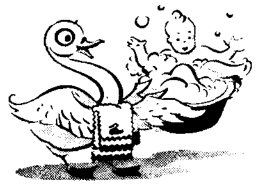

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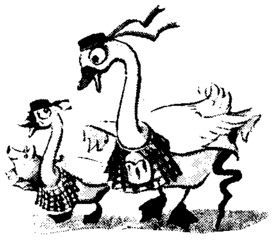

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The Progressive
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Eagle Scout

Continued from page 14

Although unable to fly, an eaglet may leap from its invaded nest. Because of its great wings it lands safely upon the ground but it cannot take to the air again. It must be returned to the nest. The first time Broley encountered this situation he made his way up the tree with one hand while holding the bird with the other. Once was enough, for he received an unmerciful beating. Now he wraps the bird tightly in a wide strip of heavy canvas and slings it over his back, leaving both hands free for climbing.

Millions of Americans have never seen the national bird outside the picture books for, although it is observed occasionally in every state and in Canada, it is found in large numbers only in Alaska and Florida, the extremes of the continent. One of the greatest concentrations of eagles is on the peninsula between Charlotte Harbor and the Gulf of Mexico a few miles north of Boca Grande. Here, on more than 40,000 acres of pine and cypress barred to hunters, are hundreds of the birds and their nests.

It is costly to slay one of the birds. Congress increased the penalty two years ago and to kill or have a bald eagle in captivity without a federal permit now involves a fine of up to $500 or imprisonment for as much as six months, or both. The offender, incidentally, goes to trial before a federal judge and not a justice of the peace.

Nest Building Sideshow

In building their nursery, which they will use indefinitely, Mr. and Mrs. Eagle are engineers as well as architects. A tall tree, with a suitable crotch of great branches, is selected and, in accordance with eagle custom, it must not be within one mile of another nest. The building material is dead but sound sticks and, although there is nothing to bind them, they are fitted so precisely that a man may stand upon the nest without fear of its collapse. In gathering them the eagle frequently puts on a veritable air circus. The bird sails at a dead branch at top speed, grasps it with its talons as it passes and, through sheer momentum, breaks it off. Again, it will hover directly above the branch, fold its wings and drop, talons first, its weight severing it.

The nesting tree may be anywhere. One in use many years is in a populous residential district of Sarasota, while another is in the center of the fairway of a golf course at St. Petersburg. The men at MacDill Field, the Army's great air base at Tampa, are proud of the nest on the reservation which, this season, held a pair of hefty eaglets who probably felt they could lick the living daylights out of any one of the B-24s or P-40s which skimmed just above them.

Although the average nest is five feet in depth and six feet across the top, larger ones are not uncommon. The birds add new material each year, increasing the height from a few inches to as much as one foot. A nest in a great pine in a residential district of St. Petersburg, within a block of the heaviest stream of motor traffic in the city, is believed to be the largest in North America. An inverted cone, it is twenty-two feet high and twelve feet across the top. Its age is unknown but there is record of its having been in use fifty years ago.

Until this winter Broley had never found more than two eaglets in a Florida family, although three are observed now and then in Canada. It was the great nest at St. Petersburg that held the triplets.

The little fellows are gluttons, either from choice or because their parents literally stuff them to overflowing with food.

In one nest this winter a surplus supply of nineteen large fish, stacked like so much cordwood, was observed, although it was apparent the two youngsters it held were already gorged. When ready to fly away the young bird weighs at least one pound more than its parents but during the first year it shrinks to the average adult weight of twelve or thirteen pounds.

Born to Fly

Unlike other birds, the eaglet has its commission as a full-fledged aviator the first time it leaves the nest. Instead of flitting from limb to limb in the home tree while learning to fly, it puts on an exhibition that would lead the uninformed spectator to assume it was jitterbugging or practicing the Lindy Hop. Stretching to its full height, it spends long hours flapping its great wings to strengthen them. Soon it is able to lift itself a few feet directly above the nest and thereafter, for two or three weeks before its departure, it repeats the performance. Apparently it learns to use its rudder and other controls during windy days, for, with the coming of a stiff breeze, the youngsters give it the gun and bounce about like rubber balls.

For about two weeks after it takes to the air the eaglet returns to the nest to be fed. Then the old birds, apparently thinking it time that it fended for itself, simply drive it away. Should the youngster return the following fall with a mate and attempt to set up housekeeping in the nest in which it was hatched, war is declared by the parents and after a battle or two the youngster selects a tree and builds a nest of its own.

Broley became addicted to his hobby by request. Prior to his retirement in 1938 after twenty years as manager of the Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Montreal, he had attained recognition as one of the continent's foremost authorities on ducks, geese and swans. Upon learning he intended to spend that winter in Florida, officials of the National Audubon Society and the Fish and Wild Life Service of the Department of the Interior requested that he band a few bald eagles. That was the beginning. His work from the outset proved to be of such scientific value Washington since has annually requested the Canadian government, which restricts the movement of its nationals during wartime, to permit him to return and continue it.

But because Broley plays with bald eagles, others should not feel encouraged to do so. An amateur wouldn't enter the ring with Joe Louis, and mixing with the birds is about as hazardous.

Each eagle banded is reported to Washington. The printed form provides space for date, location of the nest and condition of the bird after application of the band, among other things. In the files of the Department of the Interior is one dealing with a lusty youngster banded by Broley near Bradenton, Fla., not so long ago after an epochal battle. It bears this notation:

"CONDITION OF BIRD—Damned sight better than my own."

THE END

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 27

She shivered a little, and tightened her arm across his chest. "Tell me something nice, Duff."

"I don't know how."

"Maybe I just don't affect you that way."

"You know better than that."

"Yes, I guess I do."

He tried to explain: "I try to say something nice, but when I've got you like this, there's so much rises in my heart that it gets all bottled up in my throat and none of it will come out. Do you see what I mean?"

"Oh, Duff, of course I see," she said, holding him tighter. "You don't have to say anything."

He shifted his cramped long legs. "Let's get out."

THEY lay side by side, staring solemnly at the sky overhead, and there was enough moonlight for him to see her face. She had never seemed so solemn. Yet the unnatural soberness of her was not disturbing. He lay beside her on his back, staring with her at the sky, her arm linked through his, and the emotion that filled him was transcendent. It was a singing upsurging thing that hurt because of its fullness, and he touched her with wonderment and even some reverence, as if she were a perishable thing of immeasurable preciousness. Now he rose upon one elbow and held her hand against his cheek.

"Lucie?"

"Yes."

He hesitated.

"What, Duff?"

"I'm so full I can't talk."

"Why?"

"Because I love you so much."

"Oh, Duff, I love you so much, too."

He struggled to say the things that swelled within him, but his tongue could not manage them. This inarticulateness almost maddened him, and he unknowingly squeezed her hand painfully, until suddenly, as if it were an explosion, he said:

"A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasp and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come with me and be my love.

"Silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be,
Prepared each day for thee and me."

Now Lucie's face was against his, and he felt the dampness of her cheek. But then she said, lightly, "Sounds okay. When does all that start?"

"From this minute."

She smiled at him and said, "You know what I said I was going to find out?"

"No."

"What's behind that front."

"Have you found out?"

"Yes, darling, I've found out. This is you: outside, strong and silent and almost tough. But inside, sensitive and thoughtful, and kinder than all get-out, and a lot of other things."

"Shucks," Duff said.

"Isn't that right?"

"If you say it, Lucie, it's right."

Below them the river flowed noiselessly. A dim light lay upon it. There was a long silence.

"Look, what has Delia Phillips got that I haven't got . . . besides an artist's-model face and a soprano voice?" Lucie finally said. "She's not for you, Duff. *I'm* for you."

"Who said anything about her?" He wished Delia hadn't been mentioned.

"You went to church just to see her, didn't you? But let me tell you about me. I'm full of pep, just bubbly as I can be. That's what you like about me, because I keep you from having the mulligrubs so much. And I'm not bad to look at. My face is sort of plain but, anyway, it's not dished-in or anything and when you get more in love with me you may even think it's pretty. And my figure is, well, I think it's doggone good. Or isn't it?"

"It's okay."

"Just okay, huh? You're crazy."

"What else about you?" he asked interestedly.

"Well, I can sit a running buck on a cold-jawed horse, and worm a dog, and lots of things Delia can't do. Cook and everything."

"You must be quite a gal," he said, smiling in the dark.

"Sure I am. Duff, listen. Think what it'll be like, raising the puppies and breaking the dogs and campaigning the circuit. Summers we'll be on the lone prairee, with the coyotes howling just like in the song, and the wind blowing fit to lift the mortgage off the house. And the grasshoppers eating everything green—Jake Bishop said they even ate a green tire cover off his car one time. Oh, we'll do fine. Maybe you'll even break Judas and win with him and that'll give us a reputation, and I'll sort of flirt with the owners and get them to send their dogs to us and—"

"That'll give us a reputation, too."

"Oh, you know, just sort of tease them. I know how to do it," she said. "Stop laughing. I'm not kidding."

"I know it."

"Honey, look. I love you and you love me. I don't know about that ivory table and stuff, but it'll be fine whether you can arrange for the ivory table or not. Don't you see how fine it'll be? *Huh?* Don't you?"

"It *sounds* fine," he admitted.

"What's wrong with it?"

Duff said slowly, "I'm no bargain, Lucie. And Amos Hawthorne will find plenty wrong with it."

"Well, I'll tell you about him. The squire was born with a quota of three changes of mind per lifetime. He changed his mind once when he was forty-three, once eight years later, and the final time when he was sixty-nine. He's used them all up. He wouldn't believe in you if you were the Apostle Paul. But look, he doesn't have to. I'm the one. And I do. You've changed since you came, even. Don't you *feel* different?"

"I feel all right," he said.

"Well, tell me you love me again."

"I do, all right."

"Do what?"

"What you said."

"Well, my conscience, say it!" she said, punching him.

"LUCIE, I love you," he said warmly, kissing her. "But what are we going to do about it?"

She repeated, " '*Silver dishes for thy meat, as precious as the gods do eat, shall on an ivory table be, prepared each day for thee and me.*' Yes, sir, that'll be okay. I guess the precious meat part means some of that fifty-cent-a-pound steak Mr. Merrick had last week," she said. "Duff, I tried to tell you about the squire. We'll have to wait."

"Wait? Do you want to wait?"

"We can't run away and leave him. It's hard hiking these days for the squire. The owners just can't believe he's the man he used to be. They send their dogs to young men like Teague

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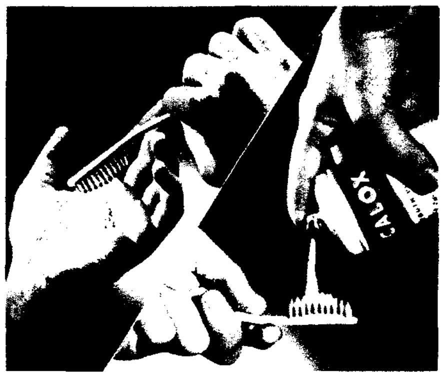

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McGinnis or Jack Harper or Earl Crangle. Of course, as long as we've got Ambling Sam we'll get some fifty dollars stud fees, but Sam can't be compaigned much," she told him. "The only thing about the squire, I think maybe his eyes aren't any too good any more. He's too tight to go to an eye doctor, but I caught him trying on glasses in the dime store last week. I'm some help to him, I guess, but I can't really handle a hard-headed young field-trial dog. I haven't got a voice for making dogs come to me. But *men*, now . . ."

"Hell, I'm nobody to talk of marrying you, broke as I am," he said morosely.

"A belt of straw shouldn't cost much. . . . Look, the baby's awake again. Probably got earache, poor thing. I bet I could fix him up. Don't you bet I could?"

"Sure," he said. "Come here."

ALTHOUGH since the lessons of the electric coat Judas no longer made unprovoked attacks, Duff became convinced that the day would never come when a man could lay a hand on the dog without being bitten. A light leather muzzle seemed the answer to this, but the dog then spent his time fighting the muzzle instead of hunting. Finally Duff left him in his kennel muzzled. After two days of clawing and rubbing, Judas resigned himself to wearing it.

"I think I'll take him out tomorrow," Duff said on Saturday night.

"And lose him?" Lucie said.

"Well, I'm going to let him pull a drag."

"I don't know who's the more bull-headed, that dog or you."

"Maybe that's what this contest is about."

"You know," she said, "that bullheadedness is something you've acquired since you came. Maybe determination is a better word, huh? I guess that's what makes a good dog man. The squire's like that. And Teague, too, some."

"What's *he* got to do with this?" he asked curiously.

"Nothing."

"What's he to you, anyway, Lucie?"

"Now stop it," she said. She picked up his hand in that little way of hers, and kissed it quickly. "Please stop it, Duff. I love *you*."

"There wouldn't be anything boring about life with you, I can see that." He smiled, in spite of himself. And it was this that frequently worried him. There were moments—an increasing number of them—when he wondered if, instead of being honestly in love with Lucie, he were not simply fascinated by her light impudence and overwhelmed with gratitude for her generous friendliness.

"Hot ziggety, that's some recommendation," she was saying. "Recipe for a full life: A boss like the squire, a dog like Judas, and a girl like me. Happy days."

THE next morning, Sunday, when Duff and Lucie got to the kennel, John Wesley waited for them with three horses saddled.

With an eight-foot chain dragging behind, the muzzled Judas was released. He spurted away in great plunging leaps, the heavy chain jumping and dancing behind him.

"Take the right and I'll take the left," Duff said to Wesley. "Lucie, follow the course."

Now Judas was swinging out to the left, followed by a small dust cloud. Afield he seemed to lose his sullenness, and ran with a snap and sparkle that gave him almost an air of gaiety. His tail whipped merrily, a sign that he was bird hunting and not just running. Apparently hardly burdened by the trace chain, he skirted a sedge field, then crossed a weed area on a long diagonal that ended in a Lespedeza patch in a scrub-pine woods. He made two quick whips through this, then came out into the field again, still digging. He was away on a busy, industrious race; but it was his own race. Not once did he look back to keep the riders in view. He was not concerned with the direction of the course—he laid his own course.

But Duff had his horse in a lope, and stayed a couple of hundred yards behind Judas. After fifteen minutes, Judas' pace had not slackened.

"Is he going to pull that chain like that all day?" he mused incredulously.

At ten o'clock Judas was still going, hunting wisely, but with a country-wide abandon, running completely wild as far as his handlers were concerned.

"Dat's what I'm feared of," Wesley panted once when they lost him temporarily, "is you won't never break him of dat wild-hog go-yonder bescattlin'."

"But if I ever do," Duff replied, "I'll have one almighty stem-winder!"

Now Judas appeared up ahead, whipping in a shortening circle, hot on bird scent. Suddenly he stopped, a picture in suspended motion as he hung there with his body stiff and slightly forward, his head lowered in the exact position it had been when the scent got strong, his ramrod tail pointing at the pinetops.

"Whoa, now!" Duff yelled, and drawing closer, slid from his saddle and walked rapidly but unobtrusively toward the pointing dog.

Judas still had not moved, except to open his mouth and close it again, as if to swallow some of the hot scent that welled up to him. When Duff got within fifty feet, the dog took one step, then froze again.

Judas' tail tip quivered slightly. Then, like a projectile, he catapulted forward, and the covey erupted around him as he tried to get his muzzled jaws on a flying quail. The covey streaked away, with Judas in futile pursuit.

"There'll come a day," Duff said, unruffled, "when you'll stand there and watch them bust loose all around you, and hear me shoot, and you'll know better than to move until I say move."

Presently the burden of the chain began to show in Judas' range. He became limited, and instead of casting in long diagonals cut more sharply across the front, and once they saw him check back after hearing Lucie's clear call. He found five coveys, also flushed and attacked a farmer's guinea flock, a hog, and a milk cow, but since he was muzzled the principal damage was to the cow's nervous system.

Next time they ran him, he again pulled the chain for what seemed an incredible time, before shortening his distance; and then again he seemed to begin showing a slight regard for the direction of his handlers. On the third Sunday, Duff waited until the chain had tired the dog down, then he spurred his horse and caught him.

When Wesley and Lucie came up, he said, "I believe we can try him without the chain now. But if I'm wrong it's going to take some hard riding to keep from losing him. So get ready."

With Judas growling and trying to get his muzzled jaws on him, Duff unfastened the chain, and Judas made a line for a distant oak scrub. They rode on, waiting for him to cut through the scrub and come out ahead. But Judas didn't come out ahead. He bolted.

At night they gave up their search and went back to the kennel.

"I guess we'll have to tell the squire," Lucie said. "That's going to be bad."

Old Amos' eyes glinted when Duff told him. "You mean you been working them horses every Sunday when they due to be a-resting, runnin' that pea-headed, fitified, no-count Judas dog?"

"I thought to break him," Duff said, slowly seeing his idea for winning the old man's friendship collapsing in ruins.

"Before God," Amos said, his breath whistling, "I hope I drop dead if ever I let a road tramp into my kennel yard again! You listen to me: don't you think I know a little something another about bird dogs? Hah? That dog cain't be broke, er I'd a done it long ago. If he's gone now, it's shore good riddance. Maybe you can mind your own business now, *and leave them horses be except on work days!*"

These weeks the attention of the whole kennel was directed toward readying Ambling Sam for the national championship. This, mainly, meant careful conditioning. A few days before the trek to Grand Junction began, an ancient car stopped outside, and a young man in overalls climbed down and approached them where they sat on the front steps of Wesley's house.

"Mister Hawthorne," the young farmer said, "have you lost a dog?"

AMOS looked past him and saw sitting on the back seat of the old car the dog Judas, tied by a piece of haywire around a window post.

"No," Amos snapped, "I ain't."

"He's got your name on his collar."

"Must be a collar I give somebody. I ain't lost no dog."

"If you'll bring the dog in," Lucie said to the farmer, "we'll be glad to pay the reward. That's our dog. He's just joking." She went around the house and called Duff. "Here's your wandering boy come home," she said.

"I ain't paying out not one more copper cent for that dog," Amos said with finality. "Take him on back with you, bud. You can have him instead of the reward."

"Him?" the farmer asked. "I don't want no dog like that, Mr. Hawthorne. He's a mean un. That dog'll kill somebody. I ain't particular about no big reward, just a little something for the trouble he put me to, gitting him here. Figured I was doing you a favor."

"Not nair penny," said Amos. "Take him on home and shoot him, if you're a mind to."

"How'd you catch him?" Duff asked the farmer, as soon as he got there.

"He came galloping after some of my turkeys, and I sicked my catch dog on him. Durned if I didn't have to go pull *him* off *my* dog, and him muzzled. I seen he belonged here, and I knowed he was one of Mr. Hawthorne's valuable bird dogs."

"I ain't paying one penny for him," Amos said.

"You live around here?" Duff asked curiously.

"I live thirty miles below Tafton. He were a long way from home, wasn't he? I figured he must a-jumped off a truck or some such. Don't guess no dog is no such powerful rambler as all that."

Duff said to Amos: "Listen, you better take that dog back . . . some day I'm going to have him broke."

"Hah!" snorted Amos. "The only broke will be me, from paying out rewards, and hog money and goat money and turkey money for them critters that has the unlucky fortune to git in his fool way."

"I'm going to break him, though."

"Well, why don't you pay the reward? You pay for him, and you can have him. If he's such an all-fired pistol ball, gitting him fer five dollars ought to be some bargain," Amos said.

"To a man working for you, five dollars is a pile of money, but I'll pay it. From now on, he's my dog."

Amos' old mouth split in a grin, showing stubs of teeth like snags in a creek. "I ain't goin' to forget he's your dog. You can keep him in that kennel fer one dollar a week and you furnish his food. But he ain't to be run on none of my

Song of the Admiral's Daughter

1. The Admiral's daughter was pretty,
As gorgeous a trick as you'd meet
In country or village or city,
And she was the toast of the fleet.
Her father was proud as a peacock
Of Jennie, his ravishing child—
Though stern as could be in affairs of the sea,
With her the old Spartan was mild.

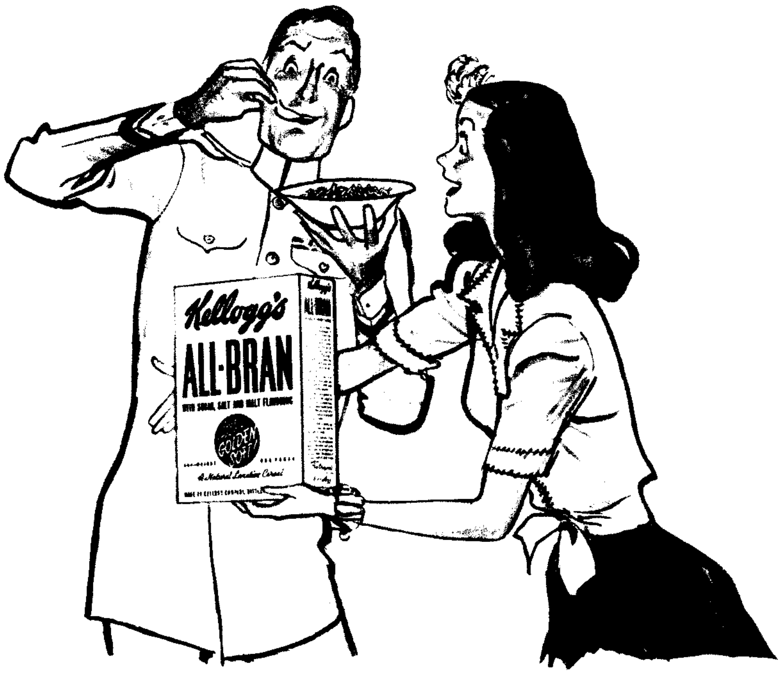
Sing heigh, sing ho! The navy all thought 'er
A peach of a package, the Admiral's daughter.

2. "Now listen to me," said her father,
"My nearest and dearest of chicks,
'Twill save you a whole lot of bother
To copy my personal tricks.
If ever in trouble just swallow
A vigorous dose on the spot.
An old-fashioned purge is the short cut I urge,
I've used it since I was a tot."

Sing heigh, sing ho! The Admiral's daughter
Was cold to the lesson his nibs would have taught 'er.

3. But Jennie, that fair up-to-dater,
Was tactful, and smart as a whip.
She kissed her determined old pater,
And said, "Now I'll give *you* a tip.
First, get at the *cause* of your trouble,
For find and *correct* it you should.
And I have a treat for my hero to eat
That's ever so crispy and good."

Sing heigh, sing ho! "I think that you oughter
Try ALL-BRAN *each morn," said the Admiral's daughter.*



4. "My program is pleasant. *Please* try it.
I'm sure if your trouble is due
To shortage of 'bulk' in your diet,
The remedy, Father, for you
Is KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for your breakfast—
You'll find it effective, I know."
He tasted a dish, and said, "Jennie, I wish
You'd told me of this long ago."

Sing heigh, sing ho! "Drink plenty of water,
And eat it each day," sang the Admiral's daughter.

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hunting leases, ner from none of my horses. And if he gits loose and kills some farmer's calf, remember he's *your* dog, not mine. You'll learn not to be so crazy about him." Then he added suddenly, "First thing you do is take off that damn' collar with my name on it!"

Anybody who had a connection with Ambling Sam, Tafton's national figure, amounted to a near celebrity, so Duff Webster's social standing never was in question. He had always avoided bridge parties, the town society's main diversion, but Mrs. Ott's invitation caught him unawares. So he went, thinking that, after all, it might not be so bad. This judgment was confirmed when he drew his tasseled tally card from the ornate silver platter to discover that he was Table 1, Couple 2, and Delia Phillips was his partner.

"Hello," she said, her brown, direct eyes smiling in a friendly way.

He murmured a greeting, annoyed by the ringing in his ears that came when he looked at her at this point-blank range. Most of the players were older and married, which gave him a warm feeling of comradeship for his bridge partner. She seemed to share this feeling, for between hands her manner was almost as if they were alone in the room.

BUT during the play she did not smile; she played with a close earnestness, almost like a cat stalking a quail brood, and he understood that she would not like to lose, no matter how social the game. The first two or three hands Duff could hardly make his eyes stay on the cards, so conscious was he of the presence across the table, and his bidding was half inaudible, not according to Culbertson, and once or twice out of turn. Luckily the first hands were dominated by the opponents, so that Duff's job consisted mostly in following suit. During the dealing of the fourth hand—their opponents had made one game—Duff suddenly remembered that partners at head table don't change, which meant that he could keep Delia for a partner as long as they could remain at head table. Now he forced his cards into focus, saw that they included six hearts with A, K, and J, and satisfactory support. Delia responded to his bidding and gave him a good dummy, and after finessing the queen, losing two spade tricks, he made five and game.

"That was nice," Delia said, looking at him.

From then on he played seriously, and by drawing good cards and being lucky on certain wild finesses and having the really skillful help of Delia, they remained at head table the whole evening. While refreshments were being served, he heard himself saying casually, "If I had a car I'd offer to take you home."

"I live right across the street," she said. "You can walk over with me if you like."

He would not have believed that the prospect of escorting any girl across the street could have put his nerves into a numb tremor. But there was no denying her appeal. Her hair was dark, only slightly darker than her eyes; her lips instead of being thin, were full, with only a small amount of pale lipstick, the effect being one of positive, lasting beauty. But her principal attractiveness acted on senses other than the eye; a powerful animal magnetism that pulled at him as if with silk-covered steel cables.

"I've wondered," she was saying, "why you hadn't come to see me. You said you would, I seem to remember."

"Well . . ."

"Oh, well. Maybe I didn't make such an impression on you. You're here now, anyway."

"I've been pretty busy."

Delia said wisely, "I've an idea whom you've been busy with."

"I mean busy training dogs."

They sat in Delia's living room. She said, "What's it like, following field trials?"

"You start in Canada and just go from one place to another, until the national championship at Grand Junction, that's all. We go to Grand Junction before long."

"I've always wanted to travel, but you can't do it on what a country doctor makes. I remember in school, the teacher used to get Lucie Sullivan to tell the class about some of the places she'd been, romantic-sounding places like Saskatchewan and Vinita and all. I was so envious I could've killed her."

Duff said, "You wouldn't think some of the places were so hot."

"Some day, though," Delia said, "I'm going to see them. Maybe you'll take me, some time."

"*Me?*" Duff said in astonishment.

"Maybe," she said, her eyes crinkling in amusement.

Duff said, for lack of anything else, "Perhaps Amos will hire you in my place. He doesn't think I'm so hot."

"There's been talk about that," Delia said. She looked at him thoughtfully. "You'd be surprised at how few secrets you can have in this town."

There seemed to be some special meaning to this, but when Duff asked what she meant, Delia talked of other things. She talked about her plants, the tiny wild growths that she found in the woods, and presently rose to get one of them to show him.

He watched the easy grace of her legs as she returned with the small pot, and when she sat down beside him the perfume of her reached him delicately. She held the little plant in the cup of her two hands, close to her face. Duff could not see the plant for seeing her face so close to it.

"It's pretty," he muttered. "What do you call it?"

"I don't know. I haven't found out. It's got an odd smell. See?" She moved the plant toward him, and moved her face toward him at the same time.

Deliberately, Duff took the pot from her hands, set it on the coffee table, and then swept Delia into his arms. Her mouth unhesitatingly met his in quick and profound passion. Presently he felt himself floating drunkenly on a swelling emotional flood. Her fingernails bit into his back, and now her breath came in fluttering gasps.

"Stop now," she whispered urgently, and buried her face against his neck. The ornate clock on the mantel ticked distantly, the cherubs hanging to its sides in tireless sweetness, and the long hand jumped ahead a minute, rested sixty seconds and sprang again.

Finally Delia straightened and said brightly, "Hello."

DUFF stemmed the rush of thoughts sprinting through his brain; and the main one of them was about Lucie, and he said, "Look, it's time for me to go."

"What's your hurry, Duff?" she asked.

"I have to get up early—before day."

She moved a little closer to him, and looked at him and said quietly, "Don't go, Duff."

So he stayed longer. Presently, abruptly he stood up. "So long."

"Wait a little longer, Duff."

"Can't you understand anything?" he asked, most of his anger being at himself. "I've *got* to go."

She rose and stood beside him and put her arms gently around him. "When will I see you again? Soon?"

"Some time," he said desperately.

"Soon?"

"No, it better not be soon."

In her bedroom, after he had gone, Delia undressed in front of the red coal fire in the iron grate. Humming softly as she stepped out of her underclothes, she pirouetted in front of the mirror, briefly admiring her chorus-girl figure, then let the warm silk of her gown slide down over it. She turned on the little pink plastic radio beside her bed. Presently there came an outpouring of music. She left each station on only for a few minutes, preferring to travel from one place to another.

For now she was in another world. She was in *the beautiful Walnut Room here in Chicago dancing to the suave music of* . . . and now she was *here in New York listening to Latin rhythms* and now she was *in London, where we are broadcasting an actual air raid. The wail that you hear is, of course, the siren, and the shuffling noise is made by the feet of people going to air-raid shelters. The city is blacked out. We have heard no bombs yet, but I see a fire somewhere near the Thames, doubtless* . . . and now she was in *Birmingham, where we are broadcasting the election returns of the . . .* She turned the radio off, for her father was knocking at the door; she was in Tafton, Alabama.

DR. PHILLIPS came in. "I'm afraid you'll wake your mother with all that racket," he said.

Delia watched him as he held a pine splinter in the fire to get a light for his cigar. The firelight shone redly on his spectacles, and the old ashes and dandruff on the coat of his unpressed blue suit. "I'll play it down low," she said.

"Floyd Sheppard come by while you were at the party," Dr. Phillips said. "He sat and talked with us some, when he found out you weren't here."

"Oh, well, I don't care if I did miss him," she said.

He looked at her in surprise. "What's wrong between you and Floyd?"

"Nothing," she said absently. "Maybe I've got somebody else on my mind."

Dr. Phillips looked at her in perplexity. "I think Floyd's sort of got it in his head that you're going to marry him. Makes himself pretty much at home here, anyway."

"Well, I don't think I'm going to marry *him*," she said lightly.

"You know your own mind, and I ain't trying to change it. But how come you're so down on Floyd all of a sudden? I bet he makes more with his grocery store now than I do."

"You mean collects more."

"Delia, a doctor has to heal the sick, whether they can pay or not. Let's don't get arguing that again," Dr. Phillips said heavily. "Floyd's going to start remodeling next week. Going to have a big opening and everything."

Delia said, "There's a grocery store in Montgomery covers half a block, air-conditioned and everything. Floyd wouldn't be such a big shot anywhere except in Tafton." She looked at her father thoughtfully. "Are you still going fishing tomorrow afternoon?"

"Unless somebody decides to have a baby before I can get off."

Delia sat down at her dressing table and began rubbing cleansing cream on her smooth-skinned face.

"Why don't you ask Duff Webster to go with you? I know he likes to fish, because I heard him talking to one of the boys tonight, and asking if there were any bass around here."

"Where did he get that idea?"

"He's new around here, and all. He doesn't know where to go or anything. It'd be a nice thing for you to do, don't you think?"

"Well, sure, I'd be glad to take him. I'll call him tomorrow morning."

"Don't tell him I had anything to do with it. He might resent it."

Next afternoon when Dr. Phillips came home for his fishing tackle, he found Delia in slacks, with her hair done up in a bright red ribbon. She told him that she had decided to ride out to the pond with them, and while they were fishing she would look for moss and holly. Duff, too, seemed surprised when he came out of the boardinghouse to find her in the car. She explained that she didn't fish, and that he needn't start worrying about having a dumb woman along, because she wouldn't bother them at all.

Dr. Phillips had brought an extra rod for Duff. They went in two boats, and in opposite directions. As he fished, Duff's Negro boatman gave him an account in detail of his family, of his son who was farming in Georgia, and another son who was a waiter in Selma, and of the daughter who had left home eight years before and never been heard of since. But Duff was inattentive, thinking as he was, not of fishing, but of Delia on the shore.

Duff fished for an hour and a half without a strike, and he said, "We might as well go in, Michael. They're not doing anything."

"Le's don't go in yet, boss. Dey belongs to go at it jest before dark. Dr. Phillips, he catches most his fish atter de sun done gone down."

But Duff told him to paddle on back to the landing anyway. There he found Delia, having gathered her leaves, waiting in the car.

"Not quitting, are you?" she asked.

"They're not doing anything," he said.

"I'm glad you came out. I was beginning to get lonesome," she said. "Did you think of me last night, after you left, Duff?"

"Yes, I sure did," he said vehemently.

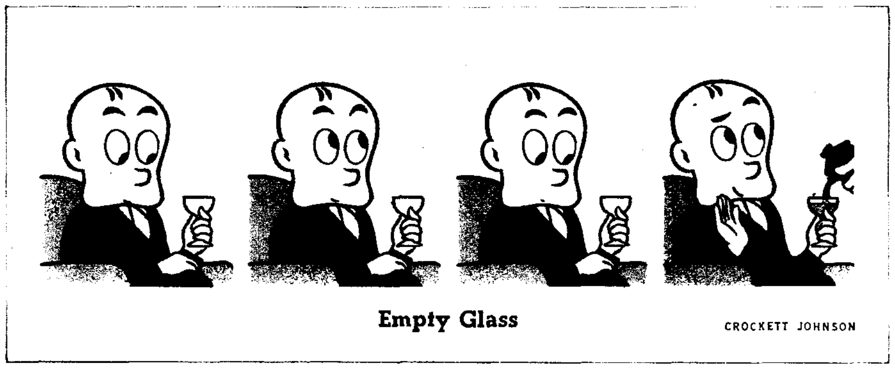
"I thought of you, Duff," she said softly. "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Your father might come in and see us."

"Kiss me," she chided, "and hush."

Later, when her father did come out, with four bass, she said to Duff, "When we get home, you might as well stop by the house and have some supper with us. That is, if you don't mind cold chicken."

NOW by day Duff drove himself tirelessly, trying to rid his brain of the thought of Delia. But she followed him as he rode through the Alabama countryside, and no matter how hard he resisted he was always remembering the hot burn of her mouth and the cool smoothness of her skin. He avoided Lucie these days, out of pure guilt. But because everybody was so intent on



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As you may have read in recent magazines, these new-found food elements are so important that governments throughout the world are changing national diets to include *more* of them. Warring nations feed them to their armies, to build up physical stamina and sound nerves. Deny them to captive peoples, to sap resistance and undermine morale.

Already our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of getting enough of these vital food-factors to be at their best.

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In light of these new discoveries, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine night and morning. For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First: Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep—*without drugs.*

Second: To build vitality while you sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealth of valuable food elements than any single natural food. *More* than merely a "vitamin carrier," it provides not just two—or four—or six—but *eleven* important food elements, *including* vitamins and minerals frequently deficient in ordinary foods. It supplies significant amounts of Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, protecting minerals, complete proteins.

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THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

Ambling Sam's preparation for the National Championship she didn't seem to notice it.

Some nights Duff forced himself to go to a show, or to the poolroom, in order not to be drawn to Delia's house. Then, next day, a call for him would come to the boardinghouse, and it would be Delia. Why hadn't he come around last night? And he would be angered by the eagerness with which he heard her voice.

"I must be losing my power," Delia would say lightly.

"I wish you were," he would answer fervently.

"Ah, now, Duff. How could you stay away last night, when you know I wanted to see you?"

"Well, I had some things to do, and all . . ." he answered. And then he would hear himself say, "What about tonight?"

"Not tonight—now. Come now," she answered.

And he would go.

The night before they were to leave for Grand Junction, Duff finally steeled himself to say the things to Delia that he knew he should have said long ago. When he got ready to go home that night he stood up and said:

"Delia, this is our last night together. I'm not coming back."

She smiled languidly up at him. "Ah, you're joking, Duff."

"No. I'm not joking. Listen, and try to believe me and understand me. I'm supposed to be in love with somebody else—you know who—and I'm supposed to be engaged to her—"

"But you're in love with me!"

"Who said so?"

"Nobody *said* so."

"Well, you're too rich for my blood. I know that. I can't keep coming to see you and kissing you and thinking about you all day, when I'm supposed to be thinking of somebody else. It isn't fair, Delia. I don't know how I'm going to manage to stay away from you, but I'm going to do it."

Dr. Phillips came in immediately afterward, and he found Delia seated on the footstool in front of the fire, staring thoughtfully at the smoke from her cigarette.

"I passed Webster going out. He's leaving earlier than usual."

"Yes, he's gone," she said slowly.

Her tone arrested him. "For good?"

She smiled thoughtfully. "Oh, no. Just for a while."

GRAND JUNCTION is a quiet village whose only pretension to anything grand is the fact that it is the best-known field-trial center in the world. For about three hundred and fifty days a year, the village is almost dormant; then field-trial week approaches and the municipal pulse steps up. The housewives put their spare room in shape to take care of the visitors, and begin collecting groceries for lunches to be prepared, and the men start arranging for horses from surrounding farmers.

The druggist, whose store is used as a clubroom during the trial, looks to his stock of soft-drink syrup and orange juice, and arranges his floor space to allow for the prolonged bull sessions. On days when the weather is too rough for dog-running, men in boots occupy all the tables, the fountain stools, the counters, and most of the standing space, and it is an achievement to walk in and buy a roll of gauze and come out within a half-hour.

The drawings were held Sunday night at the hotel in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and bird-dog conversation. Duff came late, entering in the silence that accompanies the announcement of the pairings. Lucie gave him a wink; she was sitting between Teague McGinnis and Ralph Skown, the young sportsman owner of Hotfoot, and Duff did not wink back.

"In the first brace, Maybelle Maze with Rider's Willie," the secretary called, as he drew from the hat containing the names of thirty-six dogs, twenty-nine pointers and seven setters, all of whom had necessarily won a recognized trial previously. "Second brace, Medallion with . . . Hotfoot. Third brace . . ." Ambling Sam was called for the sixth brace, with a bold young pointer called Ticonderoga. That meant the afternoon of the third day of running.

After the drawings, the handlers and owners and wives and reporters resumed their talk. The handlers began drifting off first, to be sure their dogs were well quartered for the night. Since the running would take more than a week, a good many of the dog men in the lower heats got ready to go back home, to return later.

Lucie was a center of considerable interest, and Duff had a hard time saying to her privately, "Let's blow."

"Gee, honey," she said, "I haven't had so many men to play with in a coon's age. I think I'll stay and give my eyelashes a little exercise."

"Echo Lake is getting us all confused, sir" ROBERT DAY

Outside, a thin filtering of snow had begun, falling in tiny whispers past the bare limbs of the trees as Duff walked, feeling the chill of it against his face, seeing it sift down past the corner street lights, stepping upon the thin cushion of it on the sidewalk concrete. He wondered if his dog Judas was well bedded and warm, back in Tafton. In front of the house where he was boarding, he paused at the gate, then went on past, his coat turned up, walking slowly, aimlessly. He kept wondering where Lucie was, and whom she was with. He hadn't thought he would mind her being out with someone else, but he did. The feeling that held him was not of anger, but of lonesomeness.

The worst part of it was that her going out with somebody else was tacit permission for him to do the same. She had removed one of his principal weapons for resisting Delia's silken pull.

Once summoned, the image of Delia persisted. He remembered the afternoon in the car, when he had held her chin in his hands, and he could still recall the perfumed smoothness of her skin. For a few steps he even imagined that she was walking beside him in the snowfall, her arm through his arm and her warm hand folded in his fingers inside his overcoat pocket. . . .

THE snow did not last the night, and in the cold early morning the field-trial gallery assembled on the Hobart Ames plantation near the little branch, amid the confusion of cars and men and Negroes, with horses, calling. "Try dis'n, Cap'm; yere de one you want, best horse in Lardemore County; genuwine Tennessee walker." Men working with saddles, horses squealing, a car in the ditch. Sky overcast, wind out of the east.

The two handlers brought their dogs up front, where the three judges sat silently waiting: on his big, mannerly horse with the bleached tie rope around its neck, Hobart Ames, who had ridden every brace of the stake since 1897 except one in 1908, when Ed Garr won with Count Whitestone II; and little Benton King, in his mackinaw and rubber boots; and Nash Buckingham, who wrote "The Shootin'est Gennelmun."

The handlers held their eager dogs. Mr. Ames looked at his watch. Time, 8:47.

"Ready, gentlemen?" Dr. King asked.

"Okay," the handlers said.

"All right, let 'em go."

The men unsnapped the leads, and the two dogs bolted away like whippets. For two hundred yards they stayed locked in a dog race, then Rider's Willie swung off through the soggy cornfield and began bird hunting. Maybelle Maze made a turn off somewhat to the right, too, and disappeared over the rise.

The application of neither dog, said the Field report later, *was impressive. When the turn into the low country was made, Willie made several tentative points in open, stabbing forward, then dashed on with game being seen. A bevy, the first of the day, was observed on the ground at honeysuckle thicket. When the second road was crossed, Willie searched more diligently; he subsequently proved a hard-running dog with a penchant for finding game. He had an unproductive point in edge of cotton field at a fringe of bleached grass near plum thickets, stanch if not stylish on this, but thereafter he piled up an impressive bird score albeit the bird work was not inspirational in quality. . . . Willie frequently contacted game; four bevies were cleanly handled if not with a plethora of style; two bevies represented stops to flush, another bevy he pointed, then roaded too close and paused to wing. . . .*

Maybelle Maze and Rider's Willie finished the three hours somewhat weary; neither had run anything like a championship race. But the gallery was pleased with the somber morning; the first brace had proved that the birds were there.

One of the handlers looked at the sky, and said to Teague McGinnis, "You beat that snow, and you couldn't ask for a better afternoon."

The judges and three or four others had lunch in the magnificent old Ames house. Everybody else ate outside, picnic style; after lunch the first day, there were few strangers.

At 12:57, Teague McGinnis stood with his hand under Hotfoot's collar. Medallion, the other dog, whined and rose eagerly on his hind legs, in his handler's grasp.

"Now, boys," said a man in the gallery, "if you want to see a traveling bird dog, you just watch that Texas dog go. . . ."

TEAGUE McGINNIS didn't come from the great open spaces; he was born in the marshes of east Texas on the edge of the Cajun country. His father was a rice farmer, and when rice farmers were making their killing he spent his money on good saddle horses and fine foxhounds. After rice turned out to be just another way to lose your shirt, the McGinnises lost their shirt, and then found oil on the land. They sold out and moved to Houston, and Mr. McGinnis built a hundred-thousand-dollar house in the country, full of intricate gadgets controlled by push buttons, in which he imperturbably lolled with his Stetson hat on his head and nothing on his feet.

Six high-class dogs had a room on the second floor, dogs young Teague ran in various amateur trials about the country. He and one of the dogs flew to an amateur championship at Albany, and won second. But Mr. McGinnis got restless with his marble staircases and his indirect lighting and his fancy garden, and he began speculating in oil leases, and that was the end of prosperity; he ended up back in the marsh country.

Teague didn't mind being broke again, either, except that it interfered with his bird dogs. So he became a professional trainer and handler. There was a lot of difference, he found, between a carefree amateur trial and an open trial against hard-working professionals who eat or starve by the performance of their dogs. For a long time he himself was of the category of starving professionals, existing by the aid of shooting dogs left with him for training at twenty dollars a month. The dogs he had won with in amateur trials found birds and performed well, but they didn't have the extra degree of fire it took to win in fast company.

One day a letter came from Ralph Skown, of Houston, who sent Teague shooting dogs for training occasionally:

"Dear Mr. McGinnis:

"Today I shipped you a Wahoo-Kentucky Babe puppy. He's a healthy dog and might make us a good dog. You might worm him and give him distemper shots. Let him run and hunt as he pleases before shutting down on him. I haven't named him; I'll let you do that.

"Sincerely,
"RALPH SKOWN"

The puppy was only four months old when he arrived. The usual young dog on being shipped away from home and transported by a noisy, unsettling conveyance, among strange people and odd

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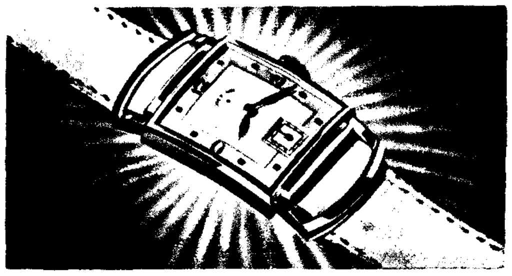

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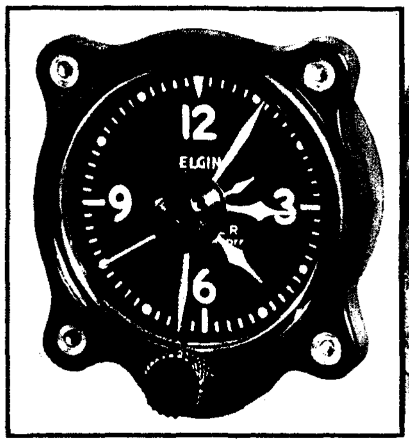

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Serve Rice Krispies—dish sublime.
Put your world in merry chime!
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they're like a dish from some never-never land. Delicious Rice Krispies are amazingly different!

When you pour milk or cream over an ordinary cereal, what happens? Dead silence. But not with golden Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Instantly, they snap! crackle! pop! to tell how crisp they are first bite to last.

Nothing prosy about the flavor, either. Kellogg's own recipe, oven-popping and toasting, give a zestful richness. Perfect for unkinking fussy appetites.

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smells, emerges from his dog crate unhappily cringing before unknown feet and wetting the ground nervously. But this puppy came out in one exuberant leap, made a couple of joyous circles around the yard, then attacked Teague's Negro's trouser cuff ferociously, pulling and growling. The Negro, Hansel, lifted his leg and the puppy held on until all his feet were off the ground. Next he jumped halfway up toward Teague's face, in an effort to lick it, then started his mad circling again.

"He goin' so fast," Hansel laughed, "he goan burn his feets up!" After that the dog's name was Hotfoot.

When Hotfoot's puppy days were over, and it was time for him to steady down and quit chasing anything that ran before him, he broke easily. He had two wins as a derby, one on chickens and one on quail. As the dog's reputation grew, McGinnis' fortunes rose, and by the time Hotfoot was an all-age dog, the Texan's kennels held all the shooting dogs he could train, and two or three first-class field-trial dogs. When he moved to Alabama, Hotfoot ran better than ever.

RUNNING in his first National Championship, Hotfoot found six coveys, five of which he handled cleanly, pointing positively and loftily. The American Field later reported: *He ran with sparkle, as if he were having the time of his life, and in the opinion of many would have sewed up the stake if he had negotiated the treacherous Hell's Forest with more ease. Even so, it was generally granted that the pace he set was a fast one. Several of the other handlers had to voice discouragement at their chances, though, of course, not openly. . . . Medallion having been out of judgment for thirty minutes, Hotfoot's race toward the last was against the snow. He lost this race, but turned it to victory when in the last eight minutes he meritoriously pointed a huddled bevy in a sumac thicket, with the big flakes now falling in almost blinding profusion. That point was something to remember. . . .*

Next morning the Tennessee countryside was white-covered. Shortly after eight o'clock, the call came from the Ames house to Frank Swift's drugstore. "There will be no running today. . . ."

Now was the time to talk about old races and duck shooting and night fox hunting and guns and walking horses. Some of the men got up a dime poker game. But most of them, during the day, stayed around the drugstore. Bill Brown, of the Field, Dean Coridan, himself a prominent field-trial judge, and Nash and Hugh Buckingham, and Frank Vestal; and the owners, and the dog men—Harris, Beven, Wilson, Redman, Payton, Smith, Prickett, Farrior, Kirk, Gates, Humphreys, English, Morton, the Crangles, Crawford, Frazier, and all the rest of them.

Outside the snow fell intermittently; and inside they recalled the time Jim Avent was disqualified for running at a derby a dog with worn teeth, and the bill the late Al Hochwalt got from the Negro taxi driver who carried him to the trial grounds which itemized: "Three *comes* and three *goes* at four bits a *went*—$3.00."

"A dog I won't never forget," said Amos Hawthorne, "was old Joe Cumming, an Antonio setter. You talk about your dogs with sand in their craw, well, this setter was one of 'em. Guts? Aye, damn, he had a full belly of 'em. I mind that championship he run in, betime recent, anyhow. Him and another dog, I fergit his name, was the hot shots, and in the first heat it was just gee and haw between 'em, both of 'em running and finding and not a bobble. That night some says Joe won, and some says this other dog—Dave Earl his name was. But the judges, as usual, wasn't so quick to come out with a say-so; and the upshot of it was that both dogs was called back for the next day.

"Next morning they hadn't no more then cast them dogs off when this Joe setter, he begin to run on three legs, and anybody but a fool could see he was plumb lame. Well, Titus he stopped the dog and took a look, and there wasn't nothing to be seen to cause all that limping, and so he decided to let Joe go on, thinking it might be just some kind of stiffness. Joe he was willing, too, and away he went, three-legged as a milk stool. Before terrible much longer, yonder we seen him, froze up on birds. Titus flushed 'em, and shot, and Joe stood there grinning at him; and then away he went again. The other dog he was running good, but he wasn't finding no birds much, and it looked like the more Joe run the better he got. Before long we seen he was letting that lame foot hit the ground every now and then, and when the second hour come he had done forgot all about being lame and going hell-a-lickety, with one foot as good as another. He won, too.

"Well, seemlike that's all there was to it, until next day. They had old Joe in the living room—fixing to draw his picture if I make no mistake—and somebody begin fooling with him, petting him, feeling around his feet to see what had ailed it the day before. Come to find out Joe had rammed a inch-long locust thorn plumb through his foot; the pad had done closed over it at the bottom, and it didn't quite come through on the other side. They got a knife and opened 'er up a little so they could git holt with a pair of pliers, and then pulled it out. That dog had got so bird-happy he just forgot he had a sore foot."

Somebody said, "I like guts in a dog, but I like brains, too. You take Alford's John now. Remember him, Mr. Hawthorne?"

"He had a head on him, all right."

"You could nearly 'bout see him thinking. I recollect one time there was a trailing dog in behind him, a fast un. John was anxious to shake this dog off his tail. Finally he seen he couldn't just try to outrun him, so he finally found him a good high fence, and over this he went, and the other dog couldn't make it and had to go off by hisself. I guess old Mary Montrose was a good dog, but I'd like to seen her tie in with Alford's John just one time. Wasn't never no dog he run a heat with ever placed over him in a trial. That's going some."

"Well," somebody said, "I never seen John run, but if he was better than that pointer bitch Mary, he was a power. Me, I'll stick with Mary. I saw her win the National Championship when she'd just turned two years old, hardly more than a puppy. Then she came back and won it twice more, and won at bench shows in between."

THE great old dogs lived again that day in the drugstore, Rip Rap and Baby Ale and Comanche Frank and Count Gladstone and John Proctor and Eugene M, and the young men sat and listened. Duff leaned forward and said nothing, but he didn't miss a word. *Some day,* he thought, *they'll have another dog to talk about and remember—a traveling, black-hearted devil named Judas.*

"Well," someone said finally, "you can name all them old dogs and take your pick. But I don't believe no one of them could've beat Amos Hawthorne's Ambling Sam, in his day."

"What you mean, in his day?" Amos demanded, and the others grinned.

"I mean when he was younger."

"Let me tell you something," Amos said coldly. "Ambling Sam's day, mister, is next Thursday."

(To be continued next week)

The Long Stretch

Continued from page 16

a result, he contracted for 1,200,000 tons to be delivered in 1942.

No one doubted that every pound would be shipped. Albert L. Viles, president of the Rubber Manufacturers Association, the American who sat in on every London meeting of the International Rubber Regulation Committee, bears testimony to the confidence of the British and the Dutch. If Japan did start anything, no doubt there would be some "slight interruption" while the impudent Nipponese were being wiped off the map. But only an interruption. Nothing more. A week or maybe two weeks, but not longer.

With Mr. Knox, Secretary of the Navy, losing no opportunity to declare America's invincibility, our own confidence was no less supreme. Of course we would get all of the rubber for which Jesse Jones had contracted! The 430,000 tons bought in 1941, and the 1,200,000 tons to be delivered in 1942. Rubber consumption shot up to a new high of 766,000 tons a year without a word of protest from any government agency and there were *actually heavy annual exports of scrap rubber.* Throughout 1938, 1939, and 1940 we sold some 125,000 tons to other nations and, of this amount, around 60,000 tons went to Japan. That's how much we feared the Japanese as potential enemies.

In Principle Only

Coming now to synthetic rubber, neither was *that* program boobed nor sabotaged. A plain, open record proves it. True, the National Defense Advisory Commission, on September 12, 1940, wrote a letter to the President recommending that the existing capacity for synthetic rubber, then 5,000 tons a year, should be increased to 100,000 tons a year at an estimated cost of $50,000,000. Much has been made of this, but very little of the fact that the recommendation was adopted in principle by the President and Jesse Jones. Only in principle, for synthetic rubber at the time was far from being a cheap and acceptable substitute for natural rubber. Four or five companies were engaged in experimentation, and the du Ponts were actually producing a product called neoprene. At 75 cents a pound, however, as against 20 cents for natural rubber, the price was out of sight for tires and tubes.

The Standard Oil Development Company held patents on the buna process, bought from the I. G. Farbenindustrie in Germany, at a big price, but had not been able to do much with it. From no lack of effort either, for like every other holder of a patent, the Standard wanted to realize on its investment. In 1938 several thousand German-made tires were brought over for trial by the major rubber companies, but their quality failed to impress, and the price was twice that of natural rubber tires. Moreover, Goodrich and Goodyear were working on formulas of their own that seemed to promise more than buna. In 1940 the Standard tried to get the industry to go into a partnership for the joint use of the buna process, but along with other objections, fear of Thurman Arnold and his antitrust prosecutions scared everybody off. At bottom, however, the big rubber people held back because they saw no point in spending millions on an expensive, unsatisfactory process when the Far East offered an abundant supply of better stuff at half the price. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the National Defense Advisory Commission, in making its recommendation, was careful to say that the facilities for making synthetic rubber should be constructed *only* if it was believed that our supply of natural rubber would be cut off. Such a belief was held by no one at the time, not even the most agitated admiral or general.

A pretty tangle, and in October the council turned it over to Jesse Jones for investigation and study. A common-sense procedure that did not stir a single voice of protest. After several months of hard work, Mr. Jones and his experts reported a fair amount of success. They had succeeded in straightening out the messed-up patent situation, and the Goodrich people were proudly exhibiting some tires that came within 85 per cent of meeting War Department specification.

On May 8, 1941, therefore, Mr. Jones went up to the Capitol, and laid the whole matter before Congress.

The stenographic record shows a complete presentation of every fact in the case. Synthetic rubber, he explained, was not entirely satisfactory, and development would cost a good many millions. Moreover, it might well prove a waste of money, for there was no indication that America would ever be cut off from the Far East supply. All the same, it looked like good policy to have an ace in the hole. The consensus, both in the Senate and House, was that at least one, if not more, experimental plants with a limited capacity, should be financed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. On May 15th, Mr. Jones, through the Defense Plant Corporation, authorized the construction and equipment of synthetic rubber plants having a rated capacity of 10,000 tons per year. In July, 1941, the agreements were amended to provide for the increase in the production capacity of these plants to 40,000 tons. Due to cooperative effort of the companies, the actual production capacity was 60,000 tons per year. These plants, with existing facilities and new plants owned and being built by industry, brought the total capacity to approximately 100,000 tons, the amount recommended by the council.

Then—Pearl Harbor!

This, then, was the rubber picture in November, 1941. With 430,000 tons of natural rubber, either delivered or on the way, 1,200,000 tons bought for delivery in 1942, and the synthetic program booming ahead, America sat on top of the world. Both the President and Mr. Jones looked to have the right to exchange congratulations. Neither from the Army nor the Navy came a hint of dissatisfaction with what had been done or a suggestion as to what more might be done. There was no reproving word from either Congress or the press.

Then Pearl Harbor! Not even this debacle, however, had power to shake the confidence of the British and the Dutch. With "impregnable" Singapore on guard, the rubber-producing countries of the Far East stood secure against assault. Why the excitement? Nothing was more certain than that every pound of America's purchases would be delivered safely and on time. That was a general feeling then, and it is to the everlasting credit of the President and Jesse Jones that they refused to be soothed.

On January 12th, a government investment of $400,000,000 increased the synthetic rubber program to an annual capacity of 400,000 tons, and well before

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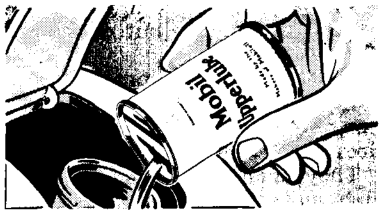

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the fall of Singapore, another $200,000,000 was tossed into the pot, upping potential capacity to 700,000 tons a year. Under a patent-pooling arrangement, four companies began producing buna rubber for tires and tubes; Standard Oil of Louisiana started turning out butyl, adequate for barrage balloons, insulation and various mechanical goods; and the du Pont plant, taken over by the government and enlarged, produced neoprene.

Now in staggering succession came the capture of Manila and the successful invasion of Malaya and the East Indies, ending all hope that Jesse Jones' 1,200,000 tons of rubber would be delivered in 1942. At that, no cause for worry raised an ugly head, for as of March 15th, America's 1942 rubber supply figured up as follows: Held by Rubber Reserve Company, 325,000 tons; afloat, but certain of safe delivery, 105,000 tons; in hands of the industry, 170,000 tons; obtained from England in exchange for cotton, 90,000 tons; reclaimed rubber, 48,000 tons. Add 40,000 tons of synthetic rubber that will be produced this year and some 60,000 tons from Latin-American countries and the total is 838,000 tons. Experts estimate domestic consumption for 1942 at 547,000 tons. Deducting this amount from 838,000 tons, leaves a surplus of 291,000 tons.

Then why restrictions? For the simple reason that it is no longer a question of meeting only our own rubber needs. Almost overnight, America is called on to supply the rubber demands of every other member of the United Nations group with the exception of Brazil and possibly Mexico. From the greatest rubber importing country in the world we must now become the greatest rubber exporting country in the world. Russia, China, the Dutch, Australia, Africa, Burma, Canada, and most of South America all look to us for rubber. So does England, for out of their faith in the impregnability of Singapore, the British bought rubber from day to day, laying in no stock pile whatsoever.

Planning an Effective Campaign

Now then to answer that opening question about the outlook for civilian rubber users. Draw close and listen carefully: After the needs of the fighting forces, defense workers, auxiliary firemen and policemen, doctors and nurses, as well as the pressing demands of every other anti-Axis nation have been met, mighty little rubber is going to be left for ordinary folks. Anyone who doesn't drive slowly, turning corners on all four wheels and avoiding sudden stops, is a good deal of a fool, for when tires give out, there will be *no* replacements; perhaps some recapping if the situation improves, but retreading is doubtful. Very doubtful. "Black markets" are springing up in every hole and corner, to be sure, but don't count on them.

The black market problem will soon disappear because the Defense Supplies Corporation is going to round up all the tires now in retail dealers' hands.

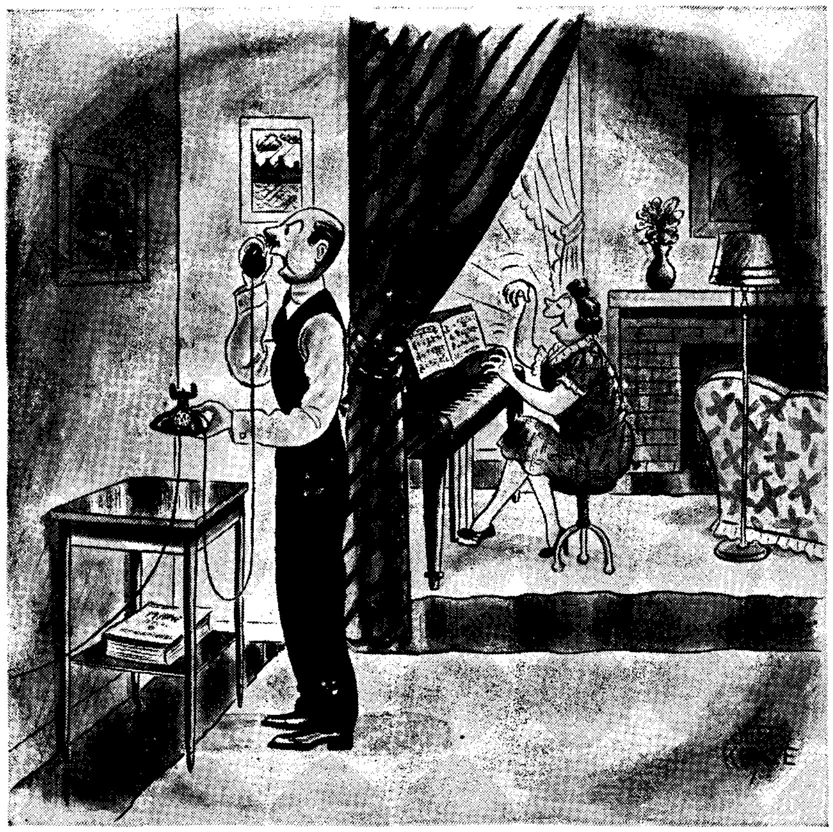
They amount to somewhere between eight and nine million tires, and the government will pay the dealers their cost plus ten per cent, allowing a few tires to remain on hand to satisfy the current needs of the local tire-rationing boards.

After the dealers' stock is completely exhausted, the rationing boards will make demands on this government pool, which will be stored in jobbers' and manufacturers' warehouses.

The dealers' contribution to this huge tire pool will be about six and a half million tires, and before the rationing starts the DSC will make a careful survey in the interests of conservation and make sure that the oldest tires are used first.

A ban on new tires, on retreading and maybe recapping is not the end by any means. Even now a survey of *essential transportation* is under way, and out of it may come an order "immobilizing" a half or even two thirds of the 27,500,000 passenger cars and 5,000,000 trucks careering so gaily over streets and highways. That's Washingtonese for putting them out of active use and jacking them up to be held as a tire reserve. Moreover, there's a chance that the cars themselves may be commandeered if needs grow more acute.

Restrictions instead of easing up are likely to press heavier and heavier. Even scrap rubber is going to be guarded no less vigilantly than the pure article, for the War Production Board counts confidently on 350,000 tons a year from the country's junk piles. Bicycle tires will be made out of reclaimed rubber. Almost everything else that has been produced from scrap will be prohibited —tires for lawn mowers, baby buggies and farm implements, bath caps, golf bags, household articles, wearing apparel and things like that.



"Say, I'm six payments behind on that piano I bought from you! Aren't you going to do anything?" JEFF KEATE

It's a black picture shot through here and there with gleams of light. Some pretty tough men are handling rubber allocations for the War Production Board and nothing is more certain than that no demand will be met until it has been gone over with a cold, hard eye. Every nation will be required to prove its need and justify it in all particulars. So will the Army and Navy and every agency concerned in any degree with the war effort. Not long since, the Office of Civilian Defense excitedly slammed in an order for 60,000,000 gas masks enough to take care of every coast state —Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf—and also to provide for people in the mountains, desert and prairies. But will OCD get them? Not a chance! Only 5,000,000 at the most!

Judging from surveys made already, an end to the waste of rubber by the government itself would almost take care of the rubber shortage. The Army is a chief offender, for a recent report revealed conditions that would not be tolerated in a crossroads garage: A full 53 per cent of tires surveyed found to be underinflated, some being 50 per cent below recommended pressure; 37 per cent improperly mounted; a tire guaranteed for 30,000 miles thrown away after 12,000 miles; in one scrap pile of 636 tires, 231 found suitable for reissue; no standardized procedure for selecting, testing and training drivers; no uniform plan for inspections, correct inflation and proper mounting; no training schools for instruction in storage, care and maintenance of tires, tubes and tire accessories; no organized system of base repair shops and a lack of mobile shops.

Here's another instance of waste: The Farm Security Administration has no connection whatsoever with housing, yet last June this agency began buying trailers to serve as homes for defense workers. All in all, close to three thousand were bought, and parked in some fifty government camps with the tires still on. And even weeks after Pearl Harbor, most of them were still on. According to one embittered WPB man, if the gospel of essential use was applied to every federal agency, rubber restrictions could be cut to a minimum. But—and it's a cheering "but"—these abuses are going to be corrected. Already orders have been given that will make division and company commanders take the same care of tires and tubes as of guns.

Another important item in connection with rubber is some decision as to the theater of operations. Where is the war going to be fought this year? In Australia, in Africa, on the Russian front, in Asia, in the British Isles or in the United States? Hitler and Hirohito have something to say about it, of course, but so do the United Nations. Obviously enough, the field of war and the character of the fighting have a decisive bearing on rubber needs.

Even with the maximum in rubber-saving, however, 1942 is going to be a tough year for every automobile owner who can't prove essential use. Jittery Washington means to take no chances. In 1943, given an end to waste and some intelligent ascertainment of needs, it is fairly certain that restrictions will be eased off materially. A guess, of course, but based on these figures from official sources: 291,000 tons carried over from 1942 plus 250,000 tons of synthetic rubber plus 50,000 tons from Latin-American countries plus 350,000 tons of reclaimed rubber, all adding up to 941,000 tons.

Certainly 1944 should see nothing asked of civilians but prudent use, for by then synthetic rubber production will have reached a peak of 700,000 tons. As for 1945 and 1946, those years should bring an abundance such as we have never known.

Collier's told you last October, in an article called Bringing Rubber Home, about the vast development and research program that is under way to end forever America's dependence on the Far East as a source of rubber supply.

Take Brazil: Not only has Jesse Jones entered into a contract with the Brazilian government to buy all rubber surplus for the next five years, but he has set up a fund of $5,000,000 to be used in expanding the production of wild rubber in the Amazon region. Even in the roaring years before the Far East stole *Hevea Braziliensis* seeds, Brazil's rubber production was less than 40,000 tons a year, but roads, sanitation and improved production techniques ought to double and treble this amount.

America's Best Bet

A better prospect is offered by southern Mexico and Central American states where the Bureau of Plant Industry has planted more than 11,000,000 seeds of *Hevea Braziliensis* in co-operation with the various governments and private industry.

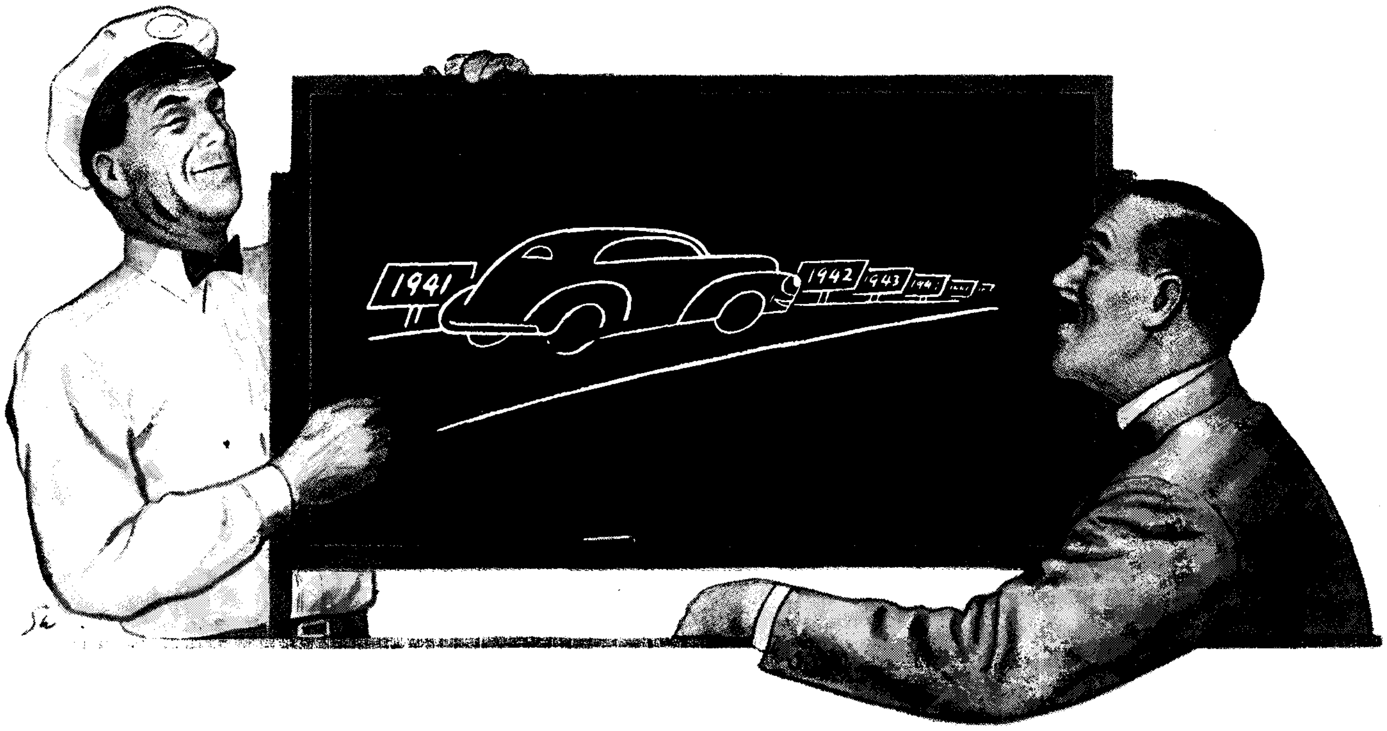
Best prospect of all, however, is the rabbit brush that grows thickly over eight or nine Western states. Experts figure that there is enough of it to produce 40,000 tons a year, although the low rubber content of 2 per cent would make the cost prohibitive unless some cheap method of extraction can be found.

Then there are two varieties of desert milkweed with a rubber content running from 6 to 8 per cent, and the Colorado rubber weed with 8 to 10 per cent. The Madagascar rubber vine, growing in the United States right up to the frost line, has less than 2 per cent of rubber, but the quality is remarkably good. The scientists have only to discover some inexpensive process for getting the rubber out of these plants.

This research and experimentation is interesting and may prove profitable, but in the last analysis, synthetic rubber is America's best bet. The inventive genius of the industry, assisted by government experts, has already gone far beyond the Germans, and revolutionary results are in the offing. At present, rubber figures in the manufacture of some 32,000 articles in everyday use. New discoveries in synthetics mean new uses and lowered production costs. The plantings of *Hevea Braziliensis* in Mexico, Central America and South America also hold promise of a cheap and abundant supply. What more likely than an enlarged rubber industry, doubled and even trebled in size, that will lift rubber articles from 32,000 to 50,000 or even a 100,000? Anyway, whatever comes, the Western Hemisphere is going to be self-sufficient in the important matter of rubber.

Considering everything, not such a gloomy picture after all. Drastic restrictions for the next twelve months, wringing many a groan from thousands who have lost the use of their legs, but a brighter outlook for 1943, only prudent use in 1944, and a burst of rainbows for 1945 and 1946!

THE END



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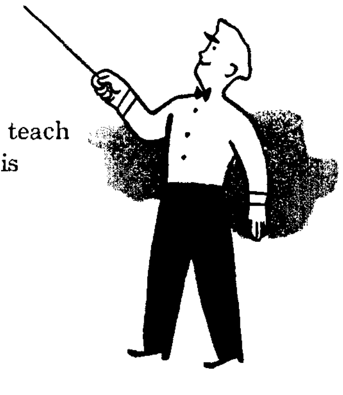

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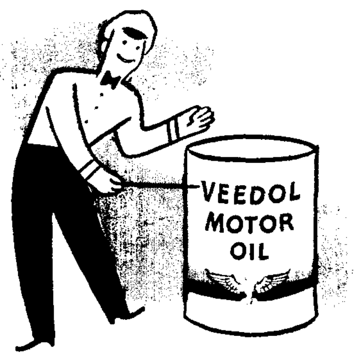

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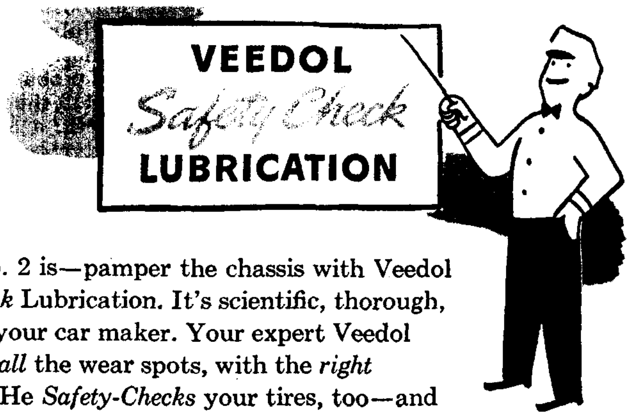

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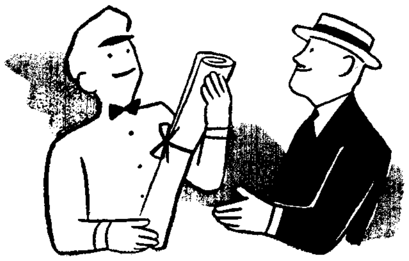

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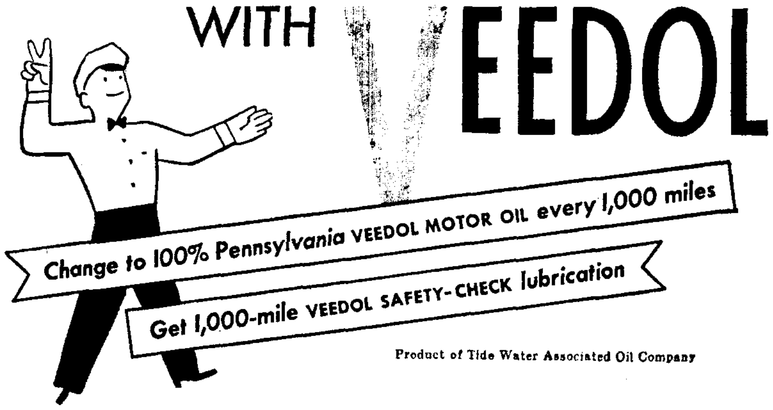

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Side-Winder

Continued from page 34

him change to number fifteen. He went back to the hoodoo identification and won ten of his next dozen games.

Any other resemblance between the firebrands is purely coincidental, however. Higbe is not, and probably never *will be, the pitcher Dizzy was. He is not* quite as smart in a baseball sense or as resourceful; his leaping fast ball does not explode in the batter's startled face as did Dizzy's Sunday pitch when the heat was on and stern measures were needed to cool off the opposition. Higbe is not particularly big for a pitcher, especially a work-horse pitcher. He is an inch under six feet and weighs 180 pounds.

But in their attitude toward their profession, both are brothers of the same lodge, and for that reason alone, Higbe will continue to be a big winner and a jewel of great price in the diamond trade. Brooklyn had to give up $100,000 in cash and three players to get him from the Phillies after the close of the 1940 season, and Mr. Leland Stanford MacPhail has no cause whatever to regret the deal. The $100,000 insured a million-dollar pennant.

A Civic Catastrophe

Higbe's devotion to duty and the Dodgers was demonstrated in convincing fashion last July when the Bums went into their most harrowing swoon of the season and probably would have collapsed with a dull thud, only for our hero. On July 20th, a Sunday, public morale in Brooklyn was so low that three witches riding broomsticks and wearing Giant uniforms could have taken the borough without a struggle. It was bad enough that the Bums, dividing a double-header with the Pirates while the Cardinals were licking the Braves twice, had their lead cut to a game and a half before going west for the third trip of the year. Infinitely worse was the ghastly news that Higbe, the symbol of strength, the strong-arm boy, had been rushed to the hospital. The stricken gladiator had an unruly appendix and might be out for the season.

Learned soothsayers probed the patient and presently announced that Koiby undubitably would live, might even be able to pitch in a week if he took things easy. Civic jubilation was extensive; religion enjoyed a revival in the City of Churches. The following day, Monday, the team entrained for the West, and Higbe turned up with a fat cigar in his kisser. He played gin rummy with Billy Herman for nine consecutive hours.

The trip opened in Cincinnati on Tuesday, and Higbe, mindful of his delicate condition, sat quietly in the lobby of the Netherland Plaza Hotel for twenty minutes, a new world indoor record for himself. He then went out to the ball park and proceeded to go nuts, in company with the Brooklyn entourage, when the Bums blew a four-run lead in the ninth and lost to the Reds, 5-4.

Determined to do something about the slump, Higbe on Wednesday night disregarded the doctors' orders, as well as the shoddy support of his jittery comrades, and held the Reds to one earned run in seven innings. Brooklyn won the game in the ninth, 5-4, and inflicted the first defeat of the season upon Elmer Riddle, who had racked up eleven straight for the Reds.

There was no game Thursday, but the Bums had a double-header with the Pirates on Friday. Higbe relieved in the first game. On Saturday, he relieved Luke Hamlin, who was doing a splendid job of blowing a 3-0 lead in the eighth. Higbe fanned Elbie Fletcher to end the inning. He fanned pinchhitters Spud Davis and Rip Collins to end the game with two big, potential runs aboard. Brooklyn won, 3-2.

Sunday brought another Dodger-Pirate double-header. The second game also brought Higbe upon the scene in a relief role. No game Monday. On Tuesday, Higbe started against the Cardinals and had a nice 6-1 lead going into the sixth when he suddenly was overtaken by a wild streak the like of which only he and strabismic southpaw rookies are capable. That one wound up in a 7-all, 12-inning tie. On Saturday, he started against the Cubs, and the Brooklyns won.

On five successive playing days, Higbe *pitched at a time he was supposed* to be applying ice packs and things to his angry appendix. Thirteen games were played on the trip. Of the six which Brooklyn won, Higbe started two and saved another.

Restless craving for action characterizes Higbe on and off the field. During the season he doesn't average more than three hours of sleep a night; he is wound up so tightly inside that he finds it impossible to relax. The energetic pitcher is the most indefatigable gin-rummy addict east of Hollywood. More than once he has sat up all night and played the spots off a deck of cards with a groggy house dick.

He will play any game with anyone for money, marbles or fun to satisfy his insatiable appetite for action. Last spring, when the Dodgers trained at Havana, Higbe commuted between the ball park and the Casino and once, on an off *day, he dug in at a roulette table before* noon and didn't leave until the joint closed.

When the team shifted its base to Florida at Safety Harbor, Higbe took complete charge of the lone quarter slot machine in the hotel. He refused to let anybody else play the thing and frequently had his wife hold the fort when he was called away to practice. Durocher, a fast guy with a buck himself, tried to tell the fellow he couldn't lick the percentages and begged him not to throw his arm out, pulling the lever. Higbe compromised by pouring quarters into the one-armed bandit with his left hand.

After watching the marathon battle between the man and the machine, incredulous onlookers were convinced that Higbe never will suffer a sore arm. The bandit's iron arm developed a piteous squeak, but Higbe's business flipper showed no strain at all. He gorged the machine with quarters during the ten days the team was at Safety Harbor, and conservative estimates placed his losses at no less than one hundred dollars a day. *The only game of chance* which does not appeal to Kirby Higbe is horse racing.

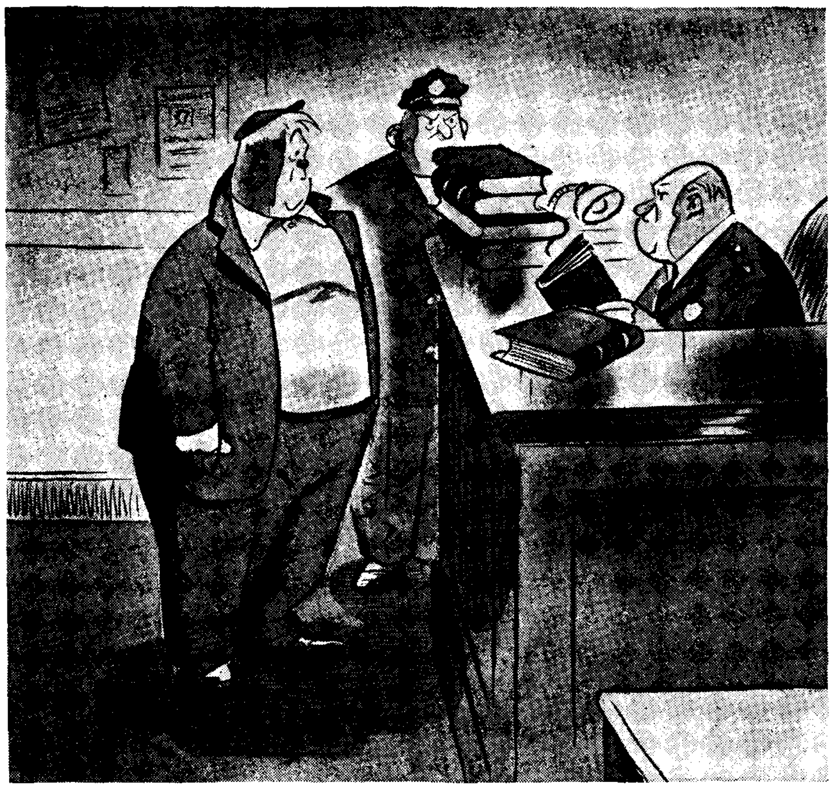
You Can't Fool a Manager

Higbe's entirely innocent night prowling has given rise to many snide whispers in the dugouts. Last summer, after he made a supposedly secret visit to a psychiatrist in Cincinnati, the baseball grapevine was intrigued by a rumor to the effect that the guy really had blown his topper. The Brooklyn club did send its eccentric ace to a psychiatrist, but for no other purpose than to have his insomnia cured. It wasn't. Gossipers also will tell you Higbe is as fond of the bottle as he is of getting base hits.

"It's a lie!" Durocher asserts shrilly. "The screwball is up all night, yes, but hard liquor, positively no. Sooner or later, one way or another, managers find *out which men drink and how much. We* had a couple on our club last season, but Higbe wasn't one of them. He'll have a glass of beer occasionally, but I doubt that Higbe had even one shot of whisky last year."

It didn't take Higbe long to discover

BUTCH **by Larry Reynolds**



"I bin readin' about the boys in camp wantin' books —an'—well, there I was in this big, big liberry" he had no great affection for a normal, quiet life. Born 27 years ago in Columbia, South Carolina, still his winter address, Higbe got fed up with book l'arnin' in the seventh grade when he was twelve. He quit school and went to work as an office boy in the local branch of the Southern Railway and held the job for two years, or until baseball entered his life. He gravitated naturally toward pitching, the center of action, and by the time he was sixteen the Higbe boy had quite a reputation.

Representing the home post in the American Legion national amateur tournament of 1931, the Columbia kids were invincible with Higbe pumping his fireball past the enfeebled opposition. They won the regional title at Charlotte, North Carolina, continued unbeaten in the Eastern finals at Manchester, New Hampshire, roared through the elimination round at Houston, Texas, then played South Chicago for the national championship. The game lasted fourteen innings. Higbe gave five hits, fanned eighteen—and lost, 1-0, on an error.

Houston was crawling with major-league scouts, and they immediately began to cut one another's throats with great zeal to sign the kid from Carolina. Lawrence Hamilton finally got Higbe for Pittsburgh with a $1,000 bonus. Those were the last kind words and the last chunk of folding money young Walter Kirby was to get for six years.

Pittsburgh shipped the kid to Wichita in 1932, and Wichita shipped him home when, after six weeks, his wildness threatened to depopulate the Western League by decapitation. Muskogee tried him the next year, but not for long. He lost four of the five games he pitched and averaged a walk an inning. By this time, Pittsburgh had lost interest in the scatter-arm, and Higbe returned to Columbia and the semipros of the surrounding countryside. In the next two years in the deepest Carolina bush, Higbe lost one game and won something like thirty-five.

An Unmeteoric Rise

Only two people believed Higbe would amount to a big-league pitcher. One was Higbe himself. The other was Chick Galloway, the old American League infielder who was managing a semipro team at Laurens, South Carolina. In '34, Galloway persuaded Atlanta to take a flier on the kid late in the season, and our hero promptly lost the two starts he made and resolutely adhered to his routine of one base on balls per inning. It was the considered opinion of several competent critics that Higbe couldn't stand in the middle of Peachtree Street and throw three consecutive balls down that thoroughfare without breaking a window.

Muttering uncomplimentary things having to do with the quality of Mr. Galloway's judgment and eyesight, Atlanta sent Higbe to Portsmouth in '35. He was no ball of fire, but Connie Mack's agents made a half-hearted attempt to buy him. They went away when the price was mentioned. Higbe remained at Portsmouth and in '36 had the best year up to that point in his career; he won eight games and lost eight and issued a walk only every other inning. The Cubs took him on a look and farmed him out to Moline, of the Three-I League, in '37.

There, for the first time in six seasons of organized baseball, Higbe won more games than he lost. He had, in short, a year for himself. He led the league with 21 victories and 5 defeats, struck out the enormous total of 257 men in 215 innings and clinched the pennant for Moline by licking Clinton, Iowa, in the decisive play-off game. In the confusion, he also led the league in walks and wild pitches, but he was coming along. Promoted to Birmingham in '38, Higbe earned his spot with the Cubs by winning 15 games for a sixth-place club.

The first time the Dodgers saw Higbe in a Chicago uniform they saw entirely too much of him. That was on May 17, 1939, the date of the screwiest game the Dodgers ever played—and the Dodgers have figured in most of the squirrel-cage contests on record. At the end of nine innings, the athletes were locked in a 9-all tie. Ten innings and a lifetime later the score still was 9-9. The Dodgers battered old Earl Whitehill for 15 hits in the first twelve rounds, but Higbe thereafter stopped them colder than the thermometer, which was in the low thirties. He gave the Dodgers one hit in seven innings.

Durocher Didn't Forget

Displaying the sagacity for which they are celebrated, the Cubs twelve days later traded Higbe, Joe Marty, Ray Harrell and the ubiquitous Joe Cash to Philadelphia for Claude Passeau. The latter, working for a first-division club, won 15 games, only three more than Higbe scored for the dreadful Phillies. In 1940, it became obvious that Higbe was not destined to waste his sweetness on the desert air of Philadelphia for long. He won 14 games for the humpty-dumpties and led the league in strike-outs—and bases on balls! The Dodgers, remembering the rookie who had kept them on a hook in the Chicago icebox, investigated further when Higbe defeated the hated Giants five times with two-, three-, four-, five- and seven-hit performances.

MacPhail, determined to buy the pennant for Brooklyn, went into consultation with Durocher after the season and asked his manager to name in order the men he needed to win in 1941.

"Higbe, Mickey Owen, Billy Herman and an outfielder who can hit .780," Durocher snapped. MacPhail bought in order all the players but the outfielder, and you will please note that Higbe's name led all the rest. That's how it turned out at the end of the year when he won 22 games and lost 9.

That he lost more than two or three games was strictly his own fault—the old fault, lack of control. Nobody knows when these fits of wildness are due. He can go along pitching an elegant game—in sixteen of his victories last year he gave the opposition two runs or less—and then it happens out of nowhere. His control goes off the beam; first it gets bad, then it gets worse, and finally the customers sitting in the upper tier behind the plate are fleeing for the bomb shelters. His trouble is not emotional; for a citizen of his volatile temperament, Higbe is a surprisingly calm, dead fish on the mound. He simply cannot throw the ball up an alley when he is seized by a spasm.

"There's only one thing to do when he gets like that," Durocher admits. "You gotta get him out or they'll knock him out. If he ever learns control, he'll be the Feller of the National League."

Higbe doesn't want to be difficult about this, but he doubts he ever will see that happy day.

"You cain't change an ole hound dawg," he says casually. "Besides, I might get belted if I had better control. Them bums at the plate would take toe holds on my stuff if they knew the ball was comin' over. Shucks, I got to leave my mark on this game somehow. Looks like the only way I can do it is with bases on balls. Give me ten years in this league and I'll bust every record in the book."

And, incidentally, win a hatful of ball games too!

THE END

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TO THE END THAT AMERICAN AIRCRAFT WILL FLY EVER HIGHER, FASTER AND FARTHER

CULOTTES FOR ACTION

BY MARY LEWIS

UP TO now, if someone called you "culottic," that was merely a highbrow way of saying you were respectable. "Sans-culottic" meant the opposite. It all started back in the French Revolution, when respectable people wore culottes—pants—and the rest didn't.

Nowadays, more and more American girls are becoming more and more culottic every day—although the meaning of the word has been changed. A culotte now is a divided skirt, and a divided skirt is about the neatest thing a girl can wear riding a bicycle.

Until the war started, eighty-five bicycles out of every hundred were made for children. Now the grown-up models are the only ones made.

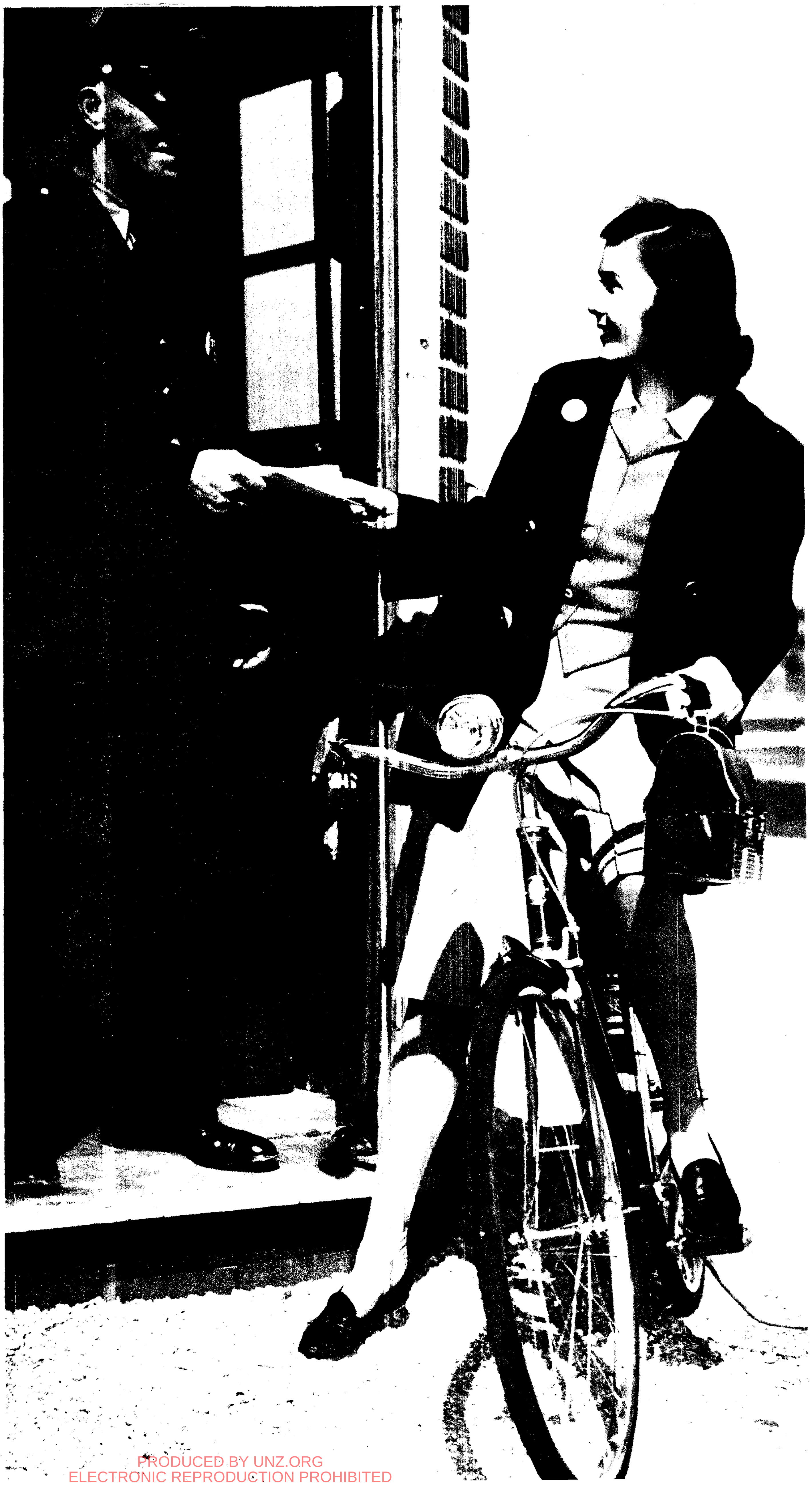
Even with rationing of new wheels, there probably will be some bicycles—including used ones—available for civilians after the necessary number has been assigned to war workers. The model for women—without the top frame bar—is far ahead of the male model, although girls in shorts or slacks ride either.

Thousands of girls nowadays are doing the marketing, going to first-aid classes, garden-club meetings and their war jobs on two wheels instead of four. The old tandem, even, is back—when you can find one—with youthful romance proceeding fore and aft from saddles instead of side by side on an upholstered auto seat.

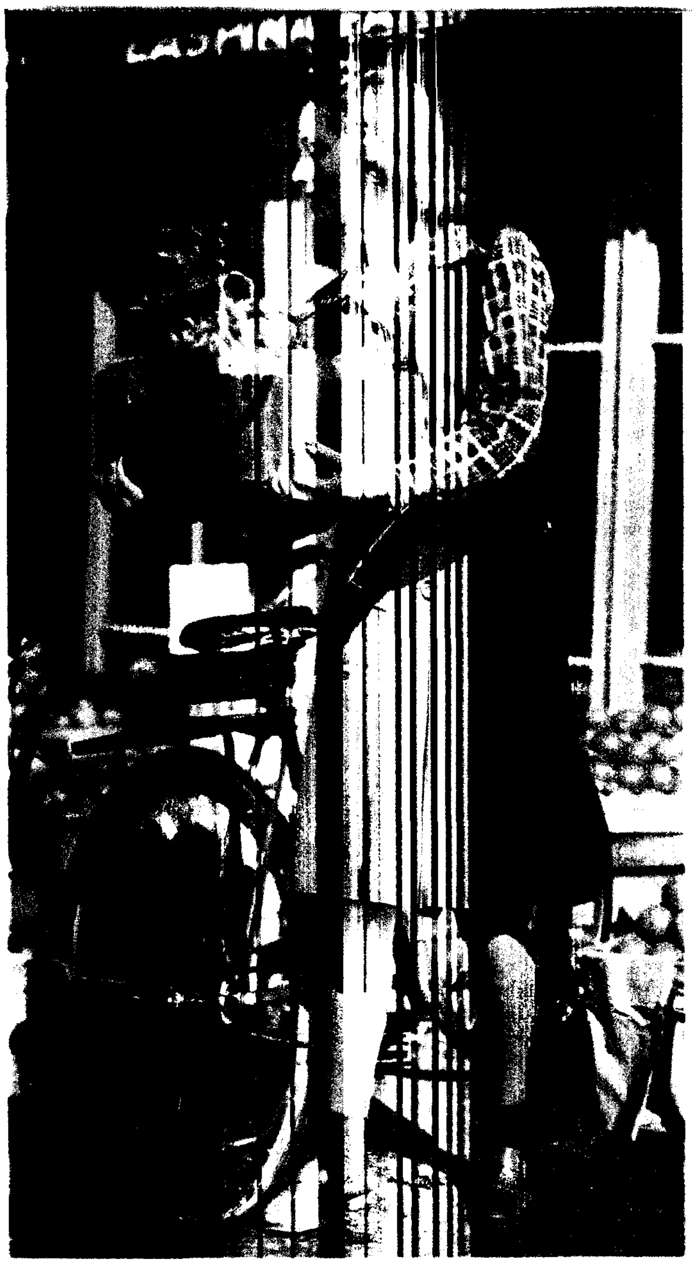
Well, fashions usually more or less express the times in which they appear. The bicycle boom means culottes in a big way. They seem the best answer to what-to-wear-while-pedaling. Regulation slacks need ankle clips to keep them from tearing in the sprockets. Shorts demand good legs. Skirts are standard; skirts are feminine. But they can blow up in a wind if they're full; ride up if they're tight.

The culotte has the grace and attractiveness of a skirt; the convenience and practicality of pants. It can be worn anywhere, all day. It may be of any one of a score of fabrics or colors. It can be paired with blouses or sweaters, or be the lower half of a jumper dress.

It's the answer to the girl who wants to keep 'em wheeling! ★★★



Right: Reporting for duty in a defense plant. Her culotte skirt is cotton covert with saddle leather belt. Red flannel waistcoat for warmth and dash, and short navy blue wool reefer jacket



U.S 9W-N.J.1
THRU

Culottes can travel everywhere. The young lady above wears a rayon jumper culotte to market, with a gay plaid gingham shirt. Her next job will be anchoring that box to her bicycle carrier

Right, above: Vacation bound, but time out for a breather. The cowgirl skirt, shirt and kerchief are of sturdy cotton gabardine. Her purse hitches onto her belt. Saddle bags on the bicycle serve for luggage

Right: Off for a date; starting point, USO Club in New York. Box-pleated culotte is movie star favorite. This one is turquoise rayon, matched with cotton knit pullover and cardigan sweater

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

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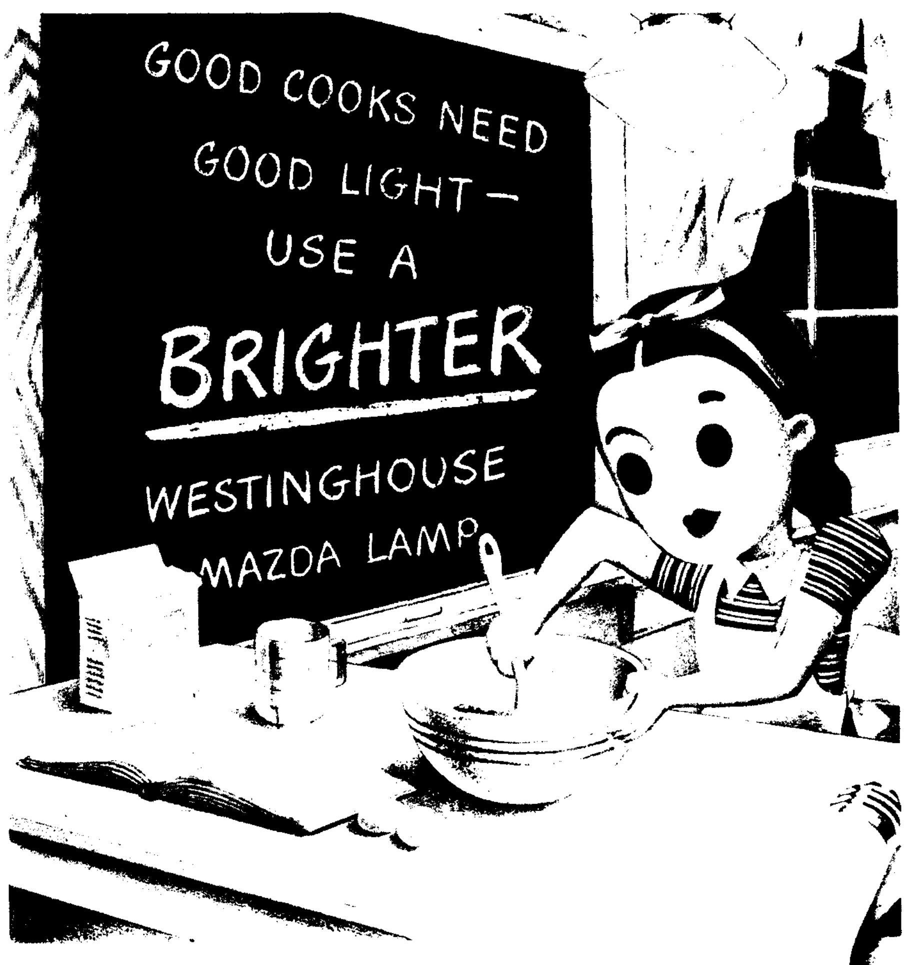

GOOD COOKS NEED GOOD LIGHT— USE A BRIGHTER WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMP

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

Belle on Wheels

Continued from page 21

Crosby coming up with a Kentucky Derby winner. The only difference is that no one is wringing Bing's hand and saying, "Congratulations, Colonel," whereas Gloria is actually the star of roller skating's biggest show.

Gloria's roller skating is literally an art. She combines the grace of the ballet with the speed of wheeled motion. Like Sonja Henie, she has endowed the spinning, whirling and flying of ordinary figure skating with a definite terpsichorean tinge. In a dazzling ten minutes in the Roller Follies, for instance, she re-enacts the story of Cinderella. It is a very adequate job, complete with scenery and fancy lighting, one chariot, six horses, two thrones, one rag costume, one fancy ball costume, one chorus, one Prince Charming.

The Bewildering Nordskogs

Gloria was born and raised in Hollywood, and acquired all the peculiarities attendant to such an abnormal upbringing. Fortunately she comes from solid Norwegian stock which has a tendency to keep its feet on the ground regardless of environment. Her father Andre Nordskog was a concert singer who specialized in Ave Maria in churches, and as Nanki-Poo in Pacific Coast versions of The Mikado. Her three older sisters became, respectively and in rapid succession, a night-club singer, a leader of an all-girl orchestra, and a designer of artificial flowers for movie productions. Then, in just as rapid succession, all three got married. This was quite a bewildering parade for little Gloria who was just about five years old at the time and very impressionable. On one occasion she severely shocked her mother when, in answer to a perfectly normal query about what she was going to be when she grew up, she said, "A geisha girl."

At the age of seven, Gloria reached a crisis in her life. Mr. Nordskog had settled down to teaching voice and he seized upon Gloria as one of his future concert stars. Soon he had her singing such arias as Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, in sweet, clear childish tones. Mrs. Nordskog however had other ideas. *She* wanted her Gloria to go into pictures or at least on the stage. The controversy raged for several months with the inevitable result in altercations of this sort: Mrs. Nordskog won.

So Gloria learned how to dance and be cute. By the time she was nine she was playing minor blond roles in the Our Gang comedies of blessed memory. By the time she was eleven she was a full-fledged dancer on the California vaudeville and night-club circuits.

At the same time she attended Miss Long's Professional School in Hollywood. This is an interesting institution in which distinguished Hollywood brats are reluctantly exposed to learning for a minimum number of hours per day. It was here that Gloria first learned the intricacies of roller skating. Her instructors were those four lovable youngsters, transplanted from the streets of New York and known affectionately as the Dead End Kids. They taught her everything, from the best method of eluding a cop while on skates to the execution of a pirouette around a sewer plate.

This clandestine activity came to light one day when Miss Updike, a long-suffering teacher of English grammar, sent Gloria into a study room to learn the declension of the relative pronoun. A few minutes later a horrible noise sent Miss Updike scrambling to the nearest window. There a shocking sight met her eyes. The Dead End Kids, plus Gloria, were playing roller hockey in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard! Gloria was spinning like mad through the ranks of the Dead End Kids, wrapping her hockey stick around the neck of one of them in passage. The Dead End Kids were retaliating by throwing punches at one another and hooking their sticks under Gloria's skates.

A few minutes later, the culprits were back in the school, led there by means of firm grips on their respective ears. Miss Updike had to be treated with liberal doses of aromatic spirits of ammonia by the school doctor. But the worst was yet to come: When Gloria was finally called upon to recite the declension of the relative pronoun, which she had been sent out to study, she gaily began, "Dese dem, dose—"

Gloria's formal entry into the nation's roller-skating ranks came a few years later, when she was sixteen. She had in the meantime continued with her successful ballet and tap-dancing career. She was a good dancer and was featured as such in several Warner Brothers shorts. Moreover, she had undergone the natural phenomenon of expanding in appropriate places. She was beautiful.

Her beauty was of the type which evokes whistling between the teeth among members of the male sex. She was, according to Samuel J. Friedman, publicist, a combination of Betty Grable, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Sonja Henie, Veronica Lake, Virginia Bruce, Alice Faye, Joan Blondell, Carole Landis, Ilona Massey and Madeleine Carroll. Mr. Friedman, like all press agents, inclines to exaggeration.

One night, strictly for diversion, Gloria went to the opening of Sid Grauman's Roller Bowl in Hollywood. Her date that night was a youngster named Dick Paxton. Gloria and Dick were placidly skating around the rink, minding their own business, when suddenly a tousle-headed streak whizzed past. The streak possessed two arms and two legs which were striking out in several different directions at the same time. Finally, after reversing its field with unexpected suddenness, the streak crashed right smack into Gloria and Dick. All three hit the floor.

The streak looked up. A sheepish grin spread over its homely countenance. It tried to act nonchalant and effect a man-to-man apology.

It was Mickey Rooney!

A Career Begins

That was the beginning of a close friendship among the three youngsters, which resulted in Paxton doing quite well for himself in pictures. It also resulted in the inauguration of the Nord roller-skating career.

Rooney introduced Gloria to Sid Grauman, who took one look at her general pulchritude and her ability to execute ballet routines on skates—and went screaming for Sam Matthews, his pro. Matthews took her in hand, and in four months she had won the Southern California Amateur Waltz Championship with Dick Stoddard.

From there, she went immediately to star in the swank floor shows at the Ambassador and the Royal Palms, the owners of which dangled juicy pro contracts before her eyes before the ink on her Amateur Athletic Union card was dry. At the Royal Palms, Edward W. Smith, a former newspaperman, saw her and decided then and there that he was going to edit a new roller-skating magazine with a picture of Gloria on every cover. This he did and, for an attractive sum, Gloria packed her mother and her valise, and gave exhibitions promoting the magazine in rinks all over the country.

At a Chicago rink, she was spotted by Harold Steinman, a former fight manager, who once handled two other ballet dancers of note, known as Kingfish Levinsky and Johnny Paychek. Both of these gentlemen were featured in dream waltzes with one Joe Louis. Mr. Steinman took a single look at Gloria and decided then and there that he was going to promote a professional roller-skating show, with Gloria as its star. This he did, which brings us up to date on one of the most whirlwind careers in recent athletic history. It has been so whirlwind that Mickey Rooney shudders at the thought of it. "If I had introduced her to Louis B. Mayer that night at Grauman's," he says, "by this time she'd probably be playing Andy Hardy."

112 Pounds of Glamor

Gloria is five feet three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has huge blue eyes. Despite her glamorous exterior, she is really just a shy, quiet 19-year-old, away from her press agents. Her mother travels with her wherever she goes, acting as an effective barrier against the depredations of marauding wolves.

Like any other normal kid, Gloria is crazy about pinball machines, amusement parks, chow mein, dancing, hamburgers and swing music. When she's living in her family's cute stucco Hollywood home (which isn't often) she can usually be found in one of two hangouts—a popular establishment on Hollywood Boulevard known as the Holly Spot, or the cellar of Jackie Cooper's home.

In the former, which is a little soda fountain replete with all manner of wondrous pinball machines, she spends hours with Hollywood's younger set, wasting her nickels and watching the little lights flash. In the latter, she engages in what is probably the most illustrious jam session in the world. This consists of Jackie Cooper on the drums, Mickey Rooney at the piano, Judy Garland on the guitar, Bonita Granville on the trumpet, and Gloria on the clarinet. This is a holdover from Gloria's early musical training and gives her father some solace to know that his efforts were not completely for naught.

Gloria is most crazy, however, about skating. Between shows she spends hours on the arena floor, practicing her intricate dance steps. She also spends hours running up and down stairs, for what reason, nobody knows. When she has an evening off, she'll go skating at the nearest rink, usually with Gordon Finigan, another youngster in the show. She constantly hangs around the old-time vaudeville stars in the show and exchanges her knowledge of the skating art for such tidbits as the juggling of Indian clubs and the manipulation of a trampolin.

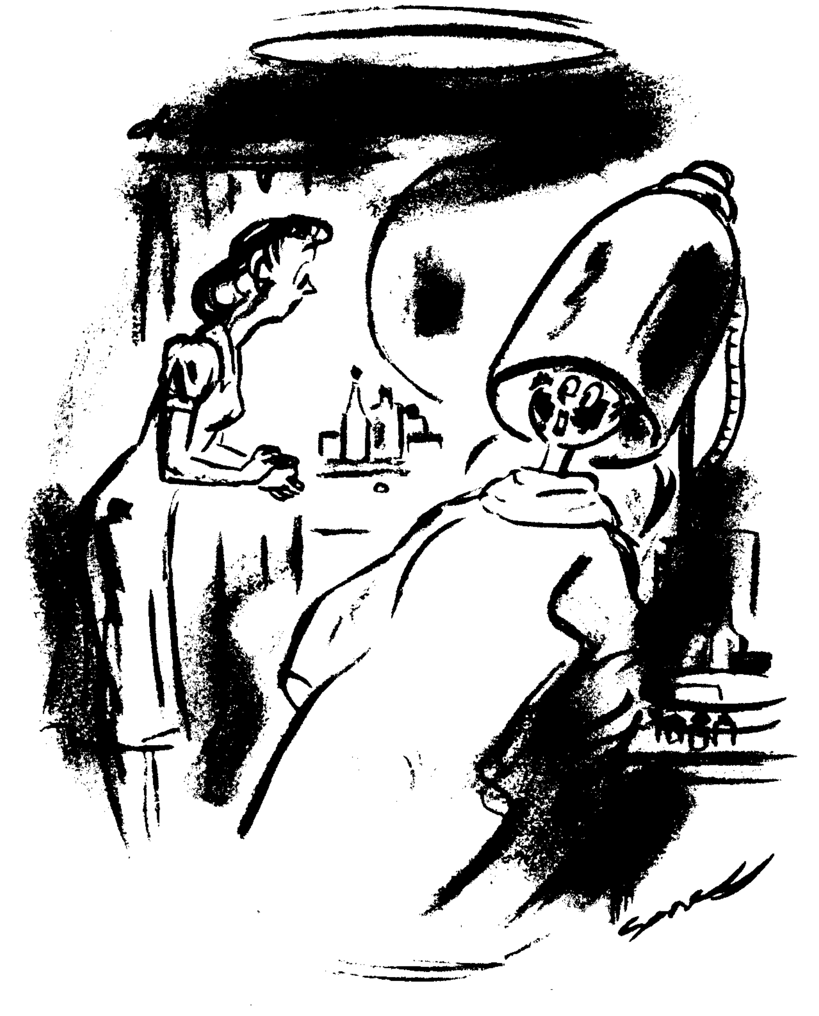
There is no doubt in anyone's mind that her roller-skating wizardry will send her back to Hollywood with star status.

Two of the vaudevillians were discussing this possibility the other day. "I can see her now," said Lucille Page, acrobat, "helping Don Ameche invent a new type of roller skate which will enable our soldiers to skim across Europe and throw hand grenades at Berlin."

"Yes," said Bobby May, juggler. "And then she'll probably get shipwrecked with John Payne and open a roller-skating rink for the dear natives of Tahiti."

Heaven forbid!

THE END



"What do I do in the event of an air-raid warning?" LEONARD DOVE

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expositions . . . in making I. W. Harper cost is no object.

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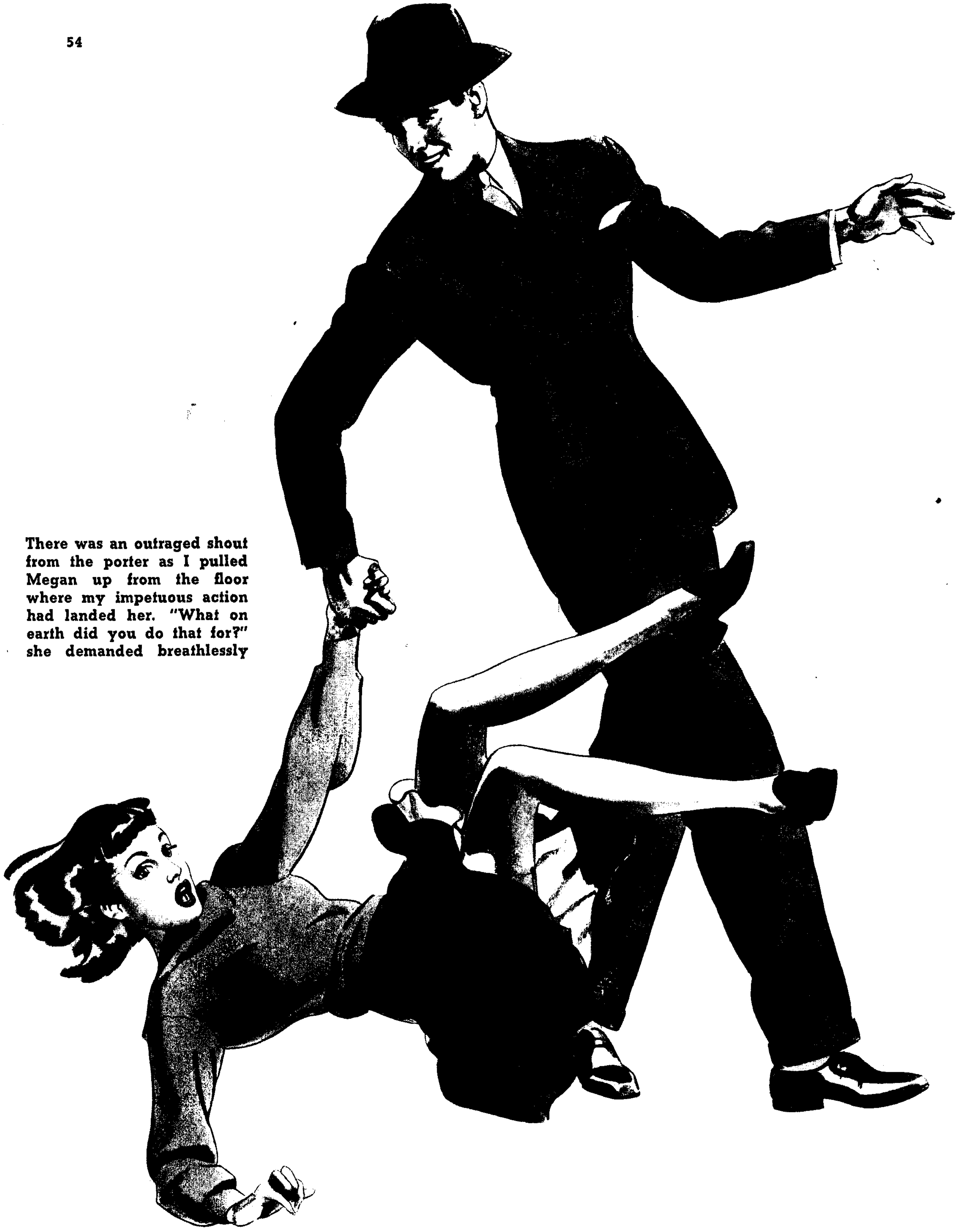


There was an outraged shout from the porter as I pulled Megan up from the floor where my impetuous action had landed her. "What on earth did you do that for?" she demanded breathlessly

Moving Finger

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO [illegible]

The Story Thus Far:

INJURED in a plane crash, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner, goes to the provincial town of Lymstock. There, with his sister, Joanna, beside him, he hopes to regain strength.

Among those whom the newcomers meet are: Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician, and his sister, Aimée; the vicar—the Rev. Dane Calthrop—and his wife; Mr. Pye, a well-to-do dilettante; Miss Emily Barton (who owns the house, "Little Furze," the Burtons occupy); Megan Hunter, Symmington's stepdaughter (a girl whose strange personality is not understood by those around her); and Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' nursery governess.

Shortly after he and his sister are settled in Little Furze, Burton receives a foul anonymous letter. Worried, for a time, he presently learns that a number of other persons have received somewhat similar missives. . . .

Mrs. Symmington commits suicide. Investigation reveals that, shortly before her death, a poison-pen letter had reached her! Then, while the community is still recovering from the shock, the Symmingtons' maid—Agnes Woddell—is murdered!

Two capable officials—Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves—go to work on the case. And Superintendent Nash suspects that the maid was aware of the letter writer's identity; that the author knew it, and to protect himself, did away with her. . . .

Quite by chance, Burton finds an old book at Little Furze—a book from which a number of pages have been neatly removed. One glance at the printed contents of the book is enough to convince him that the letter writer had made use of it in pasting together his foul communications!

Following an interesting talk with Miss Jane Marple (an amiable, elderly lady who is visiting the Dane Calthrops), Burton has a curious adventure. Near the Woman's Institute, at night, he follows a mysterious figure into the building. There, he comes face to face with Superintendent Nash, who has been awaiting the arrival of the letter writer—drawn to the Women's Institute by the typewriter which has invariably been used in addressing the letters.

The mysterious person disappears, and Burton goes to his car. Megan Hunter is beside it—she says that she has been taking a walk! Burton drives her to her home. He finds Symmington seriously worried by the girl's absence.

VII

ON THE following day I went mad. Looking back on it, that is really the only explanation I can find.

I was due for my monthly visit to Marcus Kent. . . . I went up by train. To my intense surprise Joanna elected to stay behind. As a rule she was eager to come and we usually stayed up for a couple of days.

This time, however, I proposed to return the same day by the evening train, but even so I was astonished at Joanna. She merely said enigmatically that she'd got plenty to do, and why spend hours in a nasty stuffy train when it was a lovely day in the country?

That, of course, was undeniable, but sounded very unlike Joanna.

She said she didn't want the car, so I was to drive it to the station and leave it parked there against my return.

The station of Lymstock is situated, for some obscure reason known to railway companies only, quite half a mile from Lymstock itself. Halfway along the road I overtook Megan shuffling along in an aimless manner. I pulled up.

"Hullo, what are you doing?"

"Just out for a walk."

"But not what is called a good brisk walk, I gather. You were crawling along like a dispirited crab."

"Well, I wasn't going anywhere particular."

"Then you'd better come and see me off at the station." I opened the door of the car and Megan jumped in.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"London. To see my doctor."

"Your back's not worse, is it?"

"No, it's practically all right again. I'm expecting him to be very pleased about it."

Megan nodded.

WE DREW up at the station. I parked the car and went in and bought my ticket at the booking office. There were very few people on the platform and nobody I knew.

"You wouldn't like to lend me a penny, would you?" said Megan. "Then I'd get a bit of chocolate out of the slot machine."

"Here you are, baby," I said, handing her the coin in question. "Sure you wouldn't like some clear gums or some throat pastilles as well?"

"I like chocolate best," said Megan without suspecting sarcasm.

She went off to the chocolate machine, and I looked after her with a feeling of mounting irritation.

She was wearing trodden-over shoes, and coarse unattractive stockings and a particularly shapeless jumper and skirt. I don't know why all this should have infuriated me, but it did.

I said angrily as she came back, "Why do you wear those disgusting stockings?"

Megan looked down at them, surprised. "What's the matter with them?"

"Everything's the matter with them. They're loathsome. And why wear a pullover resembling a decayed cabbage?"

"It's all right, isn't it? I've had it for years."

"So I should imagine. And why do you—"

At this minute the train came in and interrupted my angry lecture.

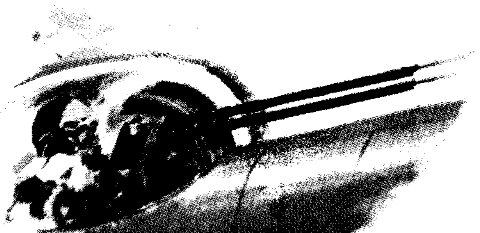
I got into an empty first-class carriage, let down the window and leaned out to continue the conversation.

Megan stood below me, her face upturned. She asked me why I was so cross.

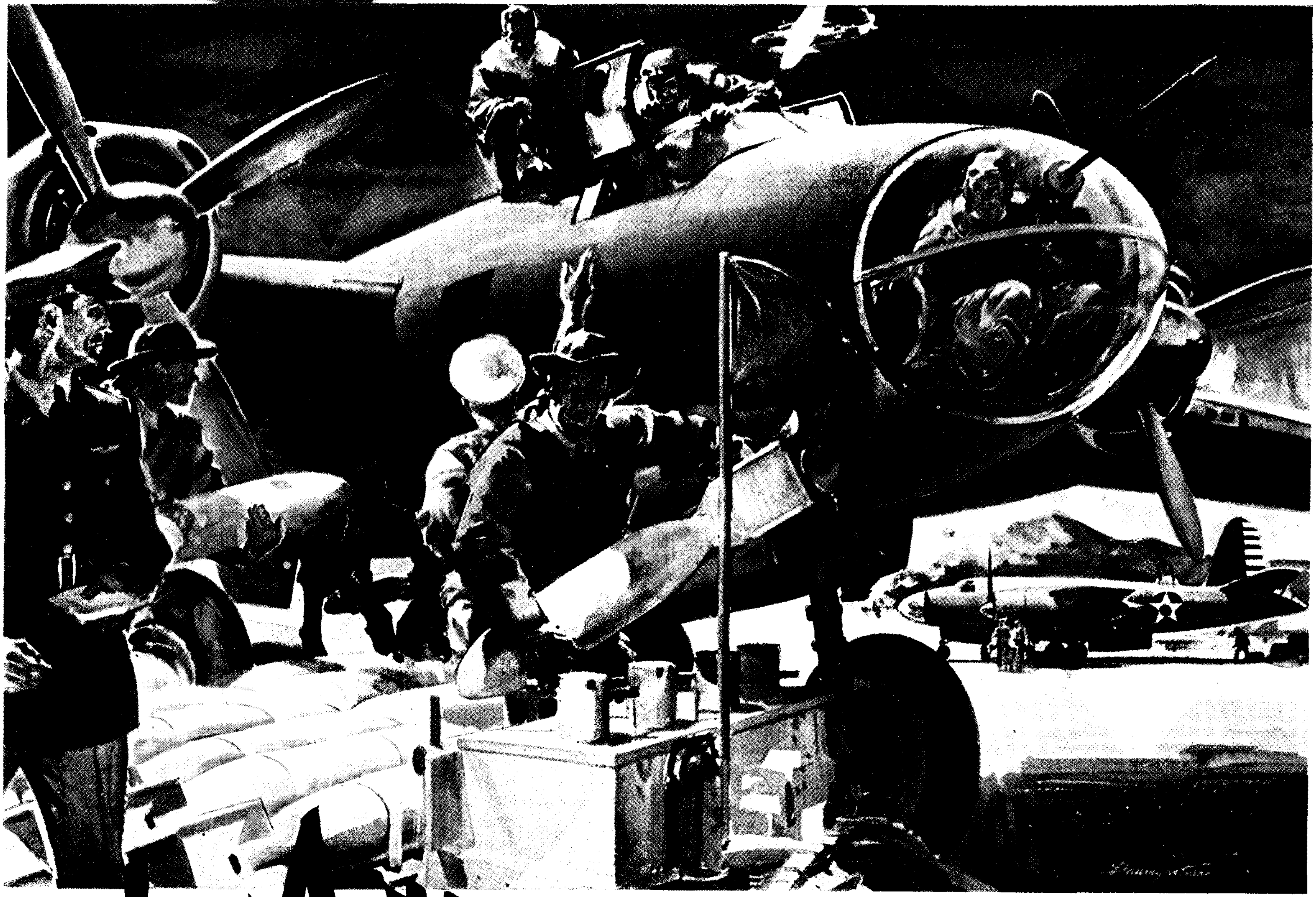
"I'm not cross," I said untruly. "It just infuriates me to see you so slack, and not caring how you look."

"I couldn't look nice, anyway, so what does it matter?"

"Cut it!" I said. "I'd like to see you turned out properly. I'd like to take you



GENERAL ARNOLD made them a "must"—Martin made the "must" a reality—and developed America's first power-operated gun turrets in 1937. New power-operated turrets help explain the deadly accuracy of heavy guns on Martin Bombers—and Martin is supplying thousands of these turrets for other American military aircraft.



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America's war planes, like America's valiant airmen, *have what it takes* . . . to bear aloft the torch of Liberty, through to Victory!

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Mention Milwaukee anywhere in the world and people say, "That's where they make Schlitz, the beer that made Milwaukee famous." To earn a reputation for having made a city famous is an achievement of which any product may be proud. Almost a century ago people began telling each other about the fine beer produced by SCHLITZ in Milwaukee. As the fame of this great brew spread, so did the name of its home town—Milwaukee became synonymous with Schlitz. Today, that same fine quality has earned further honors. Everywhere Schlitz is referred to as *America's most distinguished beer*. Discover the reason for yourself. Just taste this marvelous beer and you'll never want to go back to a bitter beer—you'll always demand SCHLITZ.

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SCHLITZ
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
HAT MADE MIL
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Just THE KISS OF THE HOPS

You don't have to drink a bitter beer. Schlitz methods of brewing control capture *only* the delicate flavor of the hops, not their harsh bitterness. That's one reason for that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. Taste Schlitz and you'll never want to go back to a bitter beer.

America's Most Distinguished Beer

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

to London and outfit you from tip to toe."

"I wish you could," said Megan.

It was time for the train to go. I looked down into Megan's upturned, wistful face.

And then, as I have said, madness came upon me.

I opened the door, grabbed Megan with one arm and fairly hauled her into the carriage.

There was an outraged shout from a porter, but all he could do was dexterously to bang shut the door again. I pulled Megan up from the floor where my impetuous action had landed her.

"What on earth did you do that for?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Shut up," I said. "You're coming to London with me and when I've done with you you won't know yourself. I'll show you what you can look like if you try. I'm tired of seeing you mouch about down at heel and all anyhow."

"Oh!" said Megan in an ecstatic whisper.

The ticket collector came along and I bought Megan a round-trip ticket. She sat in her corner looking at me in a kind of awed respect.

"I say," she said when the man had gone. "You are sudden, aren't you?"

"Very," I said. "It runs in our family."

HOW explain to Megan the impulse that had come over me? She had looked like a wistful dog being left behind. She now had on her face the incredulous pleasure of the dog who has been taken on the walk after all.

"I suppose you don't know London very well?" I said to Megan.

"Yes, I do," said Megan. "I always went through it to school."

"This," I said darkly, "will be a different London."

We arrived with half an hour to spare before my appointment in Harley Street.

I took a taxi and we drove straight to Mirotin, Joanna's dressmaker. Mirotin is, in the flesh, an unconventional and breezy woman of forty-five, Mary Grey. She is a clever woman and very good company. I have always liked her.

I said to Megan, "You're my cousin."

"Why?"

"Don't argue," I said.

Mary Grey was being firm with a stout woman who was enamored of a skin-tight powder-blue evening dress. I detached her and took her aside.

"Listen," I said. "I've brought a little cousin of mine along. Joanna was coming up but was prevented. But she said I could leave it all to you. You see what the girl looks like now?"

"I most certainly do!" said Mary Grey with feeling.

"Well, I want her turned out right in every particular from head to foot. *Carte blanche*. Stockings, shoes, undies, everything! By the way, the man who does Joanna's hair is close around here, isn't he?"

"Antoine? Around the corner. I'll see to that too."

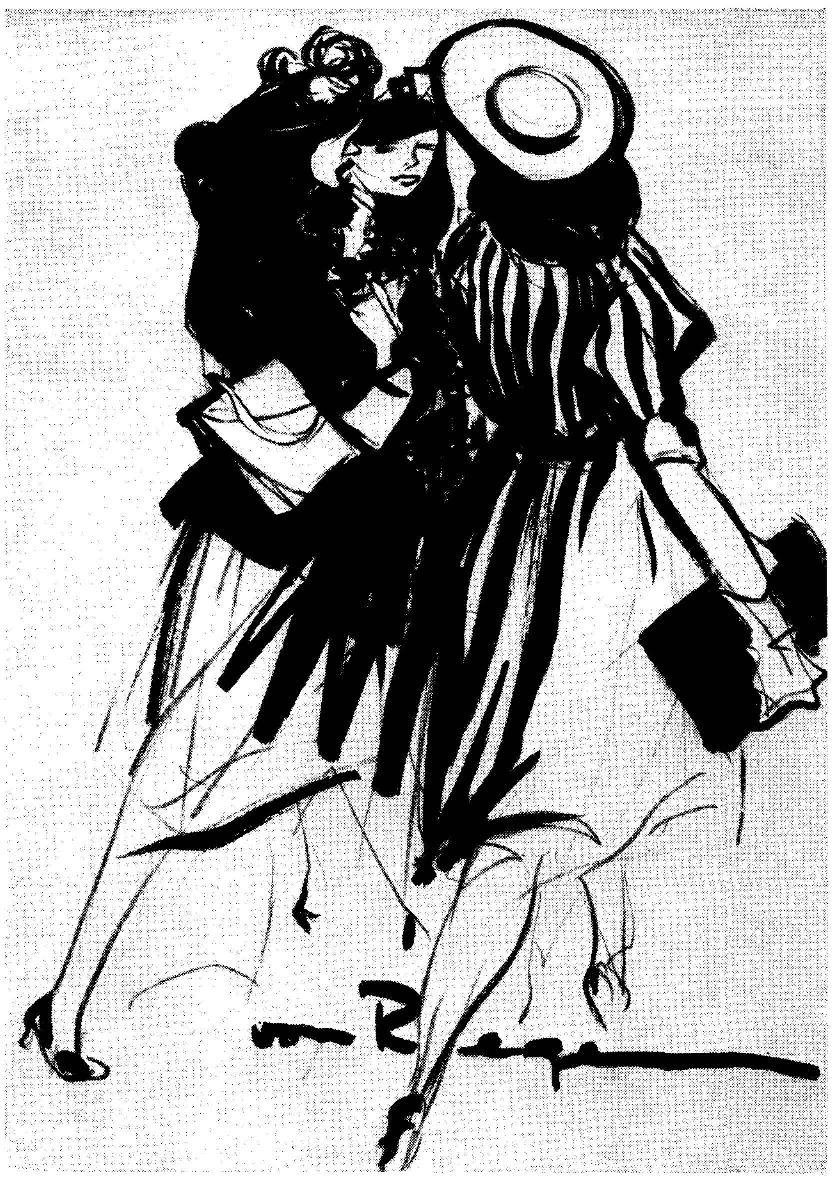
"You're a woman in a thousand."

"Oh, I shall enjoy it—apart from the money, and that's not to be sneezed at in these days. Half my selfish brutes of women never pay their bills. But as I say, I shall enjoy it." She shot a quick professional glance at Megan standing a little way off. "She's got a lovely figure."

"You must have X-ray eyes," I said. "She looks completely shapeless to me."

Mary Grey laughed.

"It's these schools," she said, "they seem to take a pride in turning out girls who preen themselves on looking like nothing else on earth. They call it being sweet and unsophisticated. Sometimes it takes a whole season before a girl can pull herself together and look human. Don't worry, leave it all to me."



"He's a gentleman, all right. He hires a taxi just to take you home in"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Right," I said. "I'll come back and fetch her about six."

MARCUS KENT was pleased with me. He told me that I surpassed his wildest expectations.

"You must have the constitution of an elephant," he said, "to make a comeback like this. Oh, well, wonderful what country air and no late hours or excitement will do for a man if he can only stick it."

"I grant you your first two," I said. "But don't think that the country is free from excitement. We've had a good deal in my part."

"What sort of excitement?"

"Murder," I said.

Marcus Kent pursed up his mouth and whistled. "Some bucolic love tragedy? Farm lad kills his lass?"

"Not at all. A crafty, determined lunatic killer."

"I haven't read anything about it. When did they lay him by the heels?"

"They haven't, and it's a she!"

"Whew! I'm not sure that Lymstock's quite the right place for you, old boy."

I said firmly, "Yes, it is. And you're not going to get me out of it."

Marcus Kent has a romantic mind. He said, "So that's it! Found a blonde?"

"Not at all," I said, with a guilty thought of Elsie Holland. "It's merely that the psychology of crime interests me a good deal."

"Oh, all right. It certainly hasn't done you any harm so far, but just make sure that your lunatic killer doesn't obliterate *you*."

"No fear of that," I said.

"What about dining with me this evening? You can tell me all about your revolting murder."

"Sorry. I'm booked."

"Date with a lady—eh? Yes, you're definitely on the mend."

"I suppose you could call it that," I said, rather tickled at the idea of Megan in the role.

I was at Mirotin's at six o'clock when the establishment was officially closing. Mary Grey came to meet me at the top of the stairs outside the showroom. She had a finger to her lips.

"You're going to have a shock! If I say it myself, I've put in a good bit of work."

I WENT on into the big showroom. Megan was standing looking at herself in a long mirror. I give you my word I hardly recognized her! For the minute it took my breath away. Tall and slim as a willow with delicate ankles and feet shown off by sheer silk stockings and well-cut shoes. Yes, lovely feet and hands, small bones—quality and distinction in every line of her. Her hair had been trimmed and shaped to her head and it was glowing like a glossy chestnut. They'd had the sense to leave her face alone. She was not made up, or if she was it was so slight and delicate that it did not show. Her mouth needed no lipstick.

Moreover there was about her something that I had never seen before, a new innocent pride in the arch of her neck. She looked at me gravely with a small, shy smile.

"I do look—rather nice, don't I?" said Megan.

"Nice?" I said. "Nice isn't the word! Come on out to dinner and if every second man doesn't turn around to look at you I'll be surprised. You'll knock all the other girls into a cocked hat."

Megan was not beautiful, but she was unusual and striking looking. She had personality. She walked into the restaurant ahead of me and as the headwaiter hurried toward us, I felt the thrill of idiotic pride that a man feels when he has got something out of the ordinary with him.

We had cocktails first and lingered over them. Then we dined. And later we danced. Megan was keen to dance and I didn't want to disappoint her, but for some reason or other I hadn't thought she would dance well. But she did. She was light as a feather.

"Gosh!" I said. "You can dance!"

She seemed a little surprised.

"Well, of course I can. We had dancing class every week at school."

"It takes more than dancing class to make a dancer," I said.

We went back to our table.

"Isn't this food lovely?" said Megan. "And everything!"

She heaved a delighted sigh.

"Exactly my sentiments," I said.

IT WAS a delirious evening. I was still mad. Megan brought me down to earth when she said doubtfully, "Oughtn't we to be going home?"

My jaw dropped. Yes, definitely I was mad. I had forgotten everything! I was in a world divorced from reality, existing in it with the creature I had created.

"Good Lord!" I said.

I realized that the last train had gone.

"Stay there," I said. "I'm going to telephone."

I rang up the Llewellyn Hire people and ordered their biggest and fastest car to come around as soon as possible.

I came back to Megan.

"The last train has gone," I said. "So we're going home by car."

"Are we? What fun!"

What a nice child she was, I thought. So pleased with everything, so unquestioning, accepting all my suggestions without fuss or bother.

The car came, and it was large and fast, but all the same it was very very late when we came into Lymstock.

Suddenly conscience-stricken, I said, "They'll have been sending out search parties for you!"

But Megan seemed in an equable mood. "Oh, I don't think so," she said vaguely. "I often go out and don't come home for lunch."

"Yes, my dear child, but you've been out for tea and dinner too."

However, Megan's lucky star was in the ascendant. The house was dark and silent. On Megan's advice, we went around to the back and threw stones at Rose's window.

In due course Rose looked out and with many suppressed exclamations and palpitations came down to let us in.

"Well now, and I saying you were asleep in your bed. The master and Miss Holland—" (slight sniff after Miss Holland's name)—"had early supper and went for a drive. I said I'd keep an eye to the boys. I thought I heard you come in when I was up in the nursery trying to quiet Colin, who was playing up, but you weren't about when I came down so I thought you'd gone up to bed. And that's what I said when the master came in and asked for you."

I cut short the conversation by remarking that that was where Megan had better go now.

"Good night," said Megan, "and thank you *awfully*. It's been the loveliest day I've ever had."

I drove home slightly lightheaded still, and tipped the chauffeur handsomely, offering him a bed if he liked. But he preferred to drive back through the night.

The hall door had opened during our colloquy and as he drove away it was flung wide open and Joanna said, "So it's you at last, is it?"

"Were you worried about me?" I asked, coming in and shutting the door.

Joanna went into the drawing room and I followed her. There was a coffeepot on the trivet and Joanna made herself coffee while I helped myself to a whisky and soda.

"Worried about you? No, of course not. I thought you'd decided to stay in town and have a binge."

"I've had a binge—of a kind."

I grinned and then began to laugh.

Joanna asked what I was laughing at and I told her.

"But Jerry, you must have been mad—quite mad!"

"I suppose I was."

"But, my dear boy, you can't do things like that—not in a place like this. It will be all around Lymstock tomorrow."

"I suppose it will. But, after all, Megan's only a child."

"She isn't. She's twenty. You can't take a girl of twenty to London and buy her clothes without a most frightful scandal. Good gracious, Jerry, you'll probably have to marry the girl."

Joanna was half serious, half laughing.

It was at that moment that I made a very important discovery.

"Hang it all," I said. "I don't mind if I do. In fact—I should like it!"

A very funny expression came over Joanna's face. She got up and said dryly, as she went toward the door, "Yes, I've known that for some time . . ."

She left me standing, glass in hand, aghast at my new discovery.

I DON'T know what the usual reactions are of a man who goes to propose marriage.

In fiction his throat is dry and his collar feels too tight and he is in a pitiable state of nervousness.

I didn't feel at all like that. Having thought of a good idea I just wanted to get it all settled as soon as possible. I didn't see any particular need for embarrassment.

I went along to the Symmingtons' house about eleven o'clock. I rang the bell and when Rose came, I asked for Miss Megan.

It was the knowing look that Rose gave me that first made me feel slightly shy.

She put me in the little morning room and while waiting there I hoped uneasily that they hadn't been upsetting Megan.

When the door opened and I wheeled around, I was instantly relieved. Megan was not looking shy or upset at all. Her head was still like a glossy chestnut, and she wore that air of pride and self-respect that she had acquired yesterday. She was in her old clothes again but she had managed to make them look different. It's wonderful what knowledge of her own attractiveness will do for a girl. Megan, I realized suddenly, had grown up.

I suppose I must really have been rather nervous, otherwise I should not have opened the conversation by saying affectionately: "Hullo, catfish!" It was hardly, in the circumstances, a loverlike greeting.

It seemed to suit Megan. She grinned and said, "Hullo!"

"Look here," I said. "You didn't get into a row about yesterday, I hope?"

Megan said with assurance, "Oh, *no*," and then blinked, and said vaguely, "Yes, I believe I did. I mean, they said a lot of things and seemed to think it had been very odd—but then you know what people are and what fusses they make all about nothing."

I was relieved to see that shocked disapproval had slipped off Megan like water off a duck's back.

"I came around this morning," I said, "because I've a suggestion to make. You see I like you a lot, and I think you like me—"

"Frightfully," said Megan with rather disquieting enthusiasm.

"And we get on awfully well together, so I think it would be a good idea if we got married."

"Oh," said Megan.

SHE looked surprised. Just that. Not startled. Not shocked. Just mildly surprised.

"You mean you really want to marry me?" she asked with the air of one getting a thing perfectly clear.

"More than anything in the world," I said—and I meant it.

"You mean, you're in love with me?"

"I'm in love with you."

Her eyes were steady and grave. She said, "I think you're the nicest person in the world—but I'm not in love with you."

"You might at least pretend it's a gorgeous day, if only to deceive the enemy"

GARDNER REA

"I'll make you love me."

"That wouldn't do. I don't want to be *made*." She paused and then said gravely, "I'm not the sort of wife for you. I'm better at hating than at loving."

She said it with a queer intensity.

I said, "Hate doesn't last. Love does."

"Is that true?"

"It's what I believe."

Again there was a silence. Then I said, "So it's 'no,' is it?"

"Yes, it's 'no.'"

"And you don't encourage me to hope?"

"What would be the good of that?"

"None whatever," I agreed. "Quite redundant in fact—because I'm going to hope whether you tell me to or not."

Well, that was that.

I walked away from the house feeling slightly dazed but irritatingly conscious of Rose's passionately interested gaze following me.

Rose had had a good deal to say before I could escape.

That she'd never felt the same since that awful day! That she wouldn't have stayed except for the children and being sorry for poor Mr. Symmington. That she wasn't going to stay unless they got another maid quick—and they wouldn't be likely to do that when there had been a murder in the house! That it was all very well for that Miss Holland to say she'd do the housework in the meantime.

Very sweet and obliging she was—oh, yes, but it was mistress of the house that she was fancying herself going to be one fine day! Mr. Symmington, poor man, never saw anything—but one knew what a widower was, a poor helpless creature made to be the prey of a designing woman. And that it wouldn't be for want of trying if Miss Holland didn't step into the dead mistress' shoes!

I assented mechanically to everything, yearning to get away and unable to do so because Rose was holding firmly on to my hat while she indulged in her flood of spite.

I wondered if there was any truth in what she said. Had Elsie Holland envisaged the possibility of becoming the second Mrs. Symmington? Or was she just a decent kindhearted girl doing her best to look after a bereaved household?

The result would quite likely be the same in either case. And why not? Symmington's young children needed a mother—Elsie was a decent soul—besides being quite indecently beautiful—a point which a man might appreciate—even such a stuffed fish as Symmington!

I thought all this, I know, because I was trying to put off thinking about Megan.

YOU may say that I had gone to ask Megan to marry me in an absurdly complacent frame of mind and that I deserved what I got—but it was not really like that. It was because I felt so assured, so certain, that Megan belonged to me—that she was my business, that to look after her and make her happy and keep her from harm was the only natural right way of life for me, that I had expected her to feel, too—that she and I—belonged to each other.

But I was not giving up. Oh, no! Megan was my woman and I was going to have her.

After a moment's thought, I went to Symmington's office. Megan might pay no attention to strictures on her conduct, but I would like to get things straight.

Mr. Symmington was disengaged, I was told, and I was shown into the room.

By a pinching of the lips, and an additional stiffness of manner, I gathered that I was not exactly popular at the moment.

"Good morning," I said. "I'm afraid this isn't a professional call, but a personal one. I'll put it plainly. I dare say you'll have realized that I'm in love with Megan. I've asked her to marry me and she has refused. But I'm not taking that as final."

I saw Symmington's expression change, and I read his mind with ludicrous ease. Megan was a disharmonious element in his house. He was, I felt sure, a just and kindly man, and he would never have dreamed of not providing a home for his dead wife's daughter. But her marriage to me would certainly be a relief. The frozen halibut thawed. He gave me a pale, cautious smile.

"Frankly, do you know, Burton, I had no idea of such a thing. I know you've taken a lot of notice of her, but we've always regarded her as such a child."

"She's not a child," I said shortly.

"No, no, not in years."

"She can be her age any time she's allowed to be," I said, still slightly angry. "She's not of age, I know, but she will be in a month or two. I'll let you have all the information about myself you want. I'm well off and have led quite a decent life. I'll look after her and do all I can to make her happy."

"Quite—quite. Still, it's up to Megan herself."

"She'll come round in time," I said. "But I just thought I'd like to get straight with you about it."

He said he appreciated that, and we parted amicably.

I RAN into Miss Emily Barton outside. She had a shopping basket on her arm.

"Good morning, Mr. Burton. I hear you went to London yesterday."

Yes, she had heard all right. Her eyes were, I thought, kindly, but full of curiosity, too.

"I went to see my doctor," I said.

Miss Emily smiled.

That smile made little of Marcus Kent. She murmured, "I hear Megan nearly missed the train. She jumped in when it was going."

"Helped by me," I said. "I hauled her in."

"How lucky you were there. Otherwise there might have been an accident."

It is extraordinary how much of a fool one gentle, inquisitive, old maiden lady can make a man feel!

I was saved further suffering by the onslaught of Mrs. Dane Calthrop. She had her own tame elderly maiden lady in tow, but she herself was full of direct speech.

"Good morning," she said. "I hear you've made Megan buy herself some decent clothes. Very sensible of you. It takes a man to think of something really practical like that. I've been worried about that girl for a long time. Girls with brains are so liable to turn into morons, aren't they?"

With which remarkable statement, she shot into the fish shop.

Miss Marple, left standing by me, twinkled a little and said, "Mrs. Dane Calthrop is a very remarkable woman, you know. She's nearly always right."

"It makes her rather alarming," I said.

"Sincerity has that effect," said Miss Marple.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop shot out of the

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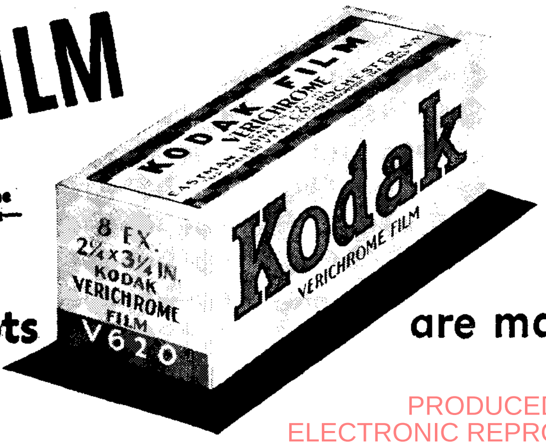

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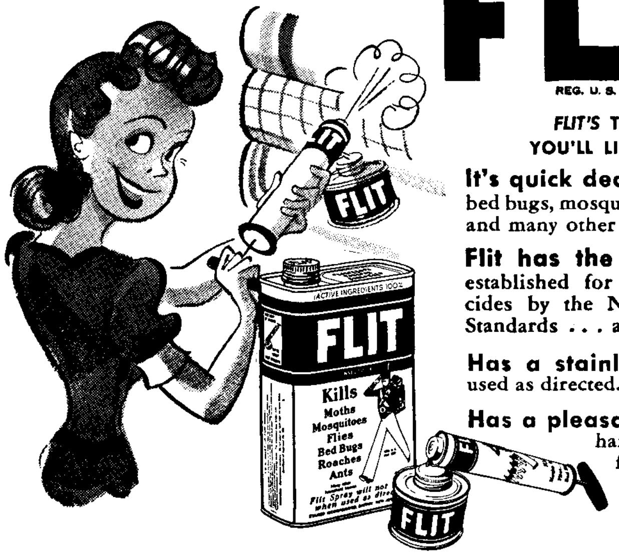

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fish shop again and rejoined us. She was holding a large red lobster.

"Have you ever seen anything so unlike Mr. Pye?" she said. "Very virile and handsome, isn't it?"

I WAS a little nervous of meeting Joanna but I found when I got home that I needn't have worried. She was out and she did not return for lunch. This aggrieved Partridge a good deal, who said sourly as she proffered two loin chops in an entrée dish:

"Miss Burton said specially as she was going to be *in.*"

I ate both chops in an attempt to atone for Joanna's lapse. All the same, I wondered where my sister was. She had taken to being very mysterious about her doings of late.

It was half past three when Joanna burst into the drawing room. I had heard a car stop outside and I half expected to see Griffith, but the car drove on and Joanna came in alone.

Her face was very red and she seemed upset. I perceived that something had happened.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Joanna opened her mouth, closed it again, sighed, plumped herself down in a chair and stared in front of her.

She said, "I've had the most awful day."

"What's happened?"

"I've done the most incredible things. It was awful—"

"But what—"

"I just started out for a walk, an ordinary walk—I went up over the hill and on to the moor. I walked miles—I felt like it. Then I dropped down into a hollow. There's a farm there—a God-forsaken lonely sort of spot. I was thirsty and I wondered if they had any milk or something. So I wandered into the farmyard and then the door opened and Owen came out."

"Yes?"

"He thought I might be the district nurse. There was a woman in there having a baby. He was expecting the nurse and he'd sent word to her to get hold of another doctor. It—things were going wrong."

"Yes?"

"So he said—to *me.* 'Come on, you'll do—better than nobody.' I said I couldn't, and he said what did I mean? I said I'd never done anything like that, that I didn't know anything—

"He asked me what the devil that mattered. And then he was *awful.* He turned on me. He said, 'You're a woman, aren't you? I suppose you can do your darnedest to help another woman?' And he went on at me—said I'd talked as though I was interested in doctoring and had said I wished I were a nurse. 'All pretty talk, I suppose! You didn't mean anything real by it, but this *is* real and you're going to behave like a decent human being and not a useless ornamental nitwit!'

"I've done the most incredible things, Jerry. Held instruments and boiled them and handed things. I'm so tired I can hardly stand up. It was dreadful. But he saved her—and the baby. It was born alive. He didn't think at one time that he could save it. Oh, dear!"

Joanna covered her face with her hands.

I contemplated her with a certain amount of pleasure and mentally took my hat off to Owen Griffith. He'd brought Joanna slap up against reality for once.

I said, "There's a letter for you in the hall. From Paul, I think."

"Eh?" She paused for a minute and then said, "I'd no idea, Jerry, what doctors had to *do.* The nerve they've got to have!"

I went out into the hall and brought Joanna her letter. She opened it, glanced vaguely at its contents, and let it drop.

"He was—really—rather wonderful. The way he fought—the way he wouldn't be beaten! He was rude and horrible to *me*—but he *was* wonderful."

I observed Paul's disregarded letter with some pleasure. Plainly, Joanna was cured of Paul.

THINGS never come when they are expected.

I was full of Joanna's and my personal affairs and was quite taken aback the next morning when Nash's voice said over the telephone:

"*We've got her,* Mr. Burton!"

I was so startled I nearly dropped the receiver.

"You mean the—"

He interrupted: "Can you be overheard where you are?"

"No, I don't think so—well, perhaps—"

It seemed to me that the baize door to the kitchen had swung open a trifle.

"Perhaps you'd care to come down to the station?"

"I will. Right away."

I was at the police station in next to no time. In an inner room Nash and Sergeant Parkins were together. Nash was wreathed in smiles.

"It's been a long chase," he said. "But we're there at last."

He flicked a letter across the table. This time it was all typewritten. It was, of its kind, fairly mild:

"*It's no use thinking you're going to step into a dead woman's shoes. The whole town is laughing at you. Get out now. Soon it will be too late. This is a warning. Remember what happened to that other girl. Get out and stay out.*"

It finished with some mildly obscene language.

"That reached Miss Holland this morning," said Nash.

"Thought it was funny she hadn't had one before," said Sergeant Parkins.

"Who wrote it?" I asked.

Some of the exultation faded out of Nash's face.

He looked tired and concerned. He said soberly:

"I'm sorry about it, because it will hit a decent man hard, but there it is. Perhaps he's had his suspicions already."

"Who wrote it?" I reiterated.

"Miss Aimée Griffith."

NASH and Parkins went to the Griffiths' house that afternoon with a warrant.

By Nash's invitation I went with them.

"The doctor," he said, "is very fond of you. He hasn't many friends in this place. I think if it is not too painful to you, Mr. Burton, that you might help him to bear up under the shock."

I said I would come. I didn't relish the job, but I thought I might be some good.

We rang the bell and asked for Miss Griffith and we were shown into the drawing room. Elsie Holland, Megan and Symmington were there having tea.

Nash behaved very circumspectly.

He asked Aimée if he might have a few words with her privately.

She got up and came toward us. I thought I saw just a faint hunted look in her eye. If so, it went again. She was perfectly normal and hearty.

"Want me? Not in trouble over my car lights again, I hope?"

She led the way out of the drawing room and across the hall into a small study.

As I closed the drawing-room door, I saw Symmington's head jerk up sharply. I supposed his legal training had brought him in contact with police cases, and he had recognized something in Nash's manner. He half rose.

That is all I saw before I shut the door and followed the others.

Nash was saying his piece. He was very quiet and correct. He cautioned her and then told her that he must ask her to accompany him. He had a warrant for her arrest and he read out the charge.

I forget now the exact legal term. It was the letters, not murder yet.

Aimée Griffith flung up her head and bayed with laughter. She boomed out: "What ridiculous nonsense! As though I'd write a packet of indecent stuff like that. You must be mad! I've never written a word of the kind."

Nash had produced the letter to Elsie Holland. He said, "Do you deny having written this, Miss Griffith?"

If she hesitated it was only for a split second.

"Of course I do. I've never seen it before."

Nash said quietly:

"I must tell you, Miss Griffith, that you were observed to type that letter on the machine at the Women's Institute between eleven and eleven-thirty P.M. on the night before last. Yesterday you entered the post office with a bunch of letters in your hand—"

"I never posted this."

"No, *you* did not. While waiting for stamps, you dropped it inconspicuously on the floor, so that somebody should come along unsuspectingly and pick it up and post it."

"I never—"

The door opened and Symmington came in. He said sharply, "What's going on? Aimée, if there is anything wrong, you ought to be legally represented. If you wish me—"

She broke then. Covered her face with her hands and staggered to a chair. She said, "Go away, Dick, go away. Not you! Not *you!*"

"You need a solicitor, my dear girl."

"Not you. I—I—couldn't bear it. I don't want you to know—all this."

He understood then, perhaps. He said quietly, "I'll get hold of Mildmay, of Exhampton. Will that do?"

She nodded. She was sobbing now.

Symmington went out of the room. In the doorway he collided with Owen Griffith.

"What's this?" said Owen violently. "My sister—"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Griffith. Very sorry. But we have no alternative."

"You think she—was responsible for those letters?"

"I'm afraid there is no doubt of it, sir," said Nash. He turned to Aimée: "You must come with us now, please, Miss Griffith—you shall have every facility for seeing a solicitor, you know."

Owen cried, "Aimée!"

She brushed past him without looking at him.

She said, "Don't talk to me. Don't say anything. And for heaven's sake don't *look* at me!"

THEY went out. Owen stood like a man in a dream.

I waited a bit, then I came up to him.

"If there's anything I can do, Griffith, tell me."

He said like a man in a dream, "Aimée? I don't believe it."

"It may be a mistake," I suggested feebly.

He said slowly, "She wouldn't take it like that if it were. But I would never have believed it. I *can't* believe it."

He sank down on a chair. I made myself useful by finding a stiff drink and bringing it to him. He swallowed it down and it seemed to do him good.

He said, "I couldn't take it in at first. I'm all right now. Thanks, Burton, but there's nothing you can do. Nothing *anyone* can do."

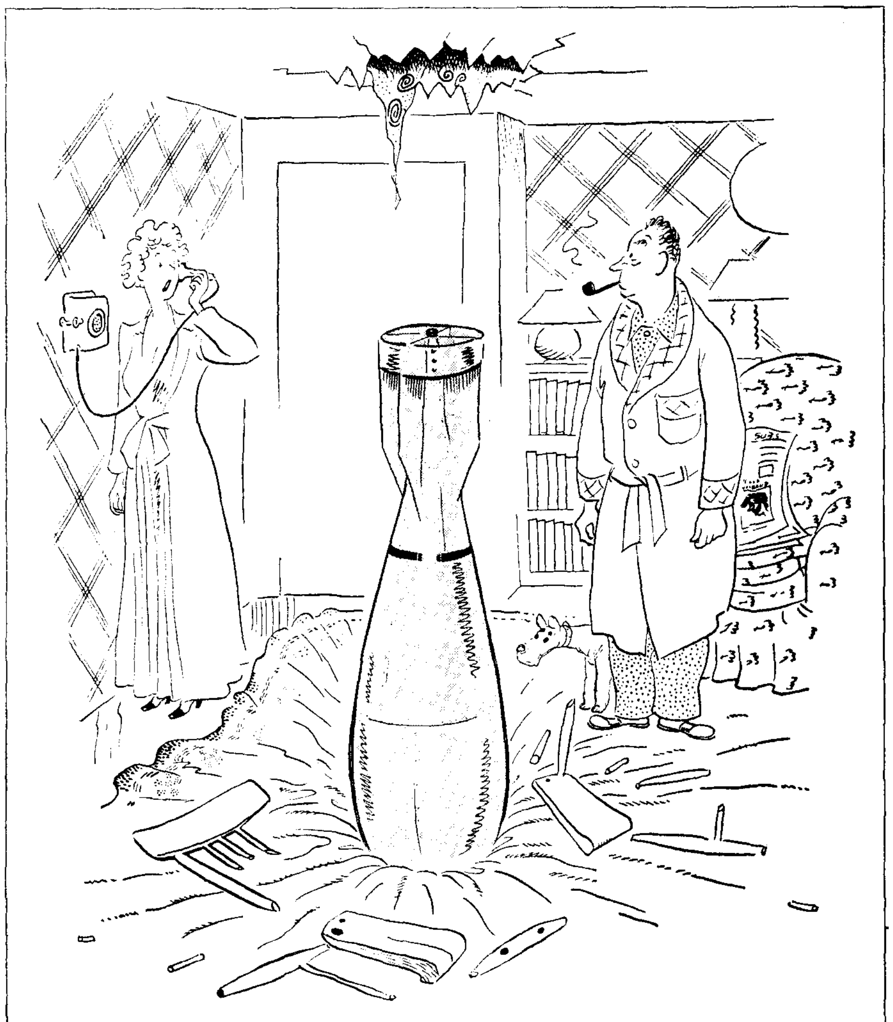
The door opened and Joanna came in. She was very white.

She came over to Owen and looked at me.

She said, "Get out, Jerry. This is my business."

As I went out of the door, I saw her kneel down by his chair.

(*To be concluded next week*)



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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 23

and a load of stationery. "The candy, cookies and so on—yes," says Hutchins, "because it's divvied up with the boys in my company. But the letters—no. I get plenty of them from my wife."

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Blow Out the Rising Sun is the battle cry of the Fellows of the Bellows, an organization that could—and should—be installed everywhere War Stamps are sold. When a Fellow of the Bellows buys a 25-cent stamp he becomes a Puff. He qualifies as a Breeze with $25 worth, a Gale at $50, a Storm at $75 and a Hurricane with $100. Official scorekeeper for the outfit is Lt. Comdr. Richard H. Briner, of the Accessories Division of Assembly and Repairs, where the idea originated.

BY THE time personnel officers at this Station had finished questioning Seaman Walter E. Svoboda about his past they were willing to call it a day. As a Russian parachute trooper Svoboda made three jumps behind the Finnish lines during the Russo-Finnish war and seven behind the Polish lines when Germany and Russia overran that country. Besides that, he's a graduate of a Russian school for guerrillas and snipers. But right now he's training to be an Aviation Machinist Mate at Jacksonville. Here is how come:

Svoboda's father, of Czech descent but a native of that part of Russia which became Poland after the last war, emigrated to this country a long time back and settled in Detroit to become an engineer. With other American engineers he went to Russia in 1929 under a five-year contract from the Russian government, and son Walter, at the age of twelve, joined him in 1932. Walter went through high school but couldn't get into college because he wasn't a citizen. Meantime his father's contract expired but the government wouldn't allow the family to leave Russia. So—with nothing else to do, Walter learned parachuting and sniping, a knowledge the Russian government was glad to make use of even though Svoboda wasn't a citizen. When Poland disappeared Walter was discharged from the army and in March, 1941, the family returned to America by way of Siberia and Japan. After eight years in Russia Seaman Svoboda speaks Russian and Ukrainian and understands Polish and Czech, all of which has been duly noted in his dossier for possible future reference.

NAVAL SUPPLY DEPOT, Seattle, Wash. Last fall, when Lt. Knox Woodruff went on duty at this base on the world's longest pier, which the Navy had just bought from the city, the on-the-scene staff consisted of the lieutenant, a storekeeper and two civilian workers. Somebody asked Lt. Woodruff how much more help he'd need. "Not more than two men," he guessed. Today the site is the Navy's fifth huggest supply depot, with Naval personnel, Marines and civilian help numbering hundreds (it takes more than 100 Marines alone to patrol the place).

Lt. Woodruff, who admits he's one of the 130,000,000 Americans who didn't know last November that Pearl Harbor was just around the corner, is the unofficial historian of the depot; he has a complete log of the depot's progress, and the comings and goings of ships. Amidst a bunch of statistical detail there's one entry for a patrol craft: "Detected peculiar odor. Investigated same. Found the tide was out."

Unfortunately for secrecy, a big overhead bridge connecting one of the fashionable residential districts with downtown Seattle bisects the depot area. The Navy at first planned to close the bridge, then changed its mind after briefly considering the quandary into which it would put thousands of peninsular residents. The bridge itself is so situated that it should offer a swell view of the city's skyline, but because of some designer's quirk that has made Sunday drivers grouse for years, passing motorists can't see over the rails. This ill wind blew good for the Navy, though; people in cars can't see most of the Navy's secret activities down on the pier.

Depot supply officers are proudest, perhaps, of a junk pile comprising stuff stripped from boats converted in Puget Sound shipyards to Navy use. Every time a Naval vessel puts in at the pier, the supply boys invite the crew to help themselves. An engineer finds a tube he needs for an engine-room repair; somebody else grabs some cable, or whatnot. The pile is about gone now, and the supplymen are boasting they haven't wasted a thing.

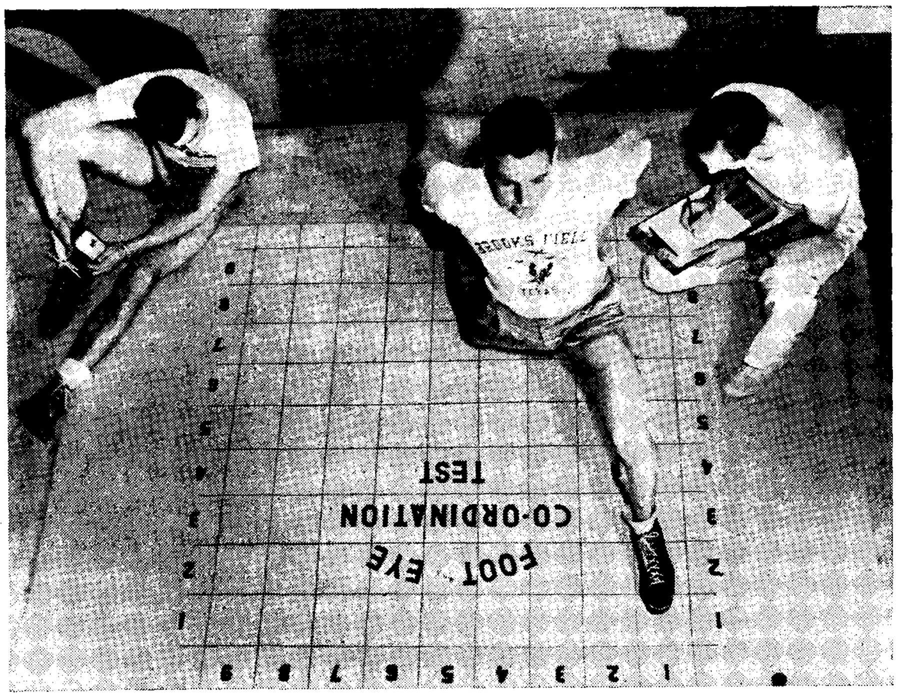
FORT LAWTON, Seattle. The rules prohibit posting any advertising in mess halls, but one cigarette company puts out such a snappy electric clock (with the brand name neatly lettered on the face) that one outfit here hung it up anyway. To be nonpartisan about the business the mess sergeant draped a large sign underneath the clock. The sign: NO SMOKING.

FORT McPHERSON, Ga. Sgt. Harry J. Lassiter, who sorts the mail for this Reception Center's P. O., offers two examples of how not to address soldiers' mail. The first he calls the understatement address: Leon Lafell, Cavalry (I think), Camp Something, Atlanta, Ga. The other extreme is even more of a headache to post office clerks: The Very Private Robert L. Turnstall "Tod" Bober, French-Hornist De Luxe, 1st Chair, Horn Section, Company B, Receiving Battalion, Special Duty, Reception Center Band, Inc., Care Privates Sidney Ware and James Halford Williams, Reception Center, Fort McPherson, Ga., U. S. A. Both letters were delivered in spite of everything.

QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, Atlanta. Civilian sacrifice of rubber is helping the armed forces, but the armed forces are playing ball, too. Fourth Corps Area Quartermaster Col. James R. Alfonte, for instance, is doing all he can to conserve the supply. Ten civilian inspectors now examine every tire coming off every Army vehicle and those once sold as junk are now repaired. Fourth Corps Area's monthly recapping job comes to an average of 10,000 tires.

ON AN even larger scale is the rubber-saving program of the quartermaster general. By changing the specifications for tires and tubes produced over a period of nine months, some 70,000,000 pounds of crude rubber have been made available for other purposes. This is enough to fill all the rubber requirements for 175,000 P-40's, or more than 30,000 four-engine bombers, or more than 450 battleships, or more than 140,000 additional Army trucks. An admirable project.

FORT EUSTIS, Va. Pvt. Jerome B. D'Agostino was on his way to becoming a veterinarian when the Army got him, which is why Patsy's progeny are alive today. Patsy was only an alley cat, but she was the pet of one of the battalions here, and when she was run over and killed by a car one morning recently, Pvt. D'Agostino, who was working in a near-by mess hall and who knew something of Patsy's history, grabbed a knife and ran to the street . . . Four of the five unborn kittens were delivered alive and are now thriving. Two are black, one is gray and the other's red. Pvt. D'Agostino has been feeding them milk from an eye dropper every two hours beginning at 3 A. M. and ending at 9 P. M. and it hasn't got him down yet.



HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Army pilots don't need big muscles, but co-ordination is essential. In the test shown above, Athletic Director Joe Holmes (right), of Brooks Field, has called, "Two-one!" and the flier, without looking down, is trying to put his foot in the proper square while the man at left times him. This test helps determine the exercises necessary to forestall muscular fatigue

GENERAL

LETTER from an Army wife: "After reading, in your column for April 4th, the woes confronting Army wives, I decided to pass along some pretty pertinent thoughts which were presented to me before I married into the Army about a year ago. Remember, you have no rights in the Army; its job is to defend the country, not to see that you are comfortable. It doesn't owe you a thing, because you're not an officer; and while Rank Hath Its Privileges, it's your husband's rank, and playing on it won't do you any good. Moreover, it might do your husband a lot of harm. Army life is no bed of roses. Your only compensation is the realization that you're doing a little bit more than most women are ever asked to do in times like these."

THE guy who invented the system for marking the Army's laundry couldn't have designed the income tax forms, because any cluck can understand the laundry system. Army's laundry mark consists of the initial letter of the soldier's surname plus the last four digits of his Army Serial Number. So, the mark of Ezekiel Q. Jones, A.S.N. 8254829, is J-4829. Duplication might take place but the chances are so remote it doesn't give anybody blues in the night.

AS REPORTED here last October 25th in connection with September's Louisiana maneuvers, we were poked into the bombardier's compartment of a Douglas A-20-A, piloted by Lt. Harry L. Galusha for a foray against an Armored Division below Shreveport. The 12 bombers in the flight galloped along smoothly enough until the enemy was spotted moving down a dusty road, then things began to uncork. In order to follow the winding road at 225 miles an hour, the pilots had to put the ships through everything but loops and barrel rolls, but it wasn't until the boys began to clip leaves and pine needles from tree tops that we began to push down—but hard—on an imaginary brake pedal. When we finally staggered out of the plane's nose at Lake Charles we had a hunch a real enemy would hear from that squadron. And now it seems they have. The War Department recently announced that Capt. (he has been promoted) Harry L. Galusha was one of the first three pilots awarded the D.F.C. for work in the Philippine and Java campaigns. It was off Bali that Galusha really brought home the bacon. His squadron intercepted a force of Jap transports and naval vessels and Galusha made a direct hit on a transport with a 110-pound egg. Later he hit two Jap cruisers. Galusha was a private in the 154th Observation Squadron, Arkansas National Guard, when he enlisted in the Air Corps four years ago as a flying cadet. Oh, yes—and he's from Little Rock, which is Douglas McArthur's home town.

RECOIL

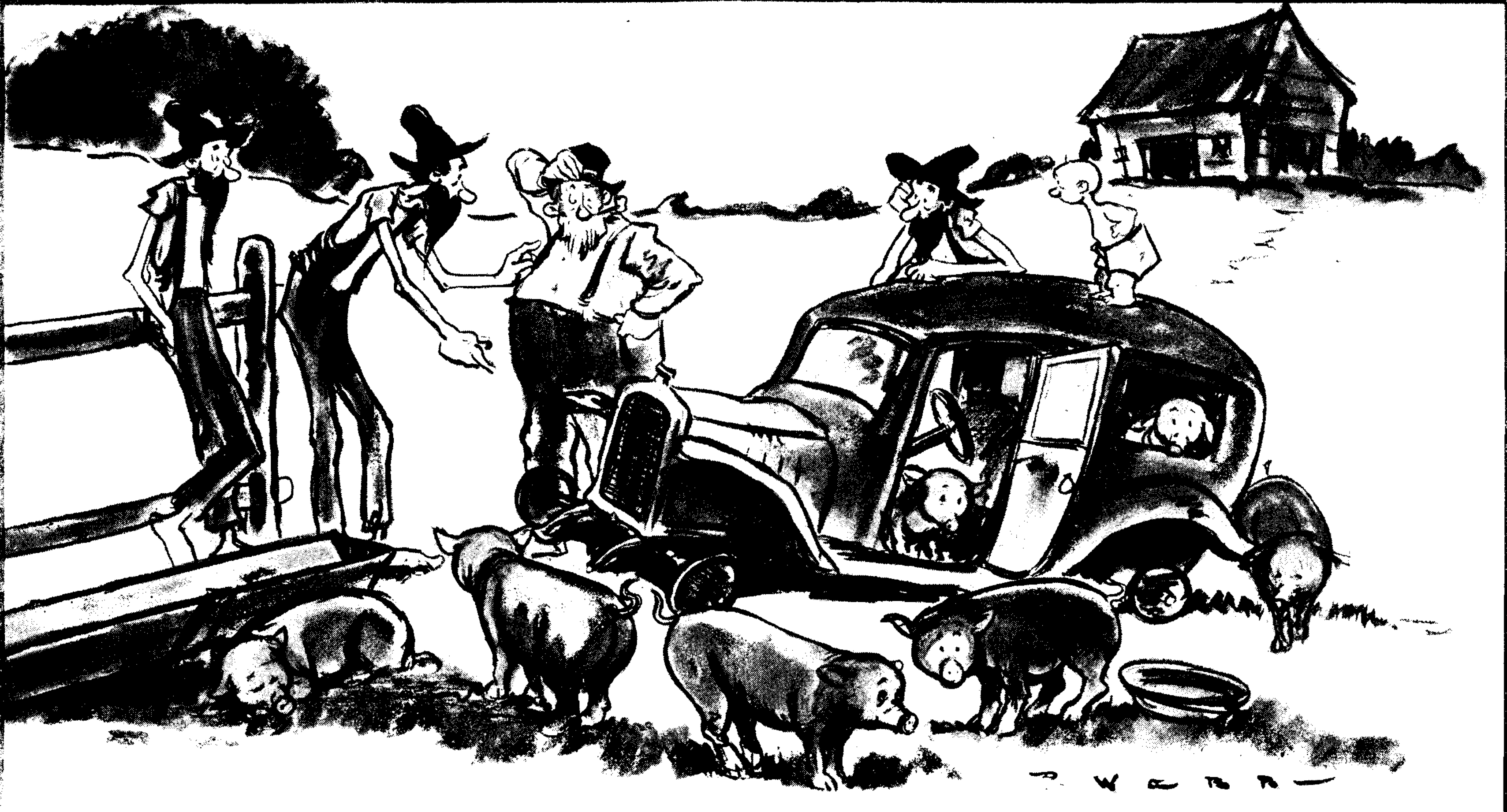
"YOUR department is the real G.I.," postcards Pvt. Vaughn Kendrick from Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., "so don't get mad, will you, if I set you straight on this? In your March 28th column you used the phrase, 'Halt, who goes there?' That, chum, is strictly Hollywood. In this man's Army it's, 'Halt, who's there?' Oke?"

OKE. No goes.

G. W.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

MOUNTAIN BOYS



"SHECKS, ONCLE TIGE--IT'S STILL TOO DERN GOOD FER THE HAWGS--- WITH SOME WHEELS ON 'ER AN' A FEW NEW AUTO-LITE PLUGS SHE'D RUN LIKE A DAISY"

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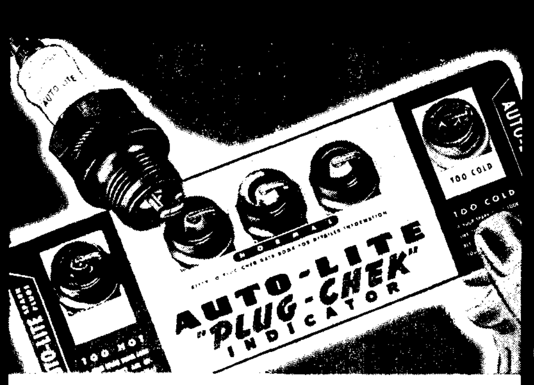
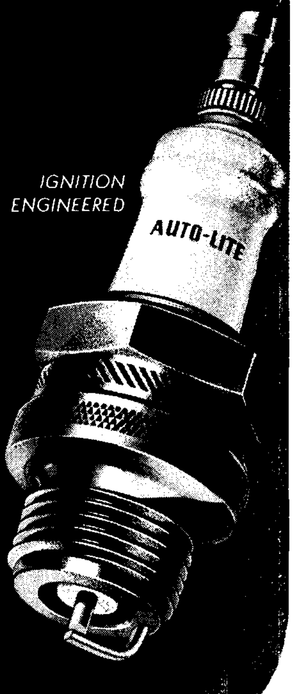


Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating "too hot," or "too cold," or just right. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.



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Bombs Away!

Continued from page 19

are defenseless. Maybe if we can keep them submerged, afraid to show their noses, afraid to come up for air, they'll hate this coast and clear out. Life in the pig boats must be pretty tough when you're down there hiding for hours. Some of the boys say that we've made it so hot for them that they've gone south.

This patrolling would be a good thing, vital in the country's defense, even if we didn't see a submarine. It keeps them down under and makes life tough for them. It's a good thing for the Army and the Navy to know what goes on out here, too.

Funny about dolphins, how much like a submarine they look. One of the English patrols hit a sperm whale. They certainly got their oil slick.

The radio operator sits and listens. The ship has three receiving outfits. One is always keyed to 500 kilocycles, the international distress band.

One by one, we pass ships. Some we know. With others, we find out pretty quick. And we know that everyone who identifies himself as "Friend" may not be a friend. For three days, the same ship has been in the same spot, going the same speed in the same direction. It won't ever do that again.

Wondering if the submarines really do get supplies and shore communication from some of these boats, tramps, tankers, even fishing boats.

Trouble Looks for Us

The radio operator tells us of the "lonely skies" these days. No gab. In the old days, there used to be a constant chatter. Now, just waiting, waiting for trouble.

Startled, he looks up and begins his ticking. Over his earphones, the pilot is getting the same message. A tanker has gone down—look for survivors—position—Mac gives orders over the interphone to acknowledge the instructions—"Pilot to Radio," "Radio to Pilot, go ahead," then, "Send departure from routine, that's all."

The course changes only a little. Mac "piles on the coal" as we head for trouble. No one has to move. We've been ready and waiting all along as we swept back and forth over the sea wastes. The navigator passes a slip to the pilot. It can't be far.

Over the interphone comes the bombardier's flash, "Raft three miles ahead . . . a little to the right" . . . In a minute we're over it, a couple of pairs of drums lashed to a platform. No sign of life. There's a pear-shaped oil slick and a few little pieces of debris. We bank sharply and come back. Again we circle and climb a bit, then a wider circle. A Navy blimp is coming up off in the distance.

"Periscope straight ahead!"

"We're on it!"

"Open bomb bay!"

The retractable landing gear is lowered to cut our speed. The entire crew is rigid, expectant.

"Arm bombs!" into the phone.

"Bombs away!"

No. 1 egg hits the water, not really very close. Everyone knows that as the ship, flying over the explosion, bumps. The plane seems to have gone out of control as the altimeter flutters wildly and the compass spins dizzily. But the blimp has arrived with her nose down, hot on the scent and, to mark the target for our return she drops a yellow "bubble ball" practically on the sub's nose as the periscope and its sea-green belly crash-dive in a burst of sea foam. Now we return in an unhurried and sure approach like Joe Louis moving in.

Again, "Bombs away." Another bank, short and quick—the blimp goes down, drops her marker—and again, "Bombs away."

We can see an oil slick and a bubble come up—from a sick sea wolf, we hope.

Once more, and we give it the depth bomb. A smothered kind of roar and the water lifts up, not like one of those geysers you see in the movies, but just a heavy, tired gurgle. It must have hit the yellow ball, for it isn't there any more.

There are two oil slicks now, and plenty of bubbles. The big slick takes the shape of a sea horse.

Curious, not a word was spoken beyond the bomb-discharge commands. Mac says, "Maybe it was and maybe it wasn't, but if it was, it ain't." Texas talk.

At five hundred feet or so, we begin wide sweeping circles. All of us, six pairs of eyes, light on a boat and a raft at the same time. The raft is the same kind that we saw a few minutes ago, the same platform roped to oil drums. Three cold-looking men are huddled in a bunch. They not only look cold—they look wet. In the boat there are perhaps fifteen. Unlike the men on the raft, who made no move as we swept down, the men in the boat wave, and even though we can't hear them, we can see their lips move in a yell.

As we circle, our report to shore goes out. Position. Survivors. Details.

We come down over the water so low that the altimeter indicates that we are under water. That's because it has zero set at the airport level, which is ninety feet. When you fly that low, you realize how fast you're going—too fast to see much.

We get a quick glimpse of those tired faces below us that have just gone through the gamble of these wartime seas, the gamble every one of them has to take. Those boys have had a bad shake, but have recovered.

We circle for a while in the early twilight haze. Help is on the way from the Coast Guard, we know.

The men of our bomber look at one another in a kind of a satisfied way, a way that vaguely suggests gratitude and affection. "Just right, kid," they seem to say, but don't say it. That's a mighty good thing, when a gang of men are proud of one another's work, and think they're good.

After a while, we drop a smoke flare, and then a slow-burning one. We pull away for a few miles. Bob thinks it can be seen for four or five miles. Again, the empty raft. Wondering. The stories of the men who don't get rescued must be more terrible. Who could the poor guys be? Did they expect it and were they ready? They must have been.

Another flare; this one seems brighter, but only because it has become darker.

Buzz yells up, "Destroyer off to the right, sir."

Sure enough, it is, coming a-helling.

Another Routine Flight Ends

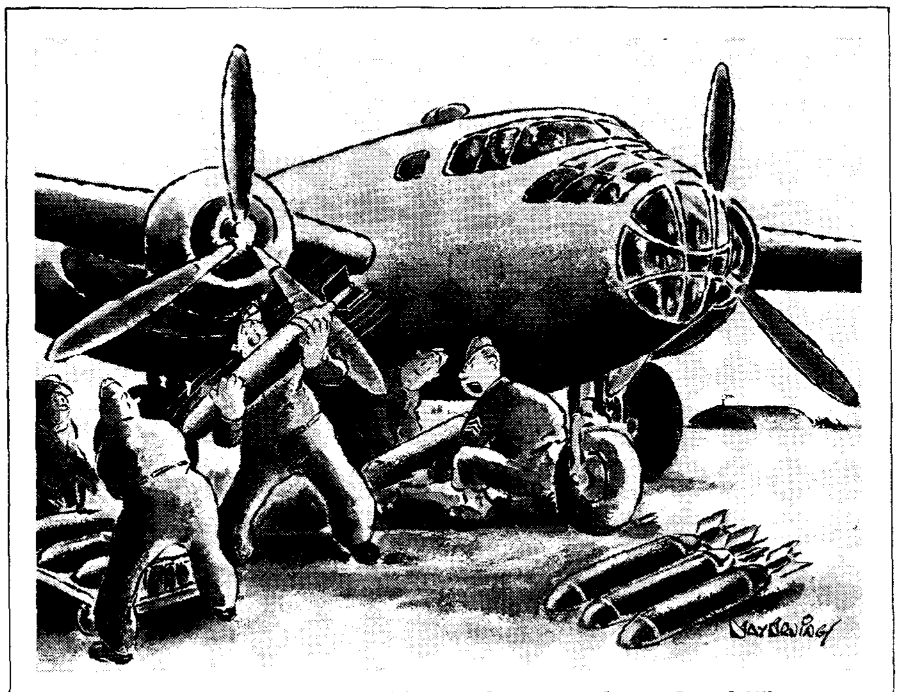
We drop five flares all in a bunch, put on our running lights and circle the trim little Coast Guard craft. She's running without lights. We radio a greeting and give her and the poor freezing men in the boat and the raft a goodby salute and head for the shore.

A black outline appears to break up the murky pattern of the water. We sweep down on it. A tanker, which quickly lights up the flag of Panama painted on its side. Rafts are fastened diagonally over its rails, probably so that they can be released by a wink. Good luck, fellows. Hope you make it. Can they feel a handclasp out over that cold night with death hiding in the darkness of the water?

Carefully, we come back home. Number 3 runway. The navigator sits back. Buzz comes back from his perch in the nose. The copilot gets down the check list for landing. Mac circles her into the field traffic. 300 feet—Altimeter, "set to field pressure." 200 feet—Landing gear, "down and latched." The needle drops to 170, heading into the runway now—Nose Wheel Lock, "unlocked." 120 feet. Brake Pressure, "1,000 lbs." The ground races up threateningly, 100 feet, only ten feet off the runway. The copilot has his eyes on the landing gear. Mac, rigid and tense, looks straight ahead, holding her steady. Ninety feet—a bump, and nine tons of driving, whirling metal hits the earth at over a hundred miles an hour. One bump, then a strip of white satin.

Safe.

THE END



"Hey! Easy wit' those things! They cost plenty dough!!" JAY IRVING

Flying Hell

Continued from page 13

cruiser. Probably you're a bit excited—most pilots are—and you let go furiously with your wing guns, hoping to muss up the aim of the antiaircraft gunners down below.

When you have the ship right spang in the middle of your sight you press a little knob—and down go the bombs. You pull out of the dive, fold in your brakes, close the bomb doors and head for the hills, brother! As you pull out, your rear gunner lets go with the after guns, trying to spoil the aim of anyone down below still unflustered enough to throw shells at you as you leave.

When you have climbed to comparative safety you can circle around and see what happened to your target. You have heard that bombing now is so accurate that a bomber can drop a buster into a barrel from 40,000 feet—which is purely baloney. If a bomb hits within a reasonable distance of its target, that's pretty good, as an average.

A Miracle is Born

The new Vengeance was born only a few months ago, in this way: The British had been looking for something to out-Stuka the Stuka, and Hugh Fenwick, vice-president of Vultee, went into a huddle with British experts. He was a flier and reserve officer himself, had flown over European battlefields and knew about what was needed. Fenwick then got together with Dick Palmer, Vultee's crack engineer, and they sketched out a plane.

Then the boys in the secret-design room went to work and soon produced plans for a bomber that would outfly, outdive and outbomb anything in the sky. Some of these ships already are at work in Europe. Scores are coming off the production lines of Vultee and Northrop for our own forces.

It used to take more than two years to get a plane into production. If a factory got an experimental model out in eleven months it patted itself on the back. After that there were two months of testing and eight weeks or so of demonstrating for the customers—who always wanted changes. After the customer finally said okay it took nine months more to make machines to make other machines to make airplanes, to say nothing of laying out a production system. Finally, a plant got a "big order"—for maybe twenty-five planes.

Nowadays planes start coming out in quantity in nine or ten months from the time they're just a gleam in an engineer's eye. There are no trivial changes; the design is frozen, as it is in cars, and the flow of ships proceeds without a halt. If changes are made, they are made without slowing down this flow.

Before the first plane of a new model is built, maybe eight different groups of experts go to work on various parts—wing, landing gear, armament, bomb bay, engine mounts, tail assembly. Each group produces its part and then these are brought together in what is called a mock-up. This isn't a plane: It is a sort of full-size model of wood, cloth, wire and odds and ends. By the time everything has been fitted together, about three months have elapsed.

From the mock-up the first plane is built, almost by hand. Meanwhile, machines are being made and production systems laid out and subcontracts let. The engine gets tests in the tunnel. W. C. Rockefeller, an assistant professor at Caltech and an aerodynamics expert, finds out in his wind machine how the plane will act in flight.

Finally the prototype—the first ship—is ready, and Frank Davis takes it up. And takes it up. And takes it up. Small flaws appear. There's a bug here and an instrument that needs changing there. As the plane flies, it automatically radioes to men in a laboratory on the field just how its parts are standing the strain. Performance of wings and rivets and braces is recorded permanently, though the plane is miles away flying at 300 miles an hour. Pretty wonderful.

Talking about strain: It's almost impossible for a pilot to wreck a plane in the air by overtaxing its strength. When the pilot is strained to the limit by speed and changes in direction, the plane still has a 100 per cent safety factor.

Even while the prototype of the Vengeance was being tested, ships were coming off the production lines. The plane actually is manufactured by dozens of subcontractors and subsubcontractors, all over the country.

The outer wing panels and the tail, for example, are made in the Midwest, the center section in the South, and so on. All these parts are then shipped to the big plants for final assembly. The Vengeance, by the time it rolls out onto the runway for its tests, is really an all-American product.

People educated to mass production, with things rolling off assembly lines by the scores of thousands, wonder why you can't produce warplanes that way.

It is uneconomical, and may actually be slower, to set up mass production assembly lines if you are going to roll out only a few thousand units of a terrifically complicated piece of machinery, because you have to divide the cost of this line, and the time it takes to build and set up the machines, into the number of units you build. While you're waiting for weeks for a system to be set up and machines to be made and installed, you might be making planes by simpler methods.

There always will be a tremendous amount of hand labor in plane building—as there still is in car building, for that matter. Incidentally, on the Vengeance and our other warplanes, much of this hand labor is being done now by girls, whose fingers often are defter than those of men. You can see them at work on the production lines, proud of their ability to do a job exactly right in the so many seconds or minutes allotted before the line moves on. And the girl who hasn't completed her job while the part she's working on is at her station gets a nice quiet razzing from the others.

Making Good—with a Vengeance!

Reports from the British say the Vengeance is making good. Just how good is a secret—but you can judge a little from the fact that the Stuka has a range of about 500 miles, fully loaded. This is enough for the Germans, flying from French bases close to England, but not enough for the British, who must fly from England to Germany; or for us, who must perhaps fly over oceans eventually.

The Vengeance, the British report, does its job with ease and speed. It carries bigger loads of sudden death farther and faster than any Stuka in the air or on the drafting table.

It may cheer you to know, too, that plane production is a lot farther along than you think. Planes are rolling as fast or faster than pilots can be trained to fly them. The production problem is about licked. The big news now is, the Vengeance (hundreds of them) is ready to blast dictatorship from the earth.

THE END

Gangway! FRIENDS to the rescue!

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Argentina—Axis Gateway

By Frank Gervasi

COPLAN

Newsboys unwittingly aid Axis indoctrination by vigorous pushing of pro-Nazi El Pampero. They get this paper free

INTERNATIONAL

Invaluable aid to hemisphere defense would be Argentina's navy, now in effect immobilized by her dubious neutrality. Fleet includes 2 battleships, 3 cruisers and 16 destroyers

INTERNATIONAL

Radical Raul Taborda leads middle-class businessmen, bulk of opposition to Castillo's pro-Axis conservatives

EUROPEAN

Ablest journalist in South America—as well as leading Nationalist—is Enrique Osès, who edits the violently pro-Nazi El Pampero

This, the second of two articles on enemy influence in Argentina, where Nationalism plus Axis pressure and profiteers' greed add up to neutrality. The first of these articles appeared, under the same title, in Collier's for April 18th

OF THE twenty-two nations in this half of the world, only two are isolationist. One of these, Chile, may yet enter the war on the side of the Allies, or she may come part way eventually by divorcing the Axis. The other, Argentina, doesn't believe in divorce. She'll stay tied to the Axis and call it neutrality and she'll cling to that policy as long as it continues profitable and safe and otherwise expedient. That's the Argentine way.

You can lay this to the influence of Axis money and propaganda and the presence in Argentina of the most powerful fifth column in South America. You can attribute Argentina's neutrality to her blood bonds to Madrid and Rome. More than two thirds of Argentina's 13 million people are of Italo-Spanish stock.

But the real reasons for Argentina's isolationism go beyond all the obvious ones to a cause as old as Argentina herself. The policy of neutrality proclaimed by the congenitally pro-Axis government of Conservative Ramón Castillo is rooted in nationalism. Argentina hasn't a corner on this superpatriotic commodity. Nationalism flourishes in most South American countries.

In Argentina, however, you have the only country in this hemisphere where nationalism and the conditions that breed it and feed it exist simultaneously. It's the only South American country where it's almost impossible to distinguish nationalism from the politics of the party in power. Nationalists pack the cabinet, the civil service, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies and the provincial and city administrations. Nationalists dominate the army, navy and air forces.

Nowhere else on this continent is it as difficult to tell a Nationalist from a Nazi. Their opponents, the enfeebled Radicals, call them Nazinalistas instead of Nacionalistas. Not all of the Conservatives are Nationalists, but nearly all Nationalists are Conservatives, and unanimously the Nazis, Fascists and Falangists who flourish in Argentina are Nationalists. They number approximately 250,000 and represent an enormous bloc in a country where the total vote cast at a national election seldom exceeds a million and a half.

The Nationalist party line is as familiar as a speech by Adolf Hitler, an oration by Benito Mussolini or the editorials of Goebbels and Gayda. It preaches hatred of Americans and Britons. It advocates anti-Semitism and provokes persecution of Communists, and in Argentina, where social legislation is in the Middle Ages, anybody's a Communist who asks for a peso a week more than he's getting.

The Nationalists teach that democracy is decadent and that government of and for and by the people is a perished political philosophy. Plank for plank, the platform of Argentine Nationalism is identical with those of Nazi-Socialism, Italian Fascism and Spanish Falangism. It's complete down to advocacy of the Nazi-Fascist dogma of racial superiority. It's the boast of all Argentines, whether Nationalists or not, that they are the only uncontaminated race in the Western Hemisphere. The pride and arrogance of the conquistadors flow in their veins.

Axis agents have stirred in the Argentines latent appetites for empire. "Our rightful place in the sun" has become the battle cry of the Nationalists of Argentina as it was the war theme of Italian Fascism and German Naziism. Their demands range from return of the British-held Falklands to more ambitious projects. Some demand the reconquest of those portions of neighboring countries which constituted the Argentina of more than a century ago when, however, she wasn't really Argentina but a Spanish vassal.

It is this Axis-inspired campaign for empire which, at this critical moment in the life of the Western Hemisphere, is the most dangerous of the Nationalist activities to (1) peace in Latin America (2) hemisphere unity (3) defense of the New World and (4) the offensive Allied war effort. The Axis fifth column keeps it alive through newspapers like the Nazi-subsidized *El Pampero,* a daily with a circulation of about 75,000, edited by Enrique Osès, the ablest journalist in South America and a leading Nationalist. At least twenty dailies, weeklies and monthlies supplement *El Pampero's* work .

Experienced Allied military observers with whom I talked in Rio de Janeiro, Santiago and Buenos Aires drew a blueprint of possible events in South America which challenge the High Command of the United Nations, but particularly the armed forces and the State Department of the United States. They reasoned that the Axis has not overlooked the opportunities that the situation in South America offers for destroying hemisphere unity and reducing Allied war power.

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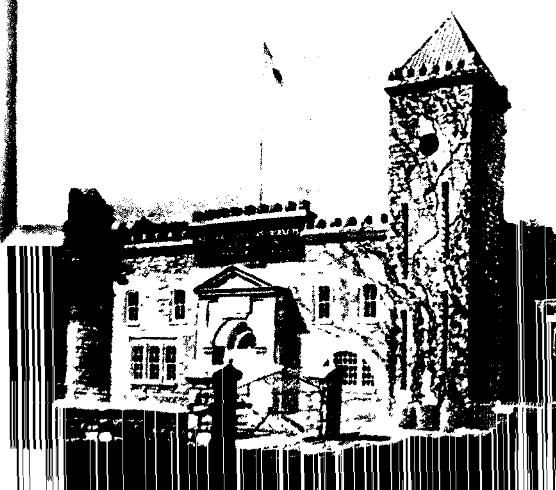

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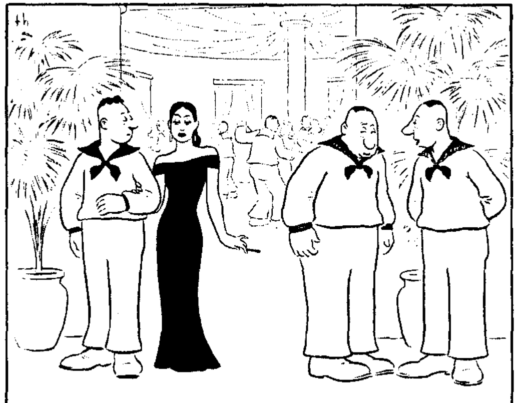

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Asia, America and Great Britain need every pound of these raw materials which can be obtained from Latin America. It is part of the Axis strategy, our observers believe, to deprive us of these commodities. British intelligence officers, schooled in Norway and Denmark, France and the Balkans, who've had about two years' or more advantage in observing at gun-point the technique of Axis warfare, are particularly concerned with the drift of events in Argentina and, less seriously, Chile.

They know that the Axis will, in the next few months, feel increasingly the pressure of Anglo-American offensive warfare from the west and Russo-Chinese attacks from the east. Therefore, they reason, the Axis will strike in South America where they have in the last six years carefully laid their plans for such a strategic assault.

In nearly every country in South America there have been and there are political "outs" who want to be "ins," jobless young intellectuals abubble with misguided patriotism who want to overthrow existing governments in favor of regimes which will guarantee jobs. Everywhere there are third-rate Huey Longs and men of bad faith and persons who erroneously believe that democracy can't work.

In such an atmosphere, similar to the situation which prevailed in Italy immediately before Fascism took over and in Germany before Naziism came to power, the Axis thrives. In Brazil where, in 1936 and 1937, President Getulio Vargas began suppressing subversive agencies, the danger of Axis success has been reduced, although the country is still far from safe. But in Argentina the Axis reaches the apex of its power in South America.

Chile's Hope for the Future

It is strong too in Chile, but there the workers' parties, the Socialists and the Communists, allied with the Radicals in the Popular Front government of Juan Antonio Ríos, keep the Nationalist-Fascist followers of defeated presidential candidate General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo in check.

In Chile, when the showdown comes, there will be, as there were in England, miners and factory workers who will want to fight to keep the rights of free men they've won in years of struggle through their trade unions. They'll fight too if they receive any aid from outside. But in Argentina there is no organized citizenry to prevent the country from being handed over to the Nazis.

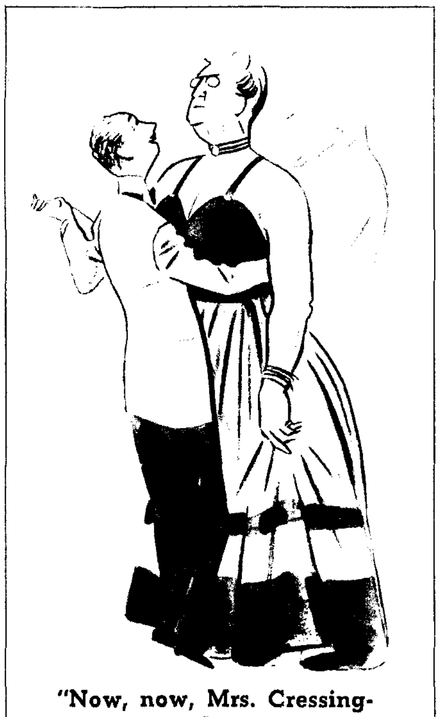
Only the middle-class businessmen who constitute the bulk of the Radical opposition to Conservative Castillo's policies are willing to oppose the imminent Axis upsurge. Their leader is young Raul Damonte Taborda but he, like the Liberals in Chile, can't fight alone. He hasn't even the full support of the aging former president General Justo, spiritual leader of the Radical party.

I saw Justo in his villa at Mar del Plata, near Buenos Aires. Maybe he was playing doggo but he gave me the impression of being a tired old warrior who's lived too softly to be willing to risk his skin in leading a revolt against the Conservatives. Revolution or Allied intervention, Castillo opponents said, alone can save Argentina now.

Axis plans to throw South America into an organized chaos which would seriously affect—maybe the word is cripple—the Allied war effort are seen by English and American military men as a challenge to our State Department to put an economic hammer lock on Argentina. Because Argentina's exports have always profitably exceeded her imports, she has seldom known a depression, and it is likely that she can be brought into line with a complete embargo on automobiles, tires, manufactured goods and gasoline.

Great Britain has already cracked down on Argentina. Despite Axis propaganda to the contrary, she sells little or nothing in Argentina and buys Argentina's beef largely because there's none available elsewhere.

I tracked down three stories of British competition with American firms in South America and found all three to be false. One concerned the sale of British-made airplanes in Brazil and Argentina. Another said that British machinery made with Lend-Lease materials was being marketed in Argentina. A third accused the British of whispering to Argentine merchants that they shouldn't forget Argentina's real friends were the English and that the Americans were interlopers who wanted to grab the Argentine market for themselves. I talked with scores of American and British businessmen and none could produce proof of Anglo-American commercial competition in that country. There was such competition in the early stages of the war when it was still the phony war, before it became the people's war. It ended with Dunkirk and with the purge of the appeasers in Churchill's cabinet.



"Now, now, Mrs. Cressington . . . the man leads"

JOHN A. RUGE

Small British ships put into Buenos Aires once every four to six weeks. These occasional five- and six-thousand tonners couldn't possibly carry enough goods into that country to offer the United States anything like serious competition. But the anti-Allied propaganda persists despite the efforts of American Ambassador Norman Armour in Buenos Aires and British Ambassador Sir Noel Charles in Rio de Janeiro to kill it. The propaganda stems from sources like *El Pampero*.

Both business and military men say that brutal as a policy of economic sanctions against the country may seem, it is the only language Argentines will understand at this point.

The hardships which sanctions would entail for hundreds of thousands of Argentine workers would bring pressure on the Castillo government and cause it either to modify its policy in respect to the Allies or to quit. Despite Nationalism and Castillo's political machine, the average man of Argentina—including even the peons and pamperos and gauchos who live and work on the big ranches but must vote as their bosses demand—is pro-democratic.

The editor of a leading afternoon newspaper in Buenos Aires told me that the Argentines buy newspapers only when the Allies are winning. Circulation falls off when the news is bad—i. e. when the Axis is winning. The editor interpreted this to mean that the average man is on our side. He, like Ambassador Armour and several prominent members of Castillo's government, also declared that only a hard-boiled cracking-down policy by the United States can prevent Argentina from going completely over to the Axis side.

They recognized that severe measures against Argentina might hasten the swing over to the enemy's side. But, they argued, what has the United States to lose? Delay in the application of economic sanctions against Argentina will only delay the inevitable date of a show of hands all around, and meanwhile Castillo will strengthen his position with the Axis and with those people in Argentina who believe the Allies are fighting a losing war.

Appeasement Won't Work

As in the case of Vichy France and Spain. the tendency of the State Department has been to "go slow" with Argentina in the vain hope of winning Castillo over. President Roosevelt, however, appears to recognize the urgency of the Argentine problem. Immediately after Argentina became one of the holdouts of the Rio de Janeiro Conference he reportedly cabled Castillo that Argentina would receive Lend-Lease aid and the supplies of munitions and airplanes she demanded, only when the needs of the Allies and loyal friends in South America had been filled. At the present rate of production and allocation, that means never. Castillo, nevertheless, went about Buenos Aires bragging he'd made Roosevelt knuckle down.

Whatever hopes the State Department might have entertained about the possibility of winning over Castillo must have received a rude wallop the other day. In Madrid, Foreign Minister Serrano Suñer, stooge for the Axis, announced completion of a Hispano-Argentine trade agreement calling for exchange of $40,000,000 worth of Argentine food products for "Spanish manufactured goods."

In the first place, Spain is not a manufacturing nation. Secondly, her factories are still mere wrecks from the civil war. Her "manufactured goods" will very obviously come from Germany and Italy, and just as obviously the food Argentina sends to Spain will go largely to Germany and Italy. Italy is almost as close to starvation as are Poland and Greece.

The pact also called for establishment of a Madrid-to-Buenos Aires air line and the increase of shipping facilities between Argentine and Spanish ports. If these terms are fulfilled, existing channels for the transfer of Axis agents from Europe to this continent, the interchange of goods, the importation of weapons and a general betterment of communications between the enemy and this hemisphere will be not merely doubled or tripled but squared. Proportionately, the dangers to Argentina (already the potential Norway of South America), to the American continent and to us will increase. And perhaps some of that tungsten which Argentina produces and has promised us will find its way, along with nitrates from Chile, into the factories of the arms makers of the Axis.

Politically the Hispano-Argentine trade pact establishes at least one fact: Castillo is thinking in terms of making a deal with the Axis and not with the United Nations. He must be sure the Axis will win the war. He's taken a step

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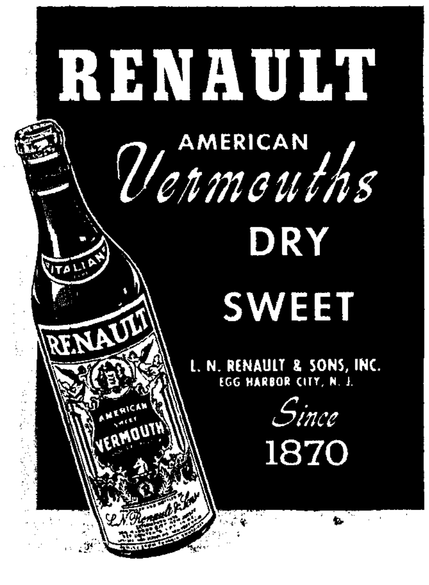


which will cause Nationalists and Conservatives to cheer. The Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, the Minister for Public Works and the Chief of Police of Buenos Aires are all Nationalists. Here, perhaps, is the first concrete evidence of direct Nationalist influence in Argentine foreign relations. The negotiations began eight months ago, which means that Castillo, despite occasional lip service to Pan-Americanism and *solidaridad* and to the memories of San Martín and Simon Bolivar, has had it in his heart and mind for a long time to do business with Hitler rather than with Roosevelt.

It doesn't occur to the Nationalist followers that they might be betraying their country by embarking upon an imperial adventure. I asked two representative Nationalists what they would do if it suddenly became clear to them that they were being used by the Axis to further the ends of Germany and Italy rather than those of Argentina. "Ah," they replied vaguely, "in that event, we shall know how to die." Undoubtedly some few Nationalists are fervently, sincerely patriotic, but their leaders are not. They see in the present state of world affairs a wonderful opportunity for self-gain and power and glory.

The trouble Argentina could cause in South America is considerable. Argentina has a good navy. It includes two battleships, two heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, sixteen destroyers, three submarines, ten mine sweepers and four auxiliary vessels. Its army is the largest and best trained in South America and comprises 48,100 active troops with 281,000 trained reserves. The air force has 470 planes, about 100 of which are first-line light bombers of our Martin type. This might not seem like much of an army compared to the modern fighting machines of the Allies and the Axis today but against, say, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay it would have a power comparable to that which the Japs threw against Luzon.

The Approaching Storm

Realistic observers are convinced that the Axis will instigate a Nationalist uprising in Argentina at the proper psychological moment. This moment, they believe, is rapidly approaching with the coming weeks. The Axis isn't concerned with Argentina's imperial ambitions; it seeks only to set in motion the forces necessary to obstruct an effective Allied offensive.

The Axis has plenty of friends in the Nationalist movement. One of these is retired General Juan Bautista Molina. He's the granddaddy of the Nationalists. He's been a Conservative, a Radical and is now a Conservative again. He heads the biggest Nationalist organization, the Alianza de la Juventud Nacionalista and commands the biggest block of votes for Castillo in the Nationalist camp. Mesmerized by German military power and efficiency, he's a pro-Nazi. Comes *der Tag*, he'll be in there swinging. In 1940, when Argentina was popularly anti-German and pro-American, he gave a de luxe luncheon party for German Ambassador von Thermann. At that particular time, France had fallen and Britain appeared to be on the verge of collapse. Molina is a pleasant-looking man in his early sixties, with a genial smile, horn-rimmed eyeglasses and a pair of cold, black, piercing eyes.

Another prominent Nationalist is General Domingo J. Martínez. He's young for a general, and ambitious. As a young officer he switched his loyalties from Radical President Irigoyen to Conservative Uriburu and then to the liberal Radical General Justo. He advanced a grade with each switch. He dropped Justo for General Molina. He sees Molina aging and slipping from leadership. Martínez, a handsome man in an arrogant, pomaded way, hopes to pick it up. Castillo recently appointed Martínez chief of police of the federal capital, which is more important than it sounds. More than 2,500,000 of Argentina's 13 million live there.

A third top Nationalist is Manuel A. Fresco. He calls himself *Adalid*, meaning literally "wild tribal leader." He first commanded the attention of Axis scouts by organizing provincial employees of the province of Buenos Aires, while he was governor, into an imitation storm-trooper division. The boys paid for their uniforms out of their salaries, drilled in their spare time. Finally, last year, he organized the PATRIA, one of the largest of the Nationalist groups. He's said to have a million-dollar war chest.

The Nationalists' Doctrinaire

The smartest and reputedly the most dangerous of the Nationalists, however, is Enrique Osès, of *El Pampero*. He calls himself *El Primer Camarada*, The First Comrade; but he's very definitely not the kind of Comrade who could get into the Kremlin. He began his Nationalist career as editor of a then obscure little paper called *Crisol*, which is now one of the many Nationalist periodicals. Osès saw the profit possibilities of cashing in on Nazi penetration and organized *El Pampero* with some of his own and much of other people's money. The Taborda Committee says *El Pampero* costs the German embassy about $25,000 every month.

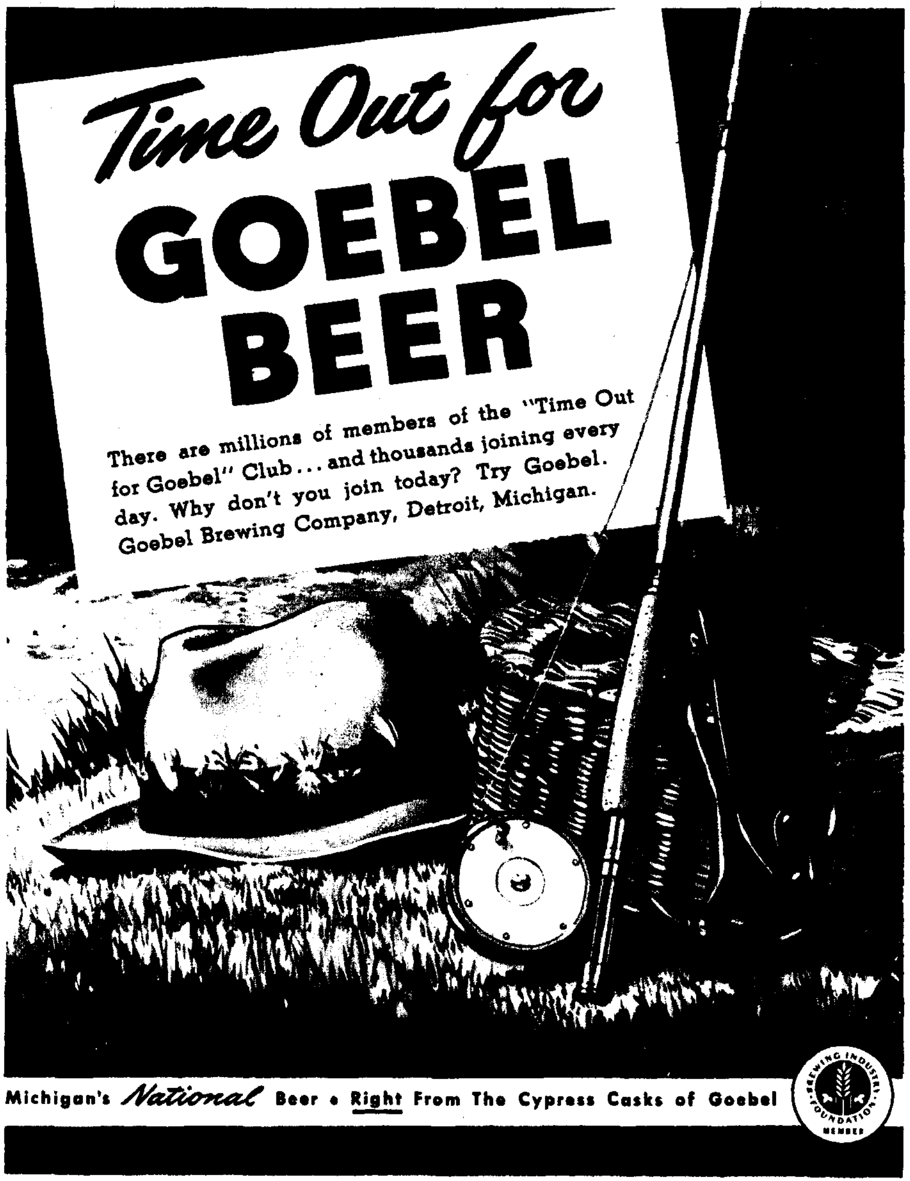
A prolific writer—emotional and obsessed with a martyr complex—Osès is the Nationalists' doctrinaire, the Goebbels or the Gayda of the movement. His books are Nationalist catechisms. He used to go to jail often for The Cause. Now they leave him alone, although Castillo, to keep up appearances, orders *El Pampero* closed now and then. But *El Pampero* reappears on the newsstands long before the suppression order expires. If the sentence is for two days *El Pampero* closes down for one. If it's ordered closed for a week you can buy the paper two days after the order became effective.

You can best judge the Argentine Nationalist movement not by the men who lead it today but by the man whose memory the Nazinalistas honor. He is Juan Manuel de Rosas, the first dictator of Argentina and one of the bloodiest dictators in history.

Rosas ruled for seventeen years. He organized his own Gestapo, called the *Mazorca*, meaning "an ear of corn" and symbolizing the tight, regimented unity of the regime. He exterminated every political opponent. In one mass execution alone he publicly had the throats of 1,500 men cut. In the years between 1835 and 1852, he killed 35,000 men and women who dared oppose him. To Argentine Nationalists he symbolizes the power and greatness of Argentina. They clothe him with the romantic trappings of the gaucho and the Strong Man. There hasn't been a Strong Man in Argentina since Rosas.

But the Nationalists don't tell the story of what happened to Rosas. The dictator—as all dictators inevitably must—came to a dishonorable end. In a book called Facundo, a documentation of the tortures and terrors of the Rosas regime, the Liberal Sarmiento crucified the great gaucho. The book stirred longings for freedom in the hearts of men, and finally, in 1852, Rosas was overthrown by his neighbors and a cabal of generals who believed in democracy. Rosas died, in poverty, in an English garret.

THE END



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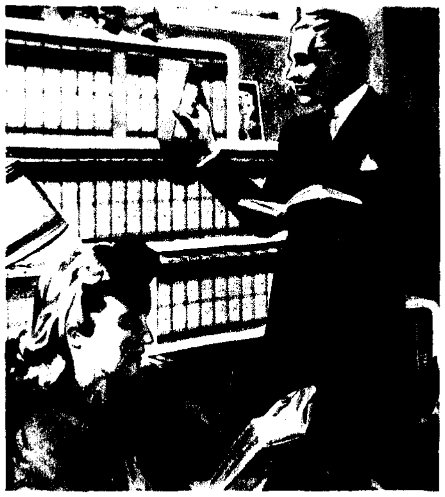

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SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

There's Someone for You

Continued from page 20

coughed again, wiped his forehead off with a large handkerchief and spoke.

"I am interested to see you reading," he said. "It isn't often you see a girl trying to improve herself, for I can see this is not a novel which you are reading."

Tulsa spoke over the thick beating of her heart. Something gave her courage to answer this impressive person with the deep voice.

"It is a nonfiction work," she said gravely. Molly Daniels chose her books by counting along, seven at a time (seven was a lucky number) until she had chosen any three books (three was also a lucky number). Tulsa was glad Everett didn't laugh! Whenever she took courage to say something, it seemed she got laughed at, and since she hardly ever laughed herself, it worried her.

"I am quite a reader myself, read, read, read, that's all I do, it seems, except that, of course, I have various duties to perform during the day because I am in the Army, as you may have guessed."

Everett Smith flushed deeper because he could hear for himself the knockdown stream of words pouring on the defenseless girl, as if from a fire hose. She would soon get that stiff, tired look on her face that the other person always did when he talked. He knew it and there was nothing he could do about it, but keep talking desperately about the raising of silver foxes—this seventh book happened to be called "The Silver Fox: How to Raise It for Profit"—and hoping she wouldn't go.

Because Everett Smith knew he was a bore. He had tired people when he was just learning to talk at eighteen months and now that he was grown to six feet four, he bored people into a kind of trance. Even the aunt and uncle he hired to run his place listened surreptitiously to the radio while he talked. But he hadn't been home for six months and he was lonely.

"One dollar forty-two," said the postmistress, and Tulsa flushed to see plainly written on the fat red face that the postmistress thought, "Old maid after anything in pants!" and that she was laughing at the thought.

"Where do you live?" Everett Smith asked nervously. It made him more than nervous to see how quickly the girl moved to get away from his talk, and yet he had to try, desperately, not to let her go right out of his life. "My name is Everett Smith, from Texas. May I come to see you some time? Do you live near here?"

"No," Tulsa said flatly. "A long way off."

"Please!" said Everett Smith, but Tulsa didn't want to be laughed at. She walked right by Everett and all the way home told herself she had a right to cry if she felt like it and had a headache from the sun.

"Keep yourself *to* yourself," she warned her heart. "At least then nobody can laugh at you, on top of everything else. *He's* probably laughing at you right this minute."

But somehow she knew he wasn't and Everett Smith was the name she fastened to all the confused dreams of her lonely, hungry life. It was a wonderful name.

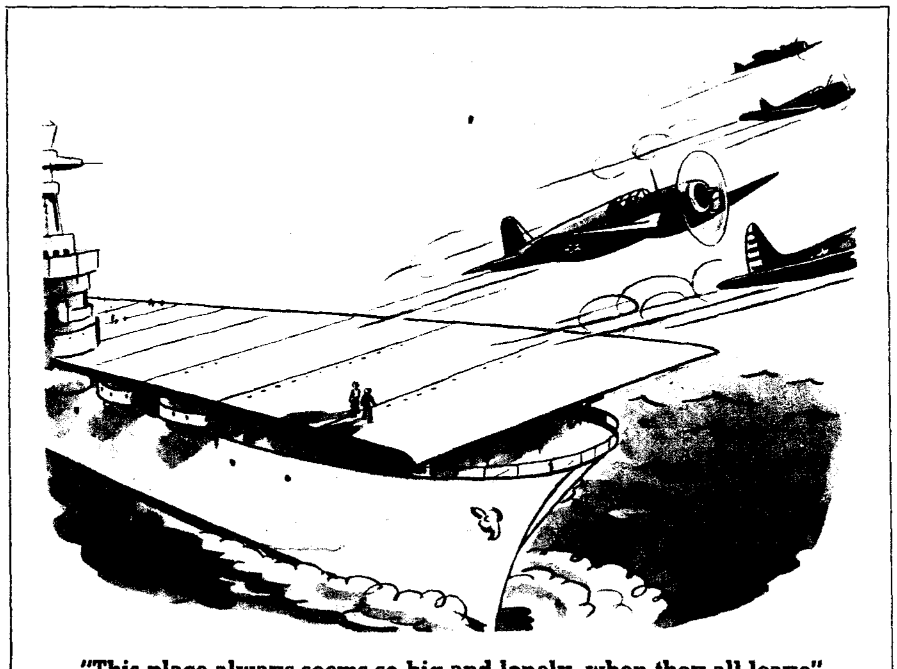
"This is Saturday night," Tulsa reminded herself, looking down at her book. "Everybody but you has a date and if he comes here, he'll have a date, too."

One reason she had been glad to work for the Danielses on their remote ranch was that she was a long way from town and wouldn't have to face these shaming, blank, Saturday nights, but tonight Molly had made her come along.

She said, "There's no reason for you to stay home when we're taking the kids. There must be things you want to do."

MOLLY DANIELS was a brisk, brown little woman, not unlike the prize turkeys she and her husband raised. She wasn't too brisk for tact, however, and she was careful not to say, "Or people you'd like to see." Sometimes it worried her, the way Tulsa tried to hide when somebody new came to the ranch, huddling down like a scared bird inside her feathers until they left. But, since the Danielses had someone who worked like two and was glad to do it because they were all Tulsa had to care about in the world, they didn't try to change her. She was easy with them and talked along in a low voice about the turkeys and the feed and the eggs, or talked softly to the children as she put them to bed.

That was how they knew even as much about Tulsa Brann as they did,



"This place always seems so big and lonely, when they all leave"

BARNEY TOBEY

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● Now when every patriotic American must conserve rubber, take no chances on tube repairs. Punctured tubes need not be thrown aside and wasted—a fraction of an ounce of rubber, a Shaler "Hot Patch", will keep the tube serviceable for many, many miles. Just a small bit of pure para rubber but it *saves pounds* of rubber.

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Shaler "Hot Patches" keep tubes in service, just as road-worthy as new tubes. The "Hot Patch" has accurately measured fuel to develop and hold the correct vulcanizing temperature for permanently welding the pure para rubber of the "Hot Patch" to the tube. By the use of 65,000,000 Shaler "Hot Patches" over 45,000 long tons of rubber are saved for service.

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TUBE
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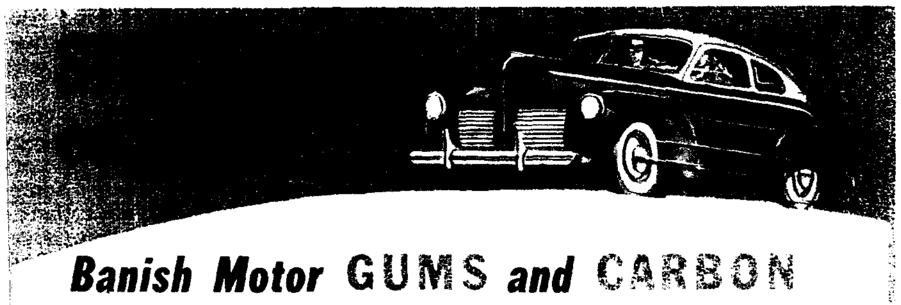

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

from her talking in the evenings to the children, who slept in a big room off the kitchen. Tulsa sat in a high-backed old rocker, with the two-year-old done up into a bundle of blanket on her lap, and creaked the chair while she told the children that she was named Tulsa because her grandfather had pioneered to Oklahoma and how she had chosen the name of Victory on the map, and how she had nobody in the world to care about, only the Danielses.

"It was a fortunate day your mother found me," she began the story. "Otherwise I do not know what would have happened to me. Indeed I do not."

TULSA had a formal way of talking because she talked as though she were reading. She read all the time she wasn't working; she read everything.

"I was so lonely," Tulsa said, "from being ugly. And a girl had been very mean to me that day, until I wanted to run away, far out on the desert, until I was lost."

"Are you the ugly duckling?" little Molly would ask and Tulsa always said, "Yes, I am the ugly duckling, only I can't turn into a swan."

As a matter of fact, Tulsa wasn't ugly, which is something striking and sometimes even attractive; what she was was plain and nondescript.

Danny always said, "When I grow up and have children, I'll name them all cities, like you, Tulsa. Tulsa is a lovely name."

"Thank you," Tulsa answered.

"Tell about your mother," little Molly always asked, though here the story was sad and the happy ending only started after grandma and the Danielses got into the story.

"My mother was beautiful," Tulsa said dreamily, creaking back and forth in the rocker and patting little Cora. "Very beautiful. My father loved her and they were happy when I was born—my grandmother always reminded me of that so I would not worry. But I am a serious and worrying kind of person. When I was only a little older than Cora here—"

Her arms would fold tighter and Molly, listening from the kitchen as she darned stockings, could tell the children were listening, too. "We moved to Halifax, which is a great seaport, because my father built ships and there was that other war. One day there was an explosion and a lot of things were blown up, including our house. My father never came home to find out.

"It worried me that my mother who was beautiful died and that I lived. But my grandmother, who raised me, was very kind to me and covered apples with red candy and knitted me sweaters. She used to say—" And here Tulsa's voice would fall until it sounded like a sleepy wind, and the children would be very still. "She used to say, 'There's someone for everyone, Tulsa, and there's someone in the world for you, never fear. You just go about your business and be a good girl and they'll surely find you.' "

AFTER the grandma died, there were bad times and hard jobs and finally a job in the Victory cement plant.

"One sad evening," Tulsa said, her voice quickening for the end of the story, "a lady named Daniels came by and said, 'Maybe you're not so pretty but you look nice and good to me, so come and work on my turkey ranch.'"

"So you came," the children chorused, "and you liked all the Danielses, every one of them, and they liked you, so your grandma was right and you'll stay here forever and ever, amen."

"Amen is for prayers," Tulsa said, getting up to put Cora into her crib by the window. "Not for stories."

Molly went on darning but she wondered if Tulsa's grandma had only meant the Danielses for her. How must it be for Tulsa to have only a home and children that weren't her own and only work for other people? And yet what would the Danielses do without her?

"Time to worry when it happens," Molly thought. She called, "Come on, Tulsa, have some coffee with me now the young ones are asleep." Because it wasn't going to happen to Tulsa, even though her dropped spoon meant company coming.

There was a noise at the door of the Green Spot and Tulsa looked to see if this was the Danielses but it was a group of soldiers tanned deeper than their uniforms by the desert sun that had made little lines around their eyes and sweated them lean. One leaner than the rest. He stopped beside Tulsa's table, while the rest went on to the tableful of waiting girls at the end, one of whom was Tulsa's enemy, Eileen.

Everett Smith said, "I've looked everywhere to find you."

Tulsa could see Eileen watching them, laughing and making a joke out of it. "Look at the old maid trying to get herself a man," she'd say, and she might tell an old story about Tulsa. Tulsa couldn't look at Everett Smith, who might even be in on the joke. How did she know?

"What is your book's name?" Everett asked urgently.

Still she wouldn't answer.

In a lower voice Everett said with sudden sad urgency, "Talk to me, Miss Brann! Please!" He paused a second before he went on as he had been told to do. "A fellow I know said no girl could stand me more than an hour, on account of the way I talk so much. I've bet two months' pay I could get a date this Saturday night and make it last until eleven o'clock. The fellow goes with a girl named Eileen Fornoy. Why, they're practically spending my money right now, they're so sure nobody'd talk to me that long."

"Eileen Fornoy?" Tulsa said. She said it with such quiet fierceness Everett was surprised. "Sit down," Tulsa said, "if you want to." She smiled at him timidly. "It is just a book on Inca civilization I happen to be reading," she said.

Everett said eagerly, "I have read a little about Inca civilization myself, as it happens." Everett had, and he absorbed other facts and figures like a willing blotter; the trouble was, nobody else cared. Nobody ever seemed to care about the total volume of water in Lake Mead, or what happened to the target when a rifle sight was one one-thousandth off. Except Tulsa was interested. It warmed him to see her sitting there quietly listening, not clicking her nails together, or breaking up matches, in her restlessness.

"Laughing!" Tulsa said suddenly, later. "People are always laughing and I never know what's so funny."

Everett had been talking for an hour, in long, instructive sentences a girl could listen to forever and they had done no more than smile occasionally. It made Tulsa feel easy with him.

"People very seldom laugh when I talk," Everett said in a puzzled voice.

"Maybe you have to learn to laugh early, when you're little," Tulsa said. "Otherwise you don't know how. I'm not speaking of mean laughter, like some people have."

That was Eileen, down at the crowded, noisy table, shrieking her laugh over the room in wiry lengths. Somebody was being talked against when Eileen laughed like that. Maybe me, Tulsa thought. Maybe me, Everett thought.

Everett said slowly, "I ran away from the aunt and uncle who raised me—they are not the same ones who run my fig ranch for me while I am away. I went to Texas—I was fourteen then—and worked hard and saved money and now I own this fig ranch that does very well. It goes right on producing while I'm away in the Army, and when I go back I will still have a fine, clean life, growing figs and packing and selling them. But still I might be lonely." He looked at her.

"You own a ranch?" Tulsa asked.

"Why, yes," said Everett, a little hope quickening his voice as he looked at Tulsa. "And you know how many fig trees I have on it? Well—"

HE HARDLY got well started on a fig-by-fig description of his ranch in the next hour and Tulsa listened, fascinated. Her eyes shone and her hands lay idle in her lap, her mouth relaxed into warm eagerness because this was better than a book, even better than a dream.

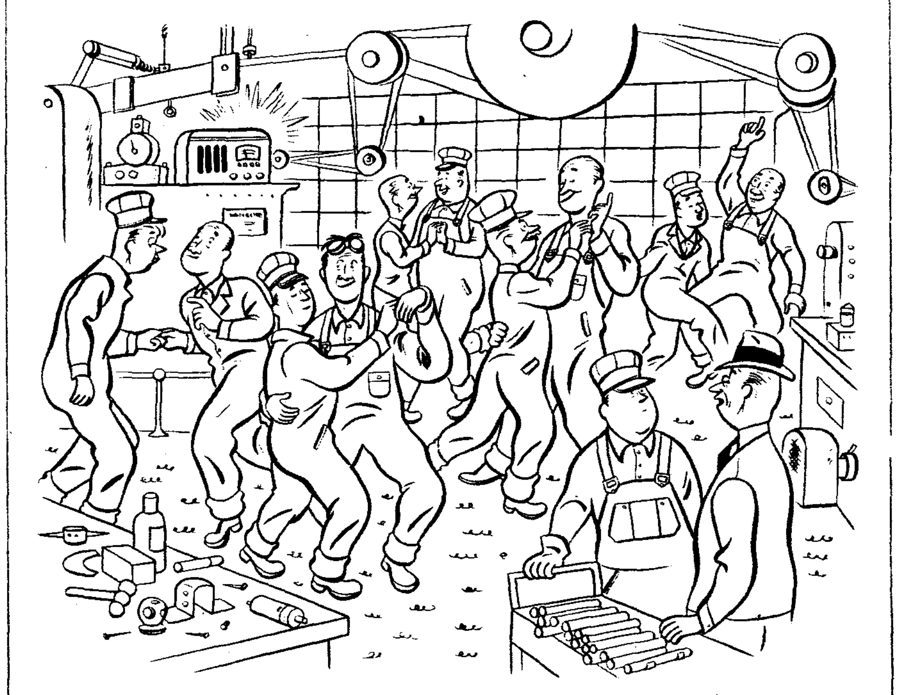
When she looked up, she saw that Molly and the family had come in. Molly looked cross and was cross.

"What's the matter with you, hon?" her husband asked. "My dogs are killing me, and we've bought us all new shoes, and walked the town—and still you don't want to come in here and sit down. I can't figure it out."

"That's plain," said Molly, and there were introductions.

Everett Smith would go now. It wasn't eleven. And Eileen would get his good money to spend on her fancy trash. It wasn't right! Everett Smith stood up.

"Please," Tulsa said, "would you dance with me?"



"But the idea of installing music in the shop was to get the men to work better!"

CHAS. STRAUSS

It was worth ridicule to do something for as wonderful a fellow as Everett Smith, even though she had to shame herself to do it, and Molly was poking her husband with her elbow. It was worth ridicule to spite Eileen because a fellow like Everett was worth a thousand girls like that!

"I would be glad to," Everett said and when they were on the floor, crowded with Victory's finest assortment, Tulsa told him, "I've never danced in my life. I just wanted to try."

She had just one conscious wish and that was that a cyclone would sweep through the town, as one had done long before, and would pick up the Green Spot in its vortex.

"I taught myself," Everett said gravely, with his thin face against her smooth brown hair that smelled of open air and tar soap. "From a special circular sent out free for a dollar mailing charge by a prominent New York dancing school. I am quite a good dancer, however."

Surprisingly, he was. He was graceful and sure of himself and he made Tulsa follow him. A sort of pushing happiness kept coming up in her throat like water in a geyser, but it sank down as regularly when she caught sight of Eileen, or the Danielses, or the clock, and was reminded of herself. Everett had an anxious look that made her think, "But just as soon as it's eleven I'll let him go—right in the middle of a dance, even. And he needn't think I'm doing this for him. I'm doing it against Eileen."

Against the enemy to whom a trusting new girl at the cement plant had given two dollars as her share of a party one Saturday night. A party that had never come by to pick up Tulsa, waiting in a new green plaid cotton dress and red sandals on the rooming-house porch, though a car had driven by, slowly enough. So Tulsa, still there waiting, while everyone knew this was the first time she had had even this much of a date, could hear the talk and laughter partly paid for by her own two dollars.

Eileen's voice had said, "Oh, what of it, for heaven's sake? It's worth two dollars to that poor hen just to think she *might* get a date, but if we drag her along, it'll only spoil the party!"

MOLLY DANIELS had come by while tears were still flooding over Tulsa's helpless, stiff face and a few hours later she was on her way to the turkey ranch with her few belongings in a suitcase and her few hopes discarded.

Now she was getting back at Eileen, who would do anything for money.

Everett Smith said, "You're going to be a swell dancer. Down home they have dances on Saturday nights, too. They're good fun."

He wanted them to sound so, but he didn't know if they were or not. He had only been at the edge of things all his life.

"Will you go back, afterward?" Tulsa asked.

"Sure," said Everett Smith holding her a little tighter. "This aunt and uncle of mine want to retire, and there's a big old ranch house. I suppose a girl wouldn't want to move into an old place like that, nine, ten rooms, and fig trees all around, and a garden at the side. But I figure to get a decorator from Dallas to fix it up."

Of course there was a girl in Texas! How could a fellow like Everett not have a girl waiting? And was that any reason not to take a sociable interest?

But her voice trembled as she said consideringly, "Some girls might like to move into it and see how the man lived before, I guess. They might like to see the torn old curtains and feel good because they put up the new ones and he liked them."

Her voice had a warmth she didn't know about, and she moved softly and easily now that she had stopped thinking about Eileen. Her eyes had the smoothness of green water, her hair the soft shine of pine needles.

"Some girls, who always lived with other people's things, well, they'd cherish everything that had belonged to him or his family for a long time back. It would make them feel good just to touch those things with their fingers."

Everett Smith said, "Do you guess that's really right, Tulsa?"

"Yes," she said absently, but Eileen, dancing near, shouted to her partner, "Come on, let's go some place else! This dump's dead and it's way past eleven!" Tulsa's coach turned into a pumpkin and she stopped dancing abruptly, though she had almost forgotten.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Smith," she said, in a loud, clear voice, so that Eileen would hear and take notice. "I've enjoyed it, but since it is after eleven, I must hurry and go."

WHEN she walked back to the table, Molly saw that the light had gone out behind Tulsa's face and she thought maybe her idea had been a bad one after all. Maybe she had given Everett too much credit for sense. Maybe he didn't appreciate Tulsa.

"Come along, Tulsa," she said kindly. "Time to be getting home."

Her husband, just beginning his second beer, stared at her in astonishment.

"Why, we just got here!" he bellowed, and even Everett, following Tulsa, jumped at the sound. "What's got into you tonight, Mamma?"

Everett turned wretchedly to Tulsa, who stood a little away from the family-crowded table with nowhere to hide. "You have a kind heart, as Mrs. Daniels told me," he said miserably. "You talked with me and danced with me to save me losing some money—so you thought—"

"It was to spite Eileen," said Tulsa flatly.

"But you got so tired of me you wouldn't go one minute overtime, would you?" Everett asked. "I thought maybe—"

Molly suddenly had her inexplicable impatience again. "Go on outside and talk, you two," she said. "After all, why should we be interested?"

Tulsa walked out into the street, blindly, because if Molly wouldn't help her, nobody would. She climbed up into the back of the truck, and Everett stood beside it.

"There wasn't any bet," he told her. "I found out you worked for the Danielses, and Mrs. Daniels said you were kind, you would talk to me, but you were shy, so she advised me to make up a reason. She said she would occupy the others buying shoes—but it didn't do any good. You didn't want to stay with me one minute longer than you had to, and I don't blame you, a wonderful girl like you, with a mind and all."

There he was, he knew dismally. Talking, talking, when any other fellow would take a girl in his arms and it would all work out.

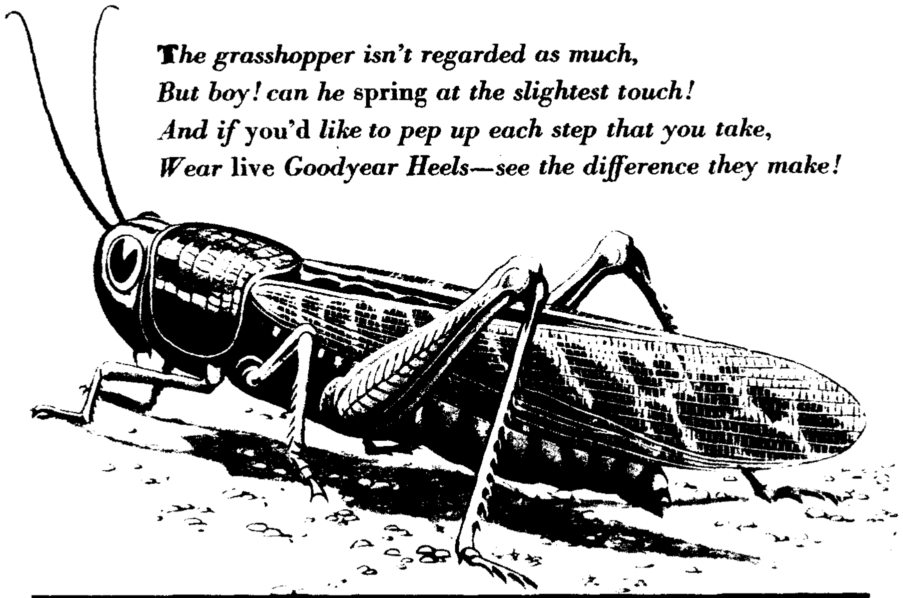
But there was Tulsa looking at him, as if a hand had suddenly hung out the sun in front of her eyes and she was dazzled trying to see through the sudden strong light that was shining in Victory at half past eleven at night.

"There wasn't any bet?" she said. "You just wanted to talk to me on purpose?"

"Why, yes," said Everett Smith. "Anybody'd be proud to!"

"Then my grandma was right," said Tulsa. There were tears in her eyes as Everett climbed up beside her and valiantly put his hand over hers, but a chime of bright words sang inside her: "Tulsa, there's someone for you, never fear."

THE END



The grasshopper isn't regarded as much,
But boy! can he spring at the slightest touch!
And if you'd like to pep up each step that you take,
Wear live Goodyear Heels—see the difference they make!

Look at YOUR heels!

Have no fear when you wear Goodyear Heels that you are using any of the nation's precious supply of crude rubber. For Goodyear Heels are now made entirely from *Regenerated* Rubber by a special formula resulting from Goodyear's vast resources and matchless skill. They are live, springy, long-wearing. And they wear down *evenly*. Get a pair today!

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America's Largest-Selling Rubber Heels

Is it true what they say about
FALSE TEETH?
(OR) HOW BUSINESS GIRLS GET RAISES

Kate McCarthy, sad to state,
Was about to "get the gate".

Why? Her FALSE TEETH were a "sight",
Scrub and rub them as she might;

"Denture Breath" also assailed her;
Poise and pleasant manner failed her.

Said her dentist: "Polident
Spares you this embarrassment.

"In its *no-brush, no scrub* action,
You'll find *instant* satisfaction."

Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing!
Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.

Kate tried POLIDENT . . . and, lo!
TEETH and SMILE now gleam and glow.

In return, what did she get?
Fired? Oh, no! A *raise?* You bet!

MORAL: If your plate's distressin',
Profit by this object lesson!

CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

A Candle at Night

Continued from page 17

was about to be married to, come January."

"Oh! I'm sorry." She continued to blink faster than ever until Mary, feeling somehow responsible, began to feel sorry for her. "But I dare say it's quite for the best. How old are you, Mary,"

"Going on thirty, miss."

"Ah! Well, it's hard to settle into a new walk in life at thirty. Marry young if you marry at all. That's my motto, and I may say I've followed it. I'm bold to think that time will prove I'm right."

"I dare say, miss. Thank you, miss."

"And maybe, if things go right—mind you, I promise nothing!—maybe you might stay on here at the Castle. I shan't lay off everybody, even after Christmas."

Mary felt her heart beat an excited tattoo in her side and then jump into her throat, where it beat even faster. Reprove herself as she would with the simultaneous thought of Jared still and dead, she could not deny her sudden happiness.

"Thank you, miss. There's nothing I'd like so much."

"Then work for it!" said the manageress sharply. "A girl that's slack can go and pack. That's my motto. Bess Jago dealing out humbugs to Boots, and Doris coloring her own face! I won't stick such goings-on, and there's an end to it! And openings aren't plentiful these days in England like the black currants."

"Quite so, miss."

"Oh, and one thing more, Mary."

FROM the shelf beneath her desk she drew a large red book, the sight of which made Mary's beating heart still suddenly with fear. Now that her decision to go to Jared's burying had cut away all hope of buying an identical book—a hope which she had cherished since Easter—could it be that she was to find herself deprived of her greatest joy?

"I take it you read this book."

"Yes, miss, but only at night after all the guests have gone to bed. And I'm that careful of it I cover it with an apron, miss. I like the stories in it, and I bring it down early. And the candles I burn for reading I bought myself, miss."

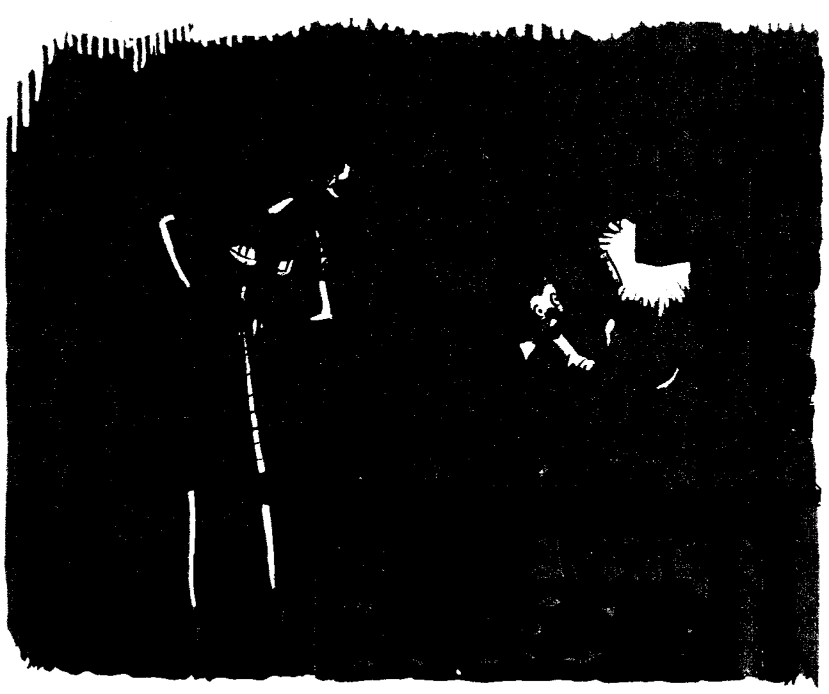
"Well, I'm not saying as how you shouldn't, am I?" snapped the manageress. "Better read than run to cinemas, I say, as though sixpences were seapinks. Only take care no one's wanting it, and more care that you don't go about leaving things in it."

As she spoke, she drew from between two of the pages a thin envelope and handed it to Mary, whose cheeks flushed with sudden recognition. It was her last letter from Jared Treknow. She had placed it quite in the midst of the story of Sir Tristan and the Fair Iseult in the hope that somehow it might take upon itself something of the splendor of their love. But even as she looked upon its cramped address, even as she realized that Jared would write no more, she knew that within and without it remained as stodgy and as inarticulate as ever.

"That's all," said the manageress. "Just keep a quicker eye to things. That's all."

That night after the hotel was still, after Mary's pound and half-pound notes, folded in a clean handkerchief, were sewed securely in her bosom with much redoubling of threads, she tiptoed down the four flights of stairs for the red book. Her need and desire for it just now were greater than they had ever been. She did not want to go to Land's End for Jared Treknow's burying; she did not want to see his mother, querulous and alone, nor to follow his body as it was borne along that somber highland path through the bracken to the churchyard. Above all, now that a larger perspective had magically opened before her eyes, she did not want to be plunged even for a few hours into the drab, nagging perplexities of the village in which she had lived for the past six years.

Nevertheless, though she had never wanted Jared as he had wanted her, she had given her word to marry him, and her sense of duty toward him was strong. Lastly, from Susan Glover's card it was evident that she wished her to come; and Susan was the one person in the world whom Mary really loved, toward whom her sense of loyalty was tenacious and secure.



"Air raids won't interrupt our routine—we've been living in a blackout since you bought that camera!" FRED BALK

The red book did not fail her. Wrapping its covers carefully in an old apron, she sat hunched in her one chair, and read for hours beneath her candle. From five months of daily absorption she knew the stories by heart, but there was always the charm, the atmosphere, the transcending truth to be recaptured and made again her own. For these great passions, these high old loves and noble hatreds, this scorn and carelessness of death, this readiness to sacrifice, had pushed far into the background the dull world of Mary Penrose and created for her another, unbelievably satisfying in its romance, its dignity. What wonder that she feared the necessary interchange, even for a day, of this new life for the old! In the negative patience of the thwarted lives she had known, there had been at best only pathos. And pathos, though it might and often did break one's heart, could not command one's respect, fire one's imagination, leave one satisfied with the ultimate fitness of things, tragic though they were.

NOT that Mary Penrose in her Castle tower for one moment analyzed the gray narrowness of the world from which she had come or the glamorous largeness of the world in which she now moved. She only knew that because of the red book and the storied Tintagel cliffs where all these loftier deeds had once taken place, she had suddenly become a different person, with other and far different demands and satisfactions.

Before she took off her shoes and dress for a brief nap until the morning came, she placed her lighted candle in her one narrow window. Thus, she reflected as she stood behind its flickering and listened to the thunder of the seas meeting at high tide in Merlin's Cave—thus had done the fair Iseult for the sake of Sir Tristan, the Lady Guinevere for Lancelot of the Lake.

DURING the long journey down the coast she chose to sit with the driver, whom she knew a bit, rather than among the tourists, with whom she felt shy and out of place. As the great, lumbering car hurtled along the black roads, she watched the Cornish country change, the late foxgloves and campion grow more sparse in the hedges, the hedges themselves give place to solid walls of stone. Gone were the purple veronica, the rose and white valerian of sunnier Tintagel; gone were the high, many-colored little fields of corn and grass. Gorse and bracken began to usurp the hart's-tongue and osmunda of the glades, the moors to usurp the meadows. Only the cliffs, now near at hand, now farther as the road curved inland, remained substantially the same. And the sea, ever hurling itself against them, partook of their permanence, even in its changefulness, now purple in the white-sanded harbor of St. Ives, now green as the coast descended in its precipitous tumble toward the end of England.

The driver turned to Mary: "Yesterday at Land's End they tol' me as 'ow a fellow drowned 'isself. They couldn't talk of nothin' else down there."

With this added news thus supplementing Susan's laconic message Mary felt her hair rise. She heard Jared's tired, half-sulky voice begging her to marry him at Michaelmas; she heard her own refusal. Was she, then, to hold herself responsible for this unexpected wicked act? Was she perhaps the wrongdoer instead of Jared, she who had not been able to love him as she loved her new thoughts, she who had hated the relentless moving of the days on toward January?

"They say, too, that 'e was to be married at Michaelmas, only not to the girl 'e always wanted," the driver said.

"Oh," said Mary.

Now she was moving in a horrid labyrinth of perplexities, confusing and confused, and her new world was out of sight.

"I'd call 'im a fool meself," continued the boy with the jaded wisdom of twenty-one. "It's my opinion no girl's worth all that."

It was long past noon when she left the charabanc at the entrance to a lane leading between stone walls toward the Treknow cottage. Already the neighborhood had gathered for the burial procession. Their black clothes made more somber the grayness of the land under a heavy sky. A cold wind blew from the sea beyond the walled, highland fields and billowed the sheets and blankets spread upon the garden shrubs to dry.

WHEN Mary saw Jared's mother and Susan Glover come from the cottage to take their places next behind Jared's black coffin, she crossed the tiny garden and stood beside them. Neither spoke, though Susan by a gesture insisted that Mary walk between them. The vicar in his black cassock and white surplice walked before Jared, the four pallbearers on either side of him and straining a bit beneath his weight. Behind his mother, Susan and Mary, marched the neighbors. There had been a question as to what hymn they should sing. It seldom happened that someone did not know a favorite of the dead. But Jared had attended neither church nor chapel, had never, so far as anyone knew, been heard to sing.

Because, therefore, of the lack of knowledge regarding Jared's taste and of the fact that the tune and words went best if familiar, the vicar had made a wise choice:

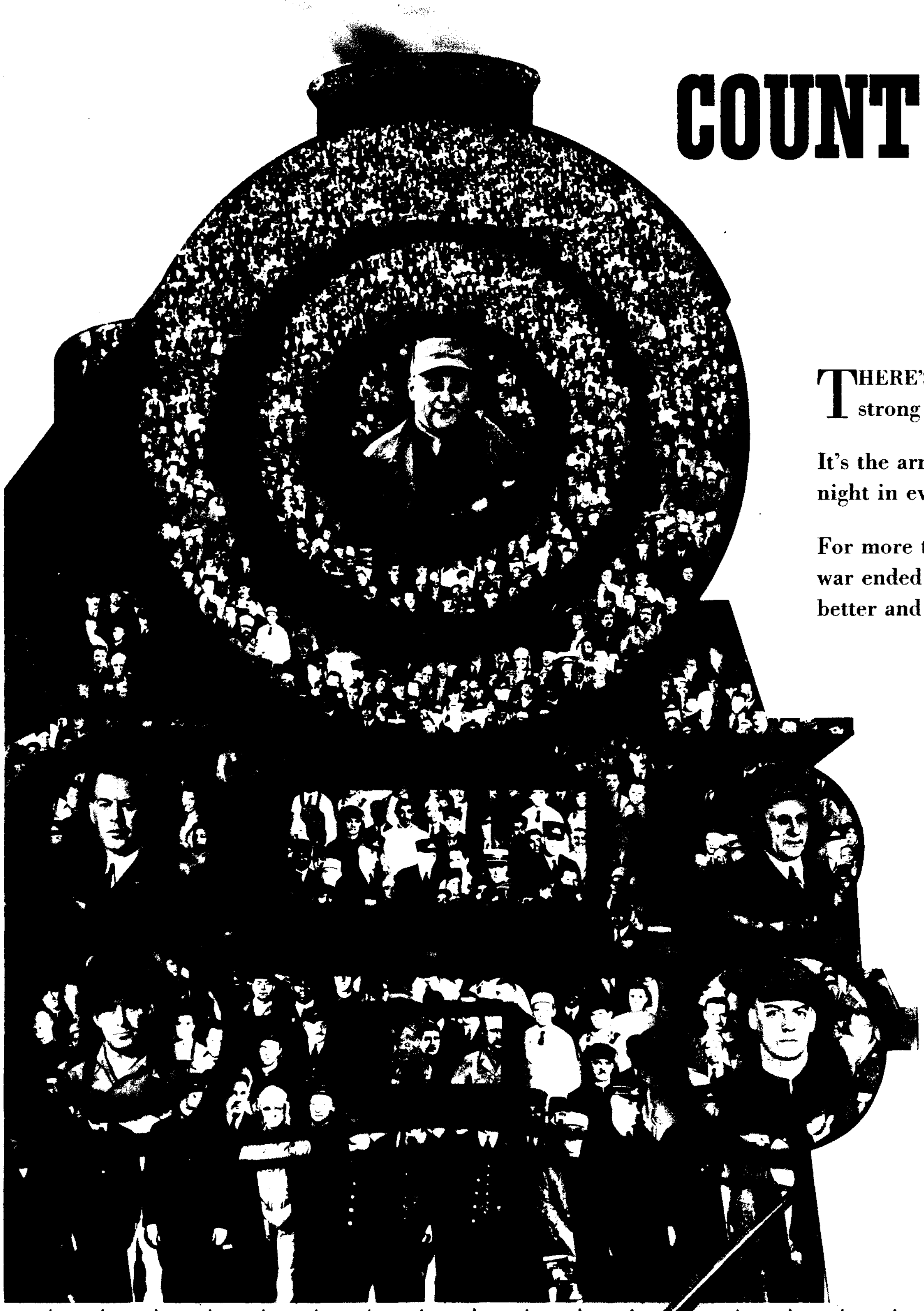
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home.

This they sang, verse following verse, as they followed the narrow lane, passed through the gate, and, crossing the main road, took a moorland path toward the churchyard.

Mary could not sing. She tried, but the words stuck in her throat. Not that she was crying, like Susan, who alternately sobbed and stumbled. She did not feel like crying at all. The staggering shoulders of the great Penwith Hills towering above them, the bracken stirring in the wind, the vast stretches of the sea—these took her voice before it was born. Here and there upon the gaunt heights, which the clumps of heather were beginning to purple, stood great shafts of stone, which, she had heard, had been placed there by an ancient people long since past and gone.

Time like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away.
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Once they had reached the churchyard, matters moved more hastily, to Mary's intense relief. The usual prayers were said, sudden gusts of wind deadening the thin voice of the vicar so



COUNT *THIS* ARMY IN!

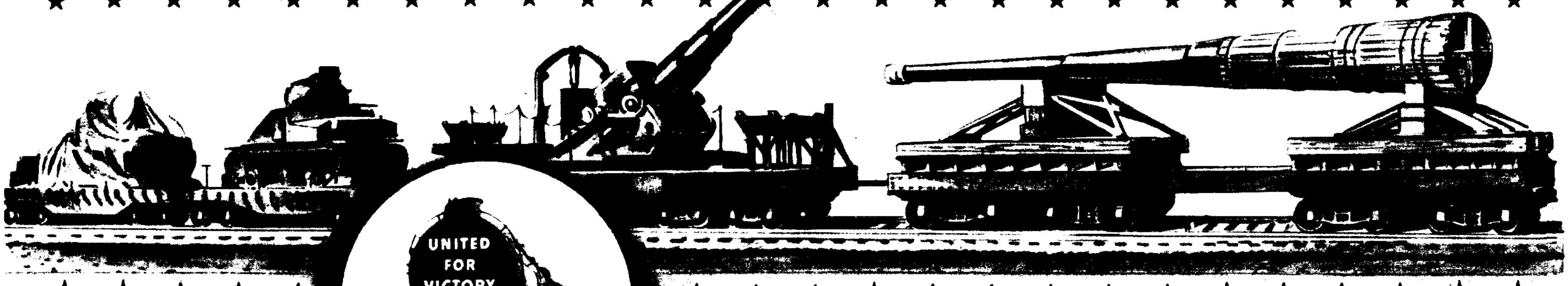
THERE'S a trained army more than a million strong working to back up the men in uniform.

It's the army of railroad men, on duty day and night in every state in the Union.

For more than twenty years—ever since the last war ended—this army has been supplied with better and better equipment. And railroads, military authorities and shippers have worked out plans to get more service out of each piece of equipment—to get the most use out of every facility of the world's greatest transportation system.

That's why this railroad army is meeting emergency demands—why, for every minute of the day and night, it is moving *a million tons of freight a mile*—an all-time record for this or any other transportation system in the world.

All this veteran army needs, to meet future challenges, is a flow of new equipment great enough to match the rising tide of America's war production.



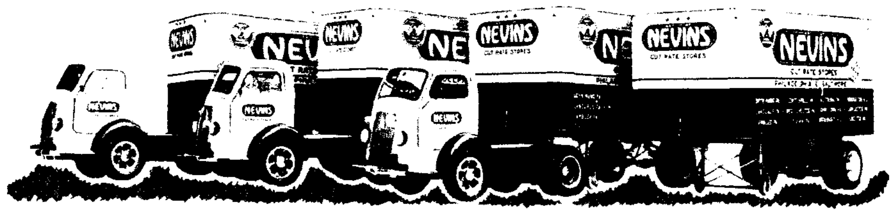
UNITED
FOR
VICTORY

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

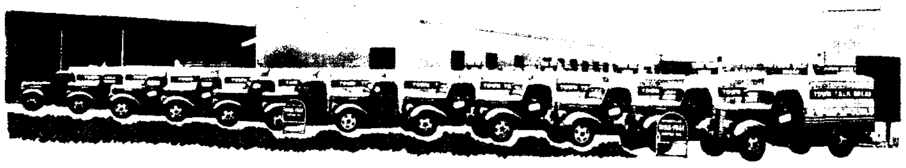
Your fleet may be only ONE CAR!

TO MANY OF US, the question of picking the right oil for a car is a new question. It has seemed so important only since prolonging the life of a car is so vital.

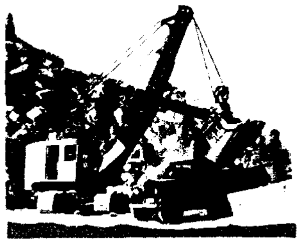
But there are men who devote their business lives to keeping fleets of trucks and cars continuously on the road. It is not a new problem to them—and their very jobs depend on reducing cost of wear and repairs, saving on gasoline, and preventing the replacement of parts.



For instance, the Nevins Drug Company of Philadelphia operates 5 tractors and 25 salesmen's cars. In nine months "it was not necessary to do a carbon or valve job. Our oil consumption is less than with other oils. Gas consumption has dropped 10.9%," they write us.



When the Supreme Baking Company of Los Angeles, operating from 40 to 55 trucks and automobiles, kept actual records using RING-FREE exclusively for five years, they found they saved money on gasoline consumption, mechanical repairs and keeping their fleet on the road continuously.



When Shannahan Brothers, general contractors of Huntington Park, California, report that a Diesel-powered shovel has operated for nearly four years "without an overhaul job of any nature," it means something to know that RING-FREE has been used exclusively.

IN letter after letter, we are told by fleet owners, contractors, and other users of gasoline and Diesel equipment that savings in fuel consumption as high as 10% are not uncommon; that the repairs and overhauling bills are decidedly lower.

Company after company, on a straight business basis, has adopted Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil for all of its equipment after the most exhaustive competitive tests on equipment in actual use.

You may not be an expert on lubrication. The maintenance engineers of these companies *are* experts. You can rely on their findings for your car which is just as important to you as their fleets are to them.

Now is the time for you to investigate Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil!

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try *one* fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

• • •

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MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

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A QUART IN U.S.A.

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that only single words and phrases were now and then audible: "Man that is born of a woman . . . he fleeth as it were a shadow . . . earth to earth . . . blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" The wind swept the unkempt grass of the grave mounds and smote the granite crosses standing here and there, placed deep in the earth against the fury of the open Atlantic. It even stirred the dry brown soil of Jared's grave and caused little brown swirls of dust to rise and float away.

Then Mary, Susan and Jared's mother walked silently back to the cottage for a cup of tea. They had scones and Cornish cream that some neighbor had left behind for them. Susan sobbed as she drank and ate. It seemed to Mary, herself still tearless, that she could never stop crying. Jared's mother was the only one who spoke, and Mary wondered in the dimness of the kitchen if she knew what she was saying to them.

"'E might ha' married either of you. I'd not ha' minded, not I. 'E never brought me much cheer since 'e come back from the war, you might say. I'm not for staying 'ere by meself. Once things are settled up, I'm goin' along o' me sister near St. Ives. With all these strangers passin' to and fro on the roads there's a livin' to be 'ad by bed and breakfast at six shillings the night. I'll not be homesick, not I."

Mary was glad when she and Susan could take their way in the wind along the black road toward the Red Lion. She longed to be of help to Susan. She longed more to be through with it *all* and on her way back to the Castle Hotel and the red book. That evening she helped in the public room, drawing beer and ale from sticky wooden casks into tall, ungainly mugs and carrying them to the men who talked in low tones of Jared at the tables and in the corners. It seemed an endless succession of hours before she and Susan were in Susan's bed beneath the eaves of her sloping room.

LYING there in the windy darkness, she put her arms around Susan, holding her shaking shoulders close against her own breast. She loved Susan. She wanted desperately to say something; but she did not know what to say. Until today she had not realized that Susan had so loved Jared, even perhaps as Jared had loved her, Mary Penrose. At last she found some words:

"I'm sorry, Susan. I never loved him like that, even though I said I'd marry him. I'm sorry he didn't love you instead of me. That would have been better, and I'd have told him—straight out, I would—if I'd known your feelings. I would, and that's a fact."

Susan suddenly tore herself free from Mary's encircling arms and stopped crying. Mary felt the tiny room grow tense and heavy with whatever was in Susan's mind. In those pregnant moments even the thought of the red book and those ancient, more gracious Tintagel loves, lurking as they always were in her consciousness, were swept into the background. She knew that something was coming and waited for it as one waits, half-suspiciously, for an event which will change one's life.

Susan began to speak in a dry, quite tearless voice: "It's not for 'im I'm crying. That I'll do by and by, when I'm straight with you. There's time enough—days and weeks and years. It's what I've done to you, Mary, that's killing me. You're my best friend, and I've not been fair to you. Jared did love me. 'E wouldn't have, but I made 'im. I kept telling 'im—all the spring I did—that 'e could have all of me 'e wanted. I kept telling 'im in little ways—something taught me how—and by and by 'e understood. That's what's killing me. And that's what killed 'im, too."

Mary lay quite still. Her body seemed to be dead. She had no feeling in it at all. From Susan's bed through the tiny, casemented window she could see a light flashing from some beacon on a faraway reef or cliff like a candle in a high tower.

"I'm a great sinner, Mary, and to you, my best friend. And I'm a greater sinner because, except for your feelings, I'm not sorry for what I did. I've never known what it was to be happy before, what it felt like to be loved. Like as not I'll suffer all my life long for my sin—suffer from Jared's dying and your leaving me. Like as not I'll be punished in the next world. But leastwise I've got things to remember."

MARY'S body was still dead, but her mind began to awake. Words from the red book crept into her ears, separated themselves there, and sounded clearly one by one:

Then the Lady Iseult suffered sore, a grievous double pain. The understanding that she was faithless to her liege lord tormented her and with that torment she suffered a still deeper anguish because of her love for Sir Tristan. For thus strangely do the very joys of love itself cause the lover and the beloved alike to suffer.

And again:

Much had Guinevere, that fair Lady Queen, to remember as she walked among the primroses in the enameled meadows of Camelot and thought of Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

It was not jealousy that prompted the question which Mary Penrose asked then. An eager curiosity gave it birth, a hope, almost a desire, born of the stories within the red book. There was intensity in her tone as she asked it: "What things, Susan? What have you got to remember?"

Susan still lay upon her back. She did not move at all, and her voice seemed to come from a great distance: "Lots of things. Jared's changing of himself, not being silent any more and all shut up. 'E woke up, Mary. 'E was different. Like a person in a storybook—not like people 'ere."

Mary held her breath and watched the light far out at sea. "Please, Susan. Don't you worry. I never saw Jared wake up. I'm glad he did. How did he?"

"'E began to say things—like in books—after I'd done wrong in asking 'im to love me. And 'e brought me things. Once at night in the spring he brought me primroses that he'd gathered himself. And when we walked in the fields, 'e noticed things—flowers and such. 'Twas queer in a big man like 'im."

"'Twas a fine spring," said Mary, "for walking out."

"'Twas that that made me do such wrong, Mary. 'Twould likely have been different in winter. I couldn't stay right in the spring and when the summer started coming on. Some wicked thing got hold o' me when we walked in the fields and Jared loved me. That field above the little cove—I'll never go there again, but I can't get the primroses out o' my mind. They're always in my 'ead. I see them when I wash the mugs, and I dream about them at night."

"I'm glad," said Mary.

The honesty in her voice was passionate, unmistakable. Now that her mind and heart were satisfied, the consciousness of her body came back to her. She felt alive with new life. The sloping walls of Susan's dingy room fell back. Dreaming, Mary could live in another age. She saw Jared and Susan there, embracing in the wide spring fields of Camelot. They were not clothed in corduroy and gingham; they were not inarticulate and stupid. They walked ankle-deep in primroses, laughed in the sunshine, kissed and clung. The stories in the red book had come at last to earth—not for her, indeed, but for the one whom she loved. She did not for a moment think how she herself might have felt toward this new, more splendid Jared. Instead she turned suddenly and took Susan in her arms.

Susan struggled to free herself from the embrace. "You've got to get it straight, Mary. Then you can't be glad. You don't seem to understand."

"Yes, I do," said Mary. "I've got it all quite straight in my mind, Susan. I'm sorry you didn't marry Jared, once he'd woke up like that. I'm sorry he couldn't stay to make you happy. But sometimes folks don't stay happy in places like this—leastways not as I've seen them."

"Then you're not saying goodby to me once and for all, Mary? Remember I'd never blame you. I'd expect it as my right. I'd say as 'ow you'd 'ave to do that very thing."

"Leaving you, Susan? Saying goodby once and for all? Not I, my dear. We that have been friends since we went to school in St. Ives, and then cleaned fish at the same vat, and then lived here no farther apart than a stone's throw! Not I! I'll tell you what, Susan. It's come to me suddenlike what we'll do. You're giving notice here, and then you're coming to me in Tintagel. There's a stone cottage on the Camelford Road, and I've saved some money. We'll have it with roses over the door and French beans in the yard."

Susan was crying again, but her sobs were those of relief. "You're good, Mary," she faltered. "You're no sinner like me. You're quite too good."

"No," said Mary. "I'm not good. There's new things inside me, Susan, that make me not mind you and Jared. But it's no goodness, and that's a fact. When you come to Tintagel and I show you things there, you'll see."

"I thought Tintagel an old place," said Susan, "where history happened and such like. I never thought it new."

Mary reflected a long moment in the still, musty darkness. "It is old," she said. "That's quite right, Susan. But new things happen there to folks—at least to me. You'll see."

She lay awake after Susan slept, reviewing again the stories in the red book, picturing Jared and Susan among the primroses. Although the glowing pages between which Jared's letter had lain, pages which chronicled the love of Sir Tristan for Iseult the Fair, had worked no miracle for her, they had for Susan and for Jared. Their love, which had killed Jared and which lay so weightily as a sweet sin upon Susan's heart, was for Mary shorn of wrong by its very glamor, by its pervasive and transcending power, transforming the dullness of their lives into something ancient, magical, satisfying. Susan, whom she loved, had for a brief moment lived an old romance, which had in some strange way brought back to somber Cornwall the enchantment of its earlier, higher days. Even Jared himself by his terrible act had taken upon himself a dignity which in life he had never possessed.

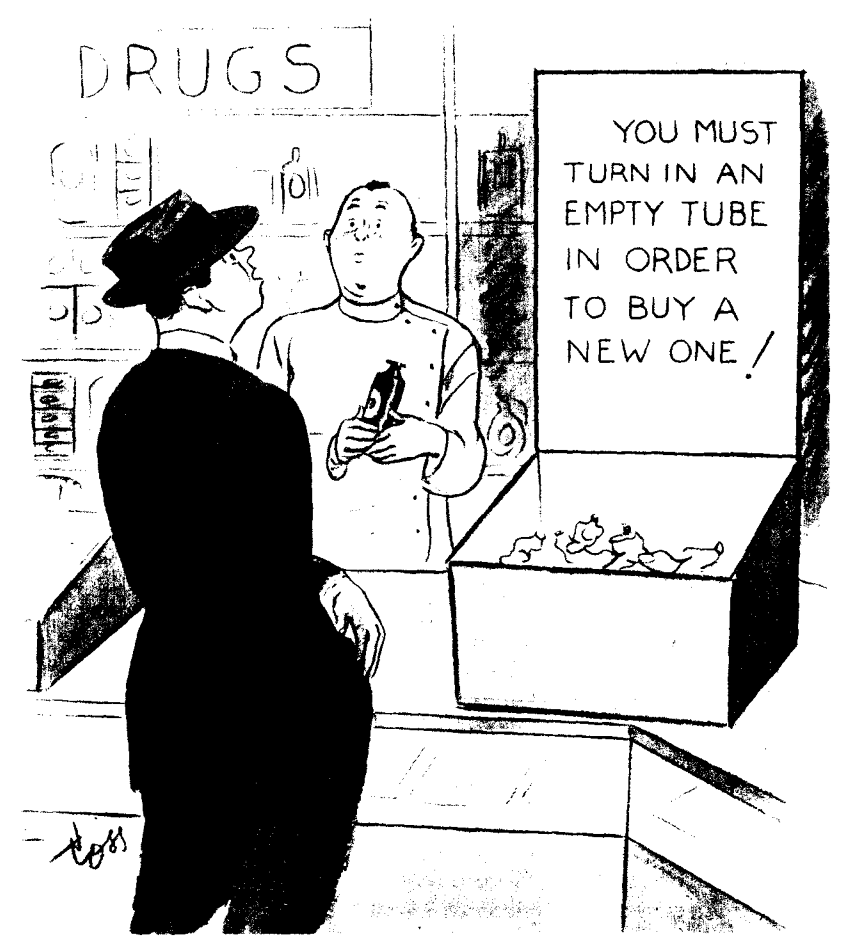
WHEN the early light came, turning the gleam of the faraway beacon from gold to blue, Susan awakened.

"I've just dreamed, Mary, as 'ow we offered bed and breakfast in our cottage like Jared's mother said. It might be I could make some shillings for us that way."

"I dare say," said Mary. "Folks do race that fast along the roads these days." The sun came up over the gray Atlantic and the beacon ceased to glow. "And I was just thinking, Susan. Maybe when the dark comes early, you'd place a candle in the upper window against my coming home."

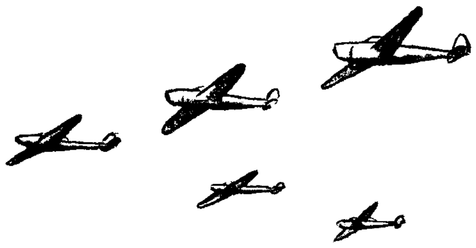
"I dare say," said Susan in her turn. "A candle now and then at night is nought so dear!"

THE END


DRUGS
YOU MUST TURN IN AN EMPTY TUBE IN ORDER TO BUY A NEW ONE!
Ross

"I haven't got an empty tube. Just squeeze the toothpaste into a paper bag!"

AL ROSS



MR. MFGTCH

helps to keep 'em flying

Once upon a time there was a man named Mfgtch. One morning he came down to breakfast and saw by the papers that the world was coming unglued.

"What a mess," muttered Mr. Mfgtch.

When Mr. Mfgtch got to the office, where he was a Little Shot, he called Miss McZqrty over to his desk.

"Miss McZ.," he said, "how many people are there in the United States?"

So Miss McZ., who was good at vital statistics, told him.

"And how much," continued Mr. Mfgtch, "is it going to cost us to larrup the living daylights out of the Nazis and the Nips?"

So Miss McZ., she told him.

"Jeepers!" observed Mr. Mfgtch. "Now then! How much is the cost of doing the larruping divided by the number of us folks who have got to do it?"

"Just a minute, sir," said Miss McZqrty, who was employed by the firm as a Comptometer operator. And so saying, she went to her desk, and in a jiffy worked out the problem on her trusty Model M Comptometer.

Even as she whisked through the problem, she thought what a marvelous adding-calculating machine the Comptometer is, and how speedily, accurately and economically it handles all sorts of figure work.

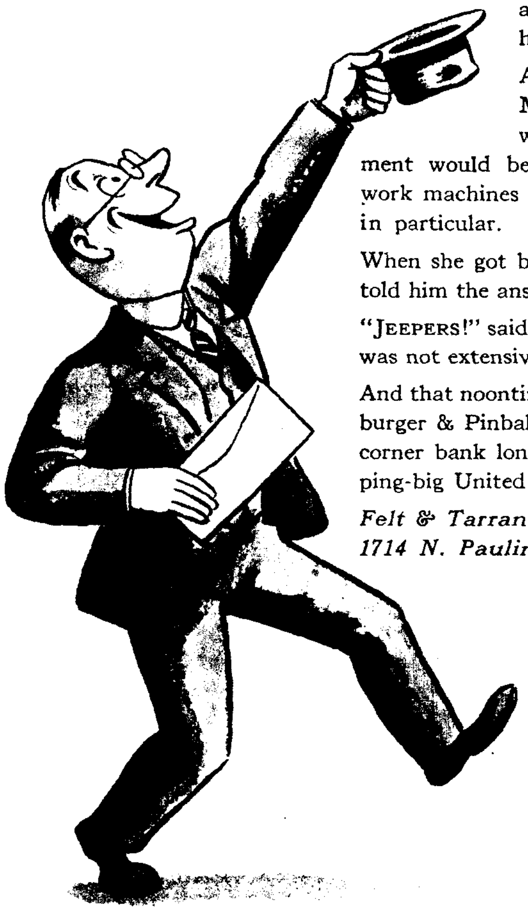
And as she hurried back to Mr. Mfgtch's desk, she considered what a dreadful jam Management would be in if it were not for figure-work machines in general, and Comptometers in particular.

When she got back to Mr. Mfgtch's desk, she told him the answer.

"JEEPERS!" said Mr. Mfgtch, whose vocabulary was not extensive.

And that noontime, on his way to Hank's Hamburger & Pinball Emporium, he paused at the corner bank long enough to purchase a whopping-big United States Defense Savings Bond.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.



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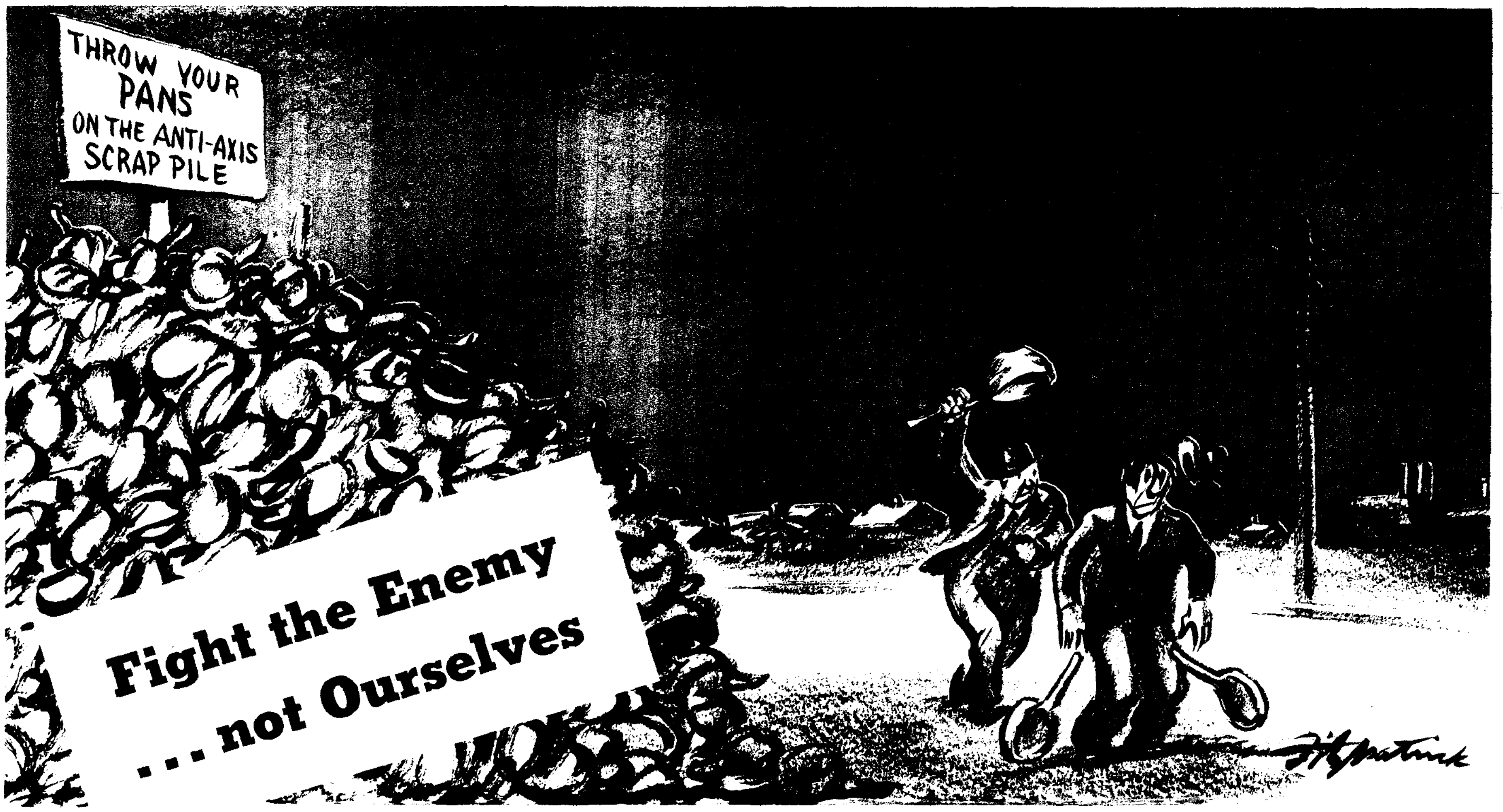

THROW YOUR PANS ON THE ANTI-AXIS SCRAP PILE
Fitzpatrick

Fight the Enemy ... not Ourselves

IN ONE American town, a Civilian Defense leader recently fell prey to what seems to us to have been a peculiar worry. Maybe the same sort of thing has happened in 3,000 American towns; we don't know.

All householders in this particular Civilian Defense unit's area had been duly told how to go about blacking out, and what to do in case of air raid alarms or actual air raids. The common sense which most people, believe it or not, possess, might have been trusted to carry on from that point.

But the gentleman who figures in this story felt that not enough had been done. It was discovered that only a handful of these people had made preparations for having innocent, frolicsome fun for themselves and families during blackouts. Even fewer had equipped cellar or sheltered rumpus rooms with the checkers, cards, ping-pong outfits and wholesome reading matter supposed to be necessary at such times.

So this Civilian Defense leader proposed that all these people be more or less forced into making these provisions, whether they wanted to or not . . .

In another American town, two ambitious and managing ladies, who hated each other socially and personally long before Pearl Harbor, and haven't sunk quite all their differences since, have contrived to split their town's Civilian Defense organization cleanly up the middle into two warring factions.

This, too, may be taking place in 3,000 other American towns; again we don't know. But it is too bad that it is taking place anywhere in the country . . .

The WPB recently ordered the cuffs off all the trousers in retail stores when the order took effect, and banned manufacture of trousers with cuffs till further notice. Some busy mind at Washington then conceived a supposed improvement on this order. This mind worked it out that if you bought cuffless trousers and had a tailor decorate them with false cuffs, usually called French cuffs, you were breaking some kind of sacred law.

This, though the French cuffs are made without using extra cloth. It was not the saving of the cloth that mattered to this mastermind; it was the pure, unadulterated cufflessness of American pants. We haven't heard as yet of any order directing men to get the cuffs off pants purchased before the cuffless order came down, so that we shall become a uniformly trouser-cuffless nation, but such an order would not be surprising . . .

We go into these seemingly petty instances because they seem to us to be symptoms of an upsurge of intolerance in this country.

It is an intolerance bred by the war, of course. And in some of the people who are practicing it, and will practice more of it unless sat upon or kicked in the teeth by public opinion, it has praiseworthy motives behind it. It springs in many cases from excessive and misguided but perfectly sincere zeal to do something to help win the war.

But it is excessive and misguided, nevertheless. Far from contributing anything toward winning the war, it can only stir up rancor, malice and resentment among some Americans toward other Americans. To repeat something which you may be tired of hearing, but which can hardly be repeated too often just now, that is precisely what our Axis enemies want—that we shall do more and more bickering and faultfinding and back stabbing among ourselves, until at last we shall cripple our own war effort.

What's the reason for it? Something inborn in democracy, as claimed by Mr. Hitler?

Partly, we'd say, yes. We had the same kind of goings-on during the federal prohibition era. Once that law attempting to regulate private conduct was on the books, we turned out to have a lot of citizens who were burningly anxious to regulate and regiment their fellow citizens. Many of those born Nosy Parkers see a glorious comeback materializing for them in this war emergency and are making the most of their opportunities.

But we think the Administration at Washington will be wise to discourage this disrupting and divisive intolerance and concentrate public attention on fighting the enemy instead of ourselves.

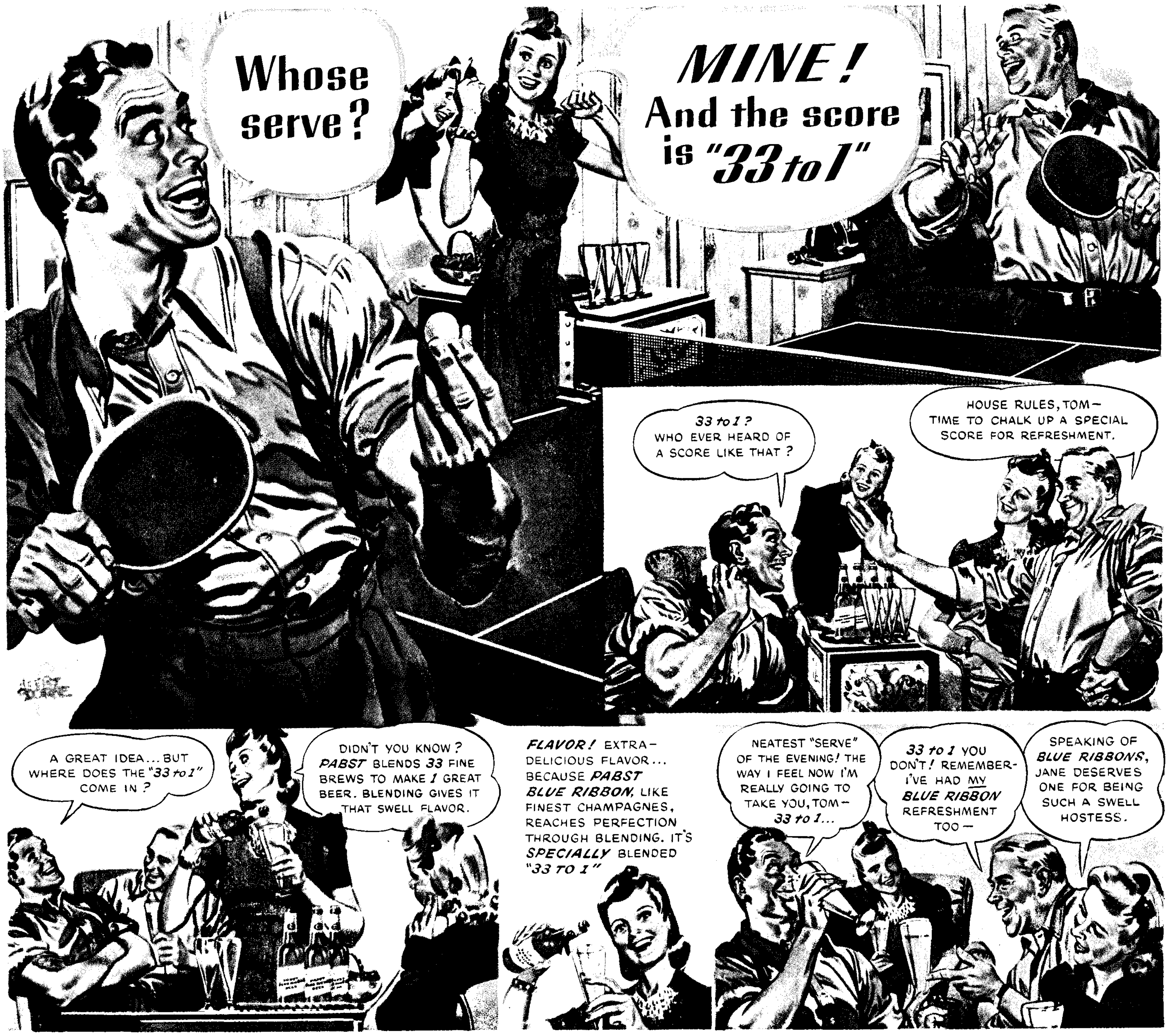
Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, struck exactly the right note when he insisted that all purchases of War Stamps and Bonds be wholly voluntary. Secretary Morgenthau explicitly forbade compulsion of any sort, direct or indirect, in the sales of War loans. He was wise enough to know that the American people without compulsion are eager and ready to make every sacrifice required for victory in this war.

The tone of some of the rationing and freezing decrees, necessary in themselves, on the other hand, has been unfortunate, we believe. Instead of being phrased as if addressed to intelligent people who well know that war means sacrifices, some of these have sounded as if issued by a new member of the Hitler-Hirohito-Mussolini club to a passel of ignorant oafs who must be ordered and booted around if they are to deliver any results at all.

We think especially in this connection of the sudden, autocratic freezing of bicycle sales, and of the whimsical, contradictory Washington alarms and excursions regarding safety razor blades.

This kind of stuff not only makes many Americans mad at the government, but it also encourages the little neighborhood Hitlers and the born zealots to hector and bully their fellow citizens.

It had better be called off, pronto, and from the bottom up. Happily it does not start at the top. We are supposed to be fighting Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini. It is mathematical—bloodily and deathly mathematical—that the more energy we squander in fighting one another, the less energy we shall have to fight our enemies.


Whose serve?
MINE! And the score is "33 to 1"
33 to 1? WHO EVER HEARD OF A SCORE LIKE THAT?
HOUSE RULES, TOM— TIME TO CHALK UP A SPECIAL SCORE FOR REFRESHMENT.
A GREAT IDEA... BUT WHERE DOES THE "33 to 1" COME IN?
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? PABST BLENDS 33 FINE BREWS TO MAKE 1 GREAT BEER. BLENDING GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED "33 TO 1"
NEATEST "SERVE" OF THE EVENING! THE WAY I FEEL NOW I'M REALLY GOING TO TAKE YOU, TOM— 33 to 1...
33 to 1 YOU DON'T! REMEMBER—I'VE HAD MY BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT TOO—
SPEAKING OF BLUE RIBBONS, JANE DESERVES ONE FOR BEING SUCH A SWELL HOSTESS.

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

● Serve delicious Pabst Blue Ribbon and you'll score tops with everyone. Its matchless flavor—the result of expertly blending 33 fine brews—has made this beer first choice in the homes of all America, and a favorite the world over. Enjoy it today — in full or club size bottles and on draft at better places everywhere.

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ADRIENNE AMES, supervisor of canteen supplies for Bundles for Bluejackets, a division of "Bundles for America" which is supplying comforts to the men of the armed forces of the United States. No bundle for a man in the service is complete without the cigarette that satisfies.

They Rate the Best
the cigarette that's Milder, Cooler, Better Tasting
Bundles for Bluejackets
Chesterfield

No other cigarette can give you the smoking pleasure you get from Chesterfield's *can't-be-copied blend.* This right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos leads all others in the three things you like best in a cigarette. It is definitely *Milder,* far *Cooler-Smoking* and lots *Better-Tasting. Get yourself a pack of Chesterfields today and try them.* They'll give you more smoking pleasure than you ever had before . . . *THEY SATISFY.*

ON THE NATION'S FRONT

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